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Collier's

MARCH 14, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

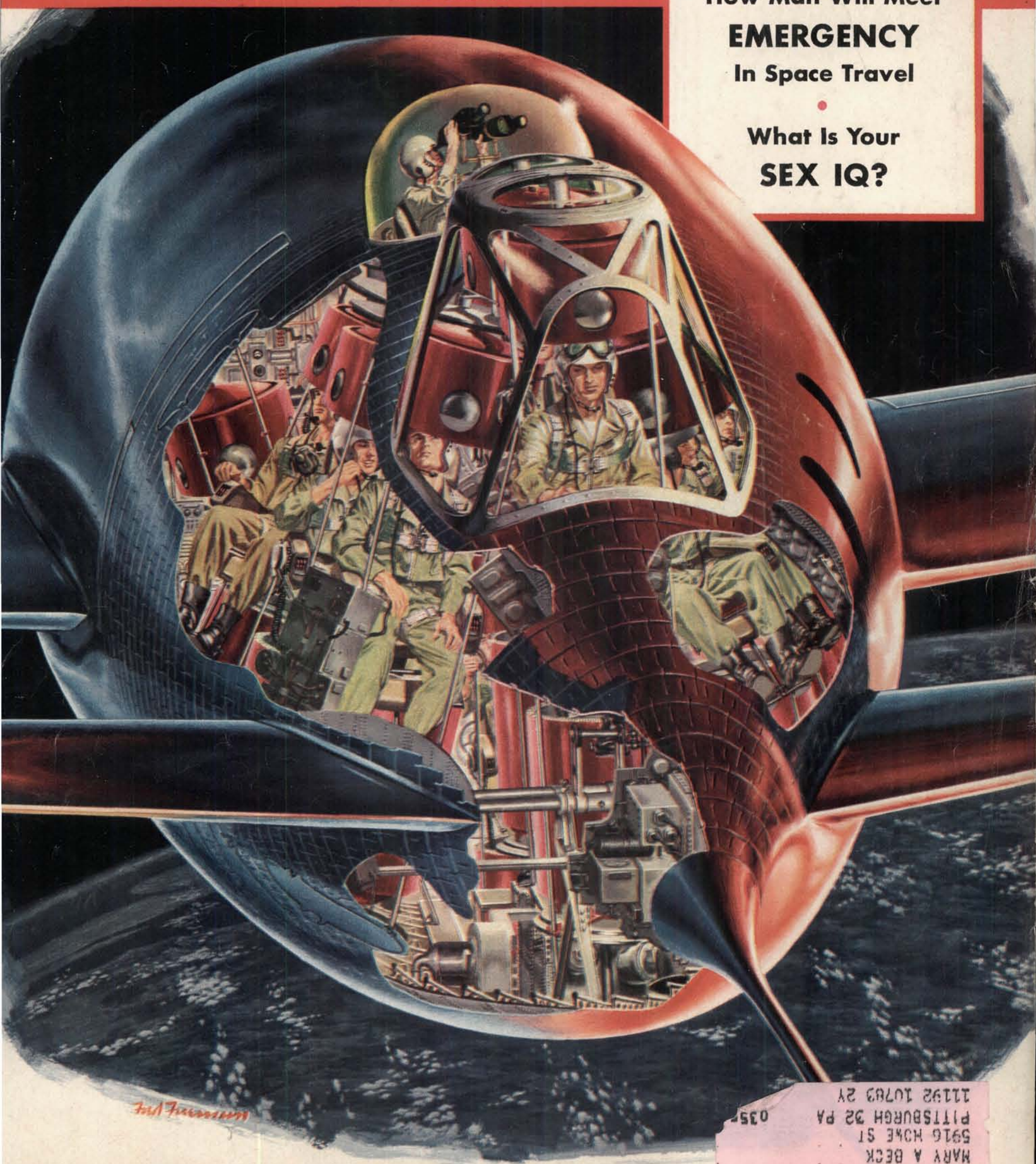
Who Will Be
THE NEXT POPE?

•

How Man Will Meet
EMERGENCY
In Space Travel

•

What Is Your
SEX IQ?



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THE *Distinguished* DE SOTO

FOR 1953

World's Most Powerful Engine Design! *Full* Power Steering! Power Brakes!

Choosing a new car this year is more exciting than it has been for a long time. More important, too. For this year the differences aren't minor ones. They're big, fundamental ones.

Take the new De Soto, for instance. It's *all* new—new longer, lower body, new swept-back fenders, new lower hood for better, safer, "sit-back-and-relax" visibility. There's a new immense one-piece curved windshield and a rear window that sweeps around both sides. But the differences go a lot deeper than that.

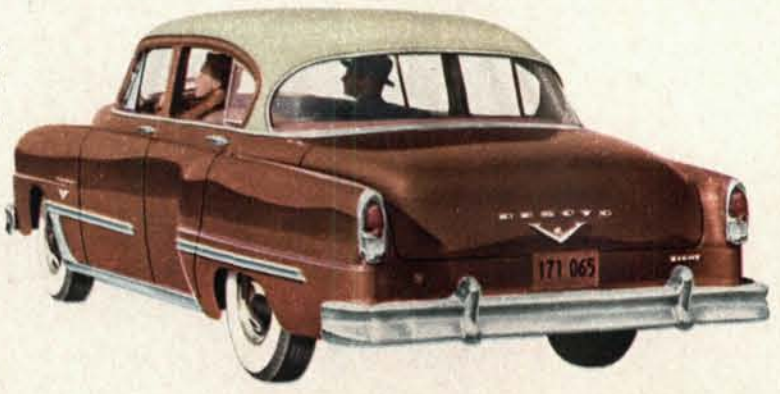
De Soto performs differently from ordinary cars. With Full Power Steering (it works *all* the time), you don't steer De Soto, you *guide* it. You have safer control for bad ruts and soft shoulders. You park with a twist of a wrist.

De Soto's great Fluid Drive with Tip-Toe Shift means driving all day without shifting. De Soto Power Brakes need far less pedal pressure. Both the 160 h.p. Fire Dome V-8 (*world's most powerful engine design*) and the Powermaster Six give top performance on regular gas.

Yes, cars are *really* different this year. Compare them. Find how truly noteworthy De Soto is. See it. Drive it. You'll be very glad you did.

De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation

See De Soto's new, distinctive styling! New, longer, swept-back fenders! And a big new trunk that holds 44% more.



DE SOTO *Famous for Fine Engineering*

The 160 h.p. Firedome V-8 and The Powermaster 6

DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present **GROUCHO MARX** in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both Radio and Television . . . NBC networks.

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[redacted]

Too secret to photograph...
Too big to believe!

America's newest atomic project is being rushed to completion in Pike County, Ohio.

Details are secret, of course. But this much is known: the A-bomb project will be the biggest single electric power customer in history.

Two of the largest electric power plants in the world will supply the needed power. Together they will generate more electricity than New York City uses . . . nearly as much as all the people and industries in Ohio now use.

To speed America's defense, they are being built fast. From the construction workers to the equipment manufacturers, everyone is geared to record-breaking performance.

These are impressive facts, but so is this fact...

The two big coal-burning electric plants were conceived, designed and are being built by a group of neighboring electric light and power companies. Fifteen* of them have joined together to form the $400 million Ohio Valley Electric Corporation to finance and operate this huge power project.

This means quick action for the Atomic Energy Commission. For the companies will supply urgently needed power for construction from their own systems – even before the new electric plants are completed. It also means that a large reserve of electric power will always be available.

Here's further proof that the very biggest electric power jobs can be handled quickly and efficiently by America's Electric Light and Power Companies. For if one company alone can't do it, several together can – and will!

*The 15 companies which have formed the Ohio Valley Electric Corporation headed by Philip Sporn, president of American Gas and Electric Company:

Appalachian Electric Power Company, The Cincinnati Gas & Electric Company, Columbus and Southern Ohio Electric Company, The Dayton Power and Light Company, Indiana & Michigan Electric Company, Kentucky Utilities Company, Louisville Gas and Electric Company, Monongahela Power Company, Ohio Edison Company, The Ohio Power Company, Pennsylvania Power Company, The Potomac Edison Company, Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Company, The Toledo Edison Company, West Penn Power Company.

"MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—ABC radio—Fridays—9:30 P.M., E.S.T.
"YOU ARE THERE"—CBS television—witness history's great events

For names of the Electric Light and Power Companies sponsoring this advertisement, write this magazine.

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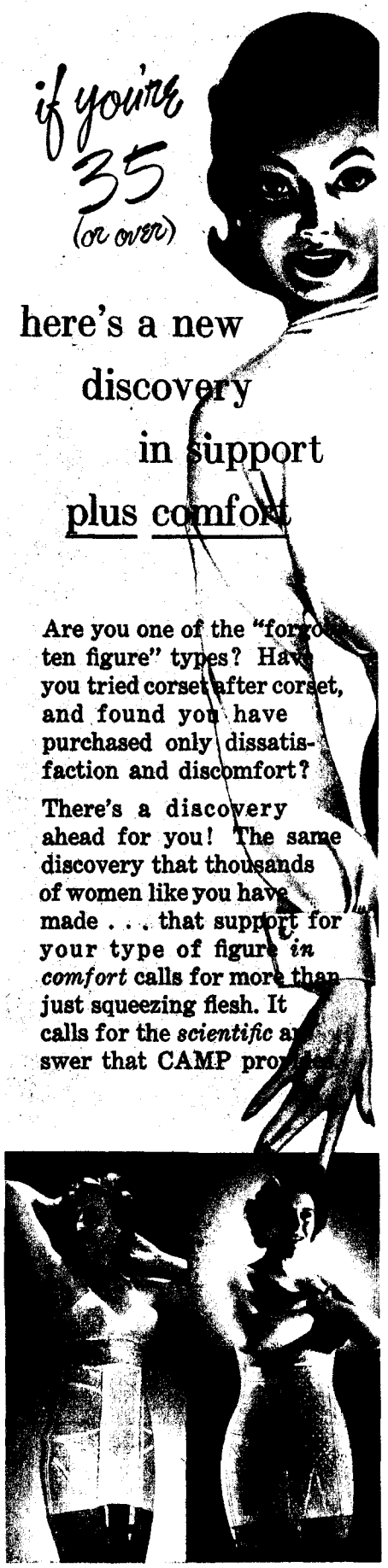
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There's a discovery ahead for you! The same discovery that thousands of women like you have made . . . that support for your type of figure in comfort calls for more than just squeezing flesh. It calls for the scientific answer that CAMP provides
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March 14, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Inbound from space, a fast-moving rocket ship noses down toward the earth, its crew alert—as always—for signs of danger. Disaster won't occur often in space, but rocketeers will be prepared: most of the paraphernalia shown in the cutaway sections of artist Fred Freeman's picture is emergency equipment. To see how it is used, turn to Emergency! on page 38.

Week's Mail

Survival in Space

EDITOR: Your article of February 28th on the dangers which human beings will encounter in flights at high altitudes (Man's Survival in Space) should go far to debunk the exaggerated fears prevalent in some quarters. Especially significant is the point that cosmic radiation, even at its worst, will not produce an important amount of damage to the hereditary constitution which later generations receive.

Unfortunately, however, the reason for this conclusion is stated in a misleading way. It is true, as your article states, that even a large amount of radiation would seldom produce striking abnormalities in the descendants of an exposed person. Yet this does not imply the absence of important damage. Even though the harmful changes resulting from a high exposure were hard to detect, they would be distributed over so many descendants that the total harm done would be very serious, and would usually include several premature deaths. That is why the present writer has always maintained that in the medical use of X rays more efforts should be exerted to keep the exposures as low as possible.

The real reason why the effects of cosmic radiation on heredity are not to be feared is because it would take so tremendous a time before a person could absorb any considerable amount of this radiation. An X-ray examination of the abdomen by a fluoroscope commonly delivers more radiation to the reproductive cells than six months' continuous exposure to cosmic radiation would give.

H. J. MULLER, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

In editing Dr. Muller's contribution to the Man in Space symposium, Collier's inadvertently omitted the words "in space" from his statement that a man exposed to radiation for a long time would rarely pass on marked changes to his descendants.

The Barrier of Language

EDITOR: Your editorial Barriers to Western Unity (Feb. 7th) is excellent and timely. The next to the last sentence in the article stands out: "They must cultivate friendly relations and mutual understanding."

There seems to be one serious problem to uniting the West European nations. They will never cease being suspicious of one another as long as they cannot understand one another. They need a common, easily and quickly learned language that in itself would help bind them together.

Many will say this would take too long and that our present problems are

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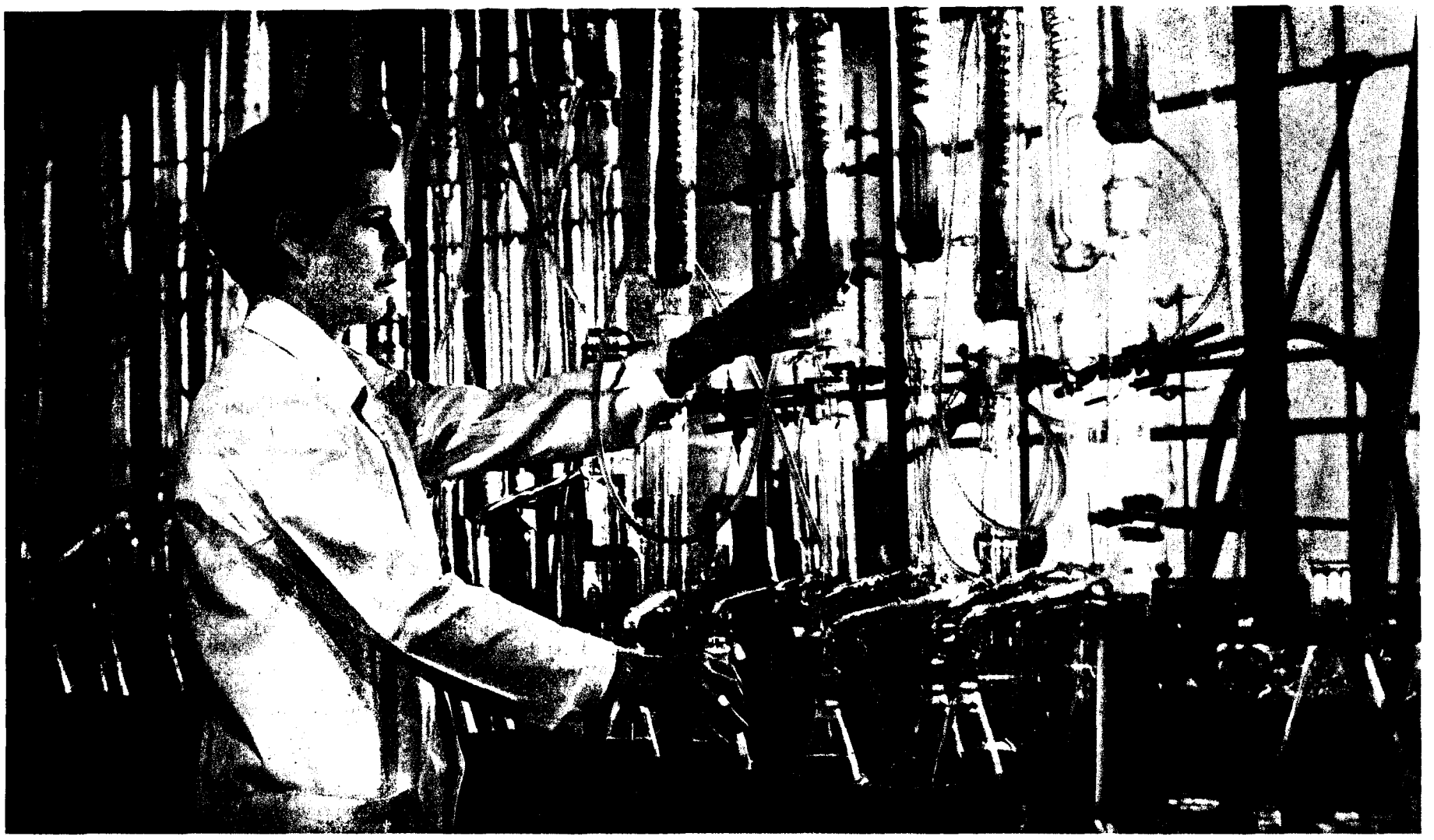


A scene in one of the research laboratories of Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, New York City. In these laboratories, research on hormones is helping to shed new light on cancer.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE ABOUT CANCER

EACH YEAR, according to the American Cancer Society, an estimated 70,000 persons recover from cancer. The Society also estimates that the number of cases that are now saved could be *doubled* if patients received prompt and thorough medical or surgical treatment.

Today there is hope for even greater gains in our fight against this disease. This is because medical research is constantly yielding new facts about how and why cancer develops.

Some recent research findings

In surgery—increasing knowledge of the body's reactions to surgery has made it possible for doctors to perform major operations with far less risk to cancer patients. Largely because of greater surgical skill, the number of patients recovering from cancer of the head, neck, stomach, and uterus has been more than doubled over the past few years.

In chemotherapy—or treatment with chemicals—encouraging progress is being made. In fact, one highly experimental compound has been found that totally destroys certain cancers in laboratory animals. Even today, some chemical substances are being used which temporarily inhibit the growth of a few types of cancer in human beings.

In radiology—or X-ray treatment—intensive studies are under way on devices that are not only capable of producing more powerful X-rays, but also offer hope of a more effective use of them. Substances produced by atomic energy research are also being used successfully to retard temporarily cancer of the thyroid gland and blood-forming tissues.

CANCER'S 7 WARNING SIGNALS

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

(Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.)

What should everyone do about cancer?

First—learn cancer's warning signals which are listed above. Every adult should know them, as a wise measure of self-protection. Should any of them appear, report to your doctor at once. Remember, however, that these signals do *not* invariably mean cancer. In fact, in the majority of cases the suspected symptoms are proved *not* to be caused by cancer, but by some other condition requiring treatment.

Second—have periodic health check-ups. Cancer may develop without any outward warning signals. Only examination by a physician may discover these "silent" cancers in their early stages. This is why periodic medical examinations are so important, especially for older people.

Third—do not rely on unproved methods for the treatment of cancer. Only surgery, X-rays, radium—used singly or in combination—can remove or destroy cancer. In skilled hands, these *proved methods* are successfully controlling cases which, not many years ago, would have been judged hopeless.

Above all, remember that cancer is often cured . . . and that getting to your doctor early is your greatest contribution toward recovery.

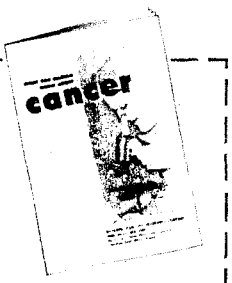
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 453-C, "Cancer."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____



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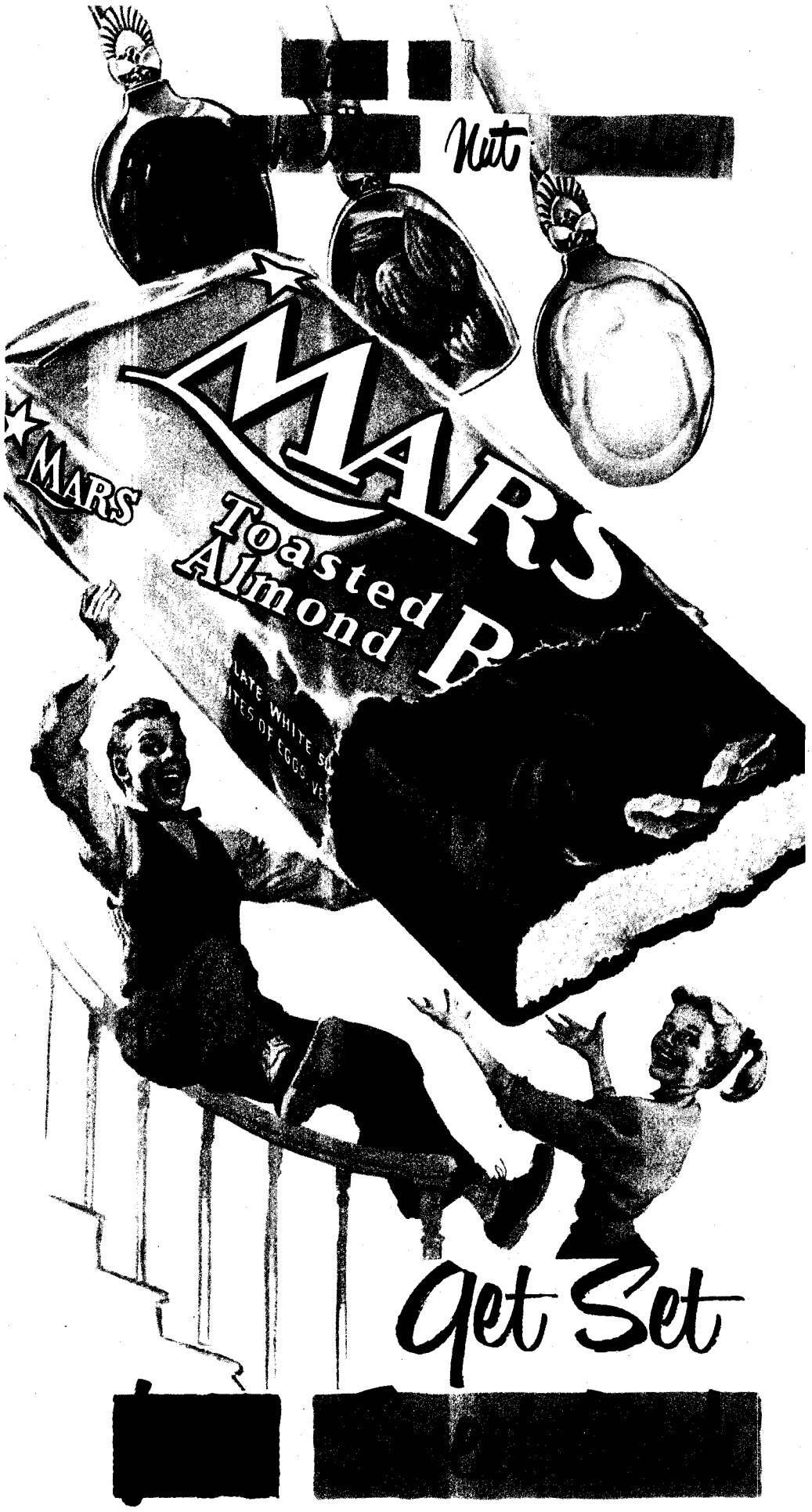

One dime does it. Gets you all set for a Mars Toasted Almond Bar. That's the candy bar with big golden almonds smothered in pure milk chocolate which lavishly covers a double helping of smooth, creamy nougat. All set? We'll bet you are. And while you're about it, get an extra Mars Bar for later. You'll want it.

MARS® Toasted Almond BAR 10¢

too urgent. But are not our present plans destined to failure if a misunderstood plan is imposed on millions of suspicious minds who for centuries have distrusted one another?

A quickly learned 1,000- to 1,500-word language—not necessarily English, but a combination of the most quickly grasped languages of all those nations—could be learned in only a few weeks. Self-help classes could be locally organized. It could be inexpensively prepared on plain paper of pocket-size edition for each nation. I would gladly contribute $1,000 toward such an undertaking and even more if it could be well set up as a continuous project under the direction of persons willing to see it through to a reasonable fulfillment. I am not wealthy but I sincerely feel many others would contribute to such an effort.

My health in the last 5 years has not been too robust or I would volunteer to serve on the committee without compensation. I would be willing to serve in any way within my abilities, as I cannot help but feel this could be a key weapon against Communism. Look at Canada and the U.S.A. We have mutual respect and friendly relations because we and they understand each other as individuals.

PERRY V. EAKIN, Illiopolis, Ill.

Tallu, Giant Boss-for-a-Day

EDITOR: Whoever wrote Would That It Were So, the Collier's editorial (Jan. 10th) speculating on the pandemonium which would prevail at the Polo Grounds were I named manager of the New York Giants, is either a prophet or the son-of-a-prophet.

On Sunday night, February 1st, I appeared in Leo Durocher's uniform as the new manager of the Giants at the Baseball Writers Dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria—poor little me, a lone woman among a thousand thirsty men—and, with the considerable help of your Tom Meany, outlined to owner Horace Stoneham strategies and innovations which, if he is wise enough to follow them, will see the Dodgers eating the Giants' dust for the next five years. What's more, if Horace falls in with the Bankhead Five-Year Plan he'll be selling standing room on the Polo Grounds roof at every performance.

I hope Horace doesn't fluff his cue.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, New York City

Among Tallulah's suggestions: spring training on the Riviera, champagne in the water coolers, and uniforms by Hattie Carnegie.

Kefauver on the Primaries

EDITOR: Collier's is to be commended for its very excellent article by Senator Estes Kefauver, with Sidney Shalett (Why Not Let the *People* Elect Our President?, Jan. 31st).

Judging from those I have talked to, I believe that at least 90 per cent of the people were outraged with the 1952 national conventions, and particularly the Democratic.

The reforms proposed by Senator Kefauver are certainly needed and long overdue. Just how successful he can be depends upon how much our "free country" actually is a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." With a magazine such as Collier's to bring the matter to the public, perhaps something can be accomplished.

MRS. BONNIE QUINN, Riverdale, Cal.

. . . As almost a lifetime reader of Collier's, I write to thank you for publishing Why Not Let the *People* Elect Our President? It was both timely and valuable. There is no man or group of men that can stop progress.

LAFAYETTE PAGE, Orange, Cal.

Third-Dimensional Movies

EDITOR: Pete Smith's Laughs Are My Business (Jan. 31st) gave this old-time movie exhibitor a few minutes of real enjoyment.

But Pete slipped, in stating, "I got my biggest single laugh *back in 1936*, at the preview of a picture I called Audioscopics. . . . It was the *first* third-dimensional picture ever made, and it had to be viewed through green and red gelatin glasses, which were passed out to the audience."

Well, this old-timer left the movies in 1924, but some months prior to that time I exhibited third-dimensional films, using the same type of glasses friend Pete speaks of. Many shrieked as baseballs, etc., seemed sure to come straight at them.

Other old-time exhibitors will bear me out, I am certain.

CHARLES H. THOMAS, Bath, N.Y.

Glamor in Chicago

EDITOR: Looking at the photographic studies of San Francisco's Most Glamorous Women (Jan. 31st) is a tremendously satisfying experience. This writer hopes he may see the exciting young women who represent the great new spirit of Chicago.

LEON ARNOLD MULLER, Chicago, Ill.

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Mable L. Burnett on the job in the Cities Service refinery at Lake Charles, Louisiana. Photograph by Robert Isear.

I'm Always in the Soup!

By **MABLE L. BURNETT**

as told to **GRANTLAND RICE,** *Noted Sportswriter and Commentator*

I KEPT COUNT one day. I found that I had washed and polished 55 of these copper "soup bowls"—besides supervising the brew that goes in them.

What I do is pour 100 millimeters of freshly made gasolene into a bowl, then pop it into the oven for thirty minutes. The heat turns the gasolene into vapor. What's left in the bowl is gum. And who wants gum in their gasolene? It will really clog up a motor. So when a test-sample of gasolene shows a noticeable gum-content, I tell the operations boys about it—but quick.

They go right to work and re-process that particular batch of gasolene until it passes my "soup-bowl" test the way all Cities Service gasolene must before it can leave the refinery.

Actually, I'm not the only cook in this chemical kitchen. There's Lorraine Beard, who finds out about the gasolene's tetraethyl lead and sulphur content . . . Eva Carpenter, and her fancy "deep-freeze" that checks the pour-point of fuel oils to be sure that the oil will flow at the specified low temperature. There's Anna Belle Sibley and her "sewing-machine," a gadget with a needle that checks the hardness of asphalt.

If anybody in the world can testify to the consistent high quality of Cities Service petroleum products, we can—and *do*—right here in Collier's in front of everybody!

CITIES SERVICE

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

You've doubtless heard that they've set up a clinic in Los Angeles for psychoneurotic dogs. Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has learned somehow that about 250,000 L. A. pooches are neurotic. Got more frustra-

tions, compulsions and psychoses than fleas. Clinic crowded with mutts with mental corkscrews. Lady fetched in a four-pound lap dog with a nasty case of the snarls. "It's world conditions," she told the doctor. "Bertie has a naturally lovely disposition but he's very sensitive. The upset conditions in the world . . ." It shouldn't happen to a man—either.

★ ★ ★

We regret that, as we went to press, the Minnesota legislature had not yet agreed on a state bird. The stork seems to be ahead. Its backers are Representative Joe Lorentz and John Kinzer. It is only incidental, they both insist, that each is the father of 14 children.

★ ★ ★

Old 48 is feeling pretty fit. Just ate a delicious mess of Son-of-a-Gun-in-a-Sack. Got the recipe from Mrs. Jessie L. Duhig of the Thermopolis, Wyoming, Independent Record. You make a moderately soft dough of water, flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Throw in a handful of raisins, a scoop of dried apples and some chopped-beef suet. Put it in a flour sack tied loosely so the apples can swell. Drop it in boiling water and let her boil for a couple of hours. Eat it with a sauce made of water, maple sugar, lemon and cinnamon. Sounds terrible, but it's swell eating.

★ ★ ★

Our luck has been low recently. For example, we didn't hear they were holding a Homely Man contest in Greenville, Alabama, until it was all over. Haven't heard who won, but we'll exchange photos with him for a nice bet.

★ ★ ★

Said one Boston lady just arrived in South Laguna, California, by plane to the other Boston lady who had flown West with her: "My, but it's warm. Isn't it?" Second Boston lady agreed but told first Boston lady that she must remember they were now at least three thousand miles from the ocean.

★ ★ ★

Guess times must have changed some since we were young. One of our jobs in those faraway days was to rustle up kindling wood for the stove and fireplace. Other kids out on the same mission. Had to fight our way home through some pretty tough hijackers too. And now and then we didn't make it. All this reminiscing because Mayor Thomas Corcoran of Syracuse, New York, is worrying about what to do about large heaps of old lumber thrown on the city dumps by building contractors. We remember—but never mind. Guess we're getting old.

★ ★ ★

After several vain attempts to park her car somewhere reasonably near the curb, a lady in Wilmington, Delaware, gave up. Just got out and began her long trek to the pavement. But a cop stopped her: "Listen, lady," said he, "you're supposed to park your car—not abandon it."

★ ★ ★

An enthusiastic reader of this column in Wheeling, West Virginia, says his grampa's been deaf for 30 years. But the old boy recently bought one of those invisible hearing aids. Didn't tell anyone. Just sat around home as usual, not letting on. It was a month before the family found out. But in those 30 days gramp had changed his will six times.

★ ★ ★

From Kansas City, Missouri, comes a query from Mr. Tom Scotch. Wants to know whether we are old enough to remember when baby sitters were known as Mother.

★ ★ ★

Several gentlemen in Quanah, Texas, had a little trouble recently trying to convince their wives they hadn't been

IRWIN CAPLAN

dallying around with strange women. Wives wanted to know why their husbands were getting all these powerfully scented letters. Protesting that they hadn't been making passes, the men in vestigated. Found that a couple of cases of carbolated cattle medicine had been broken at the post office, rendering some of the mail right aromatic.

★ ★ ★

Just heard of a gentleman in New Orleans who has successfully undergone an unusual and painful operation. The doctors removed a heavy brass rail that had been pressing against his foot for a good many years.

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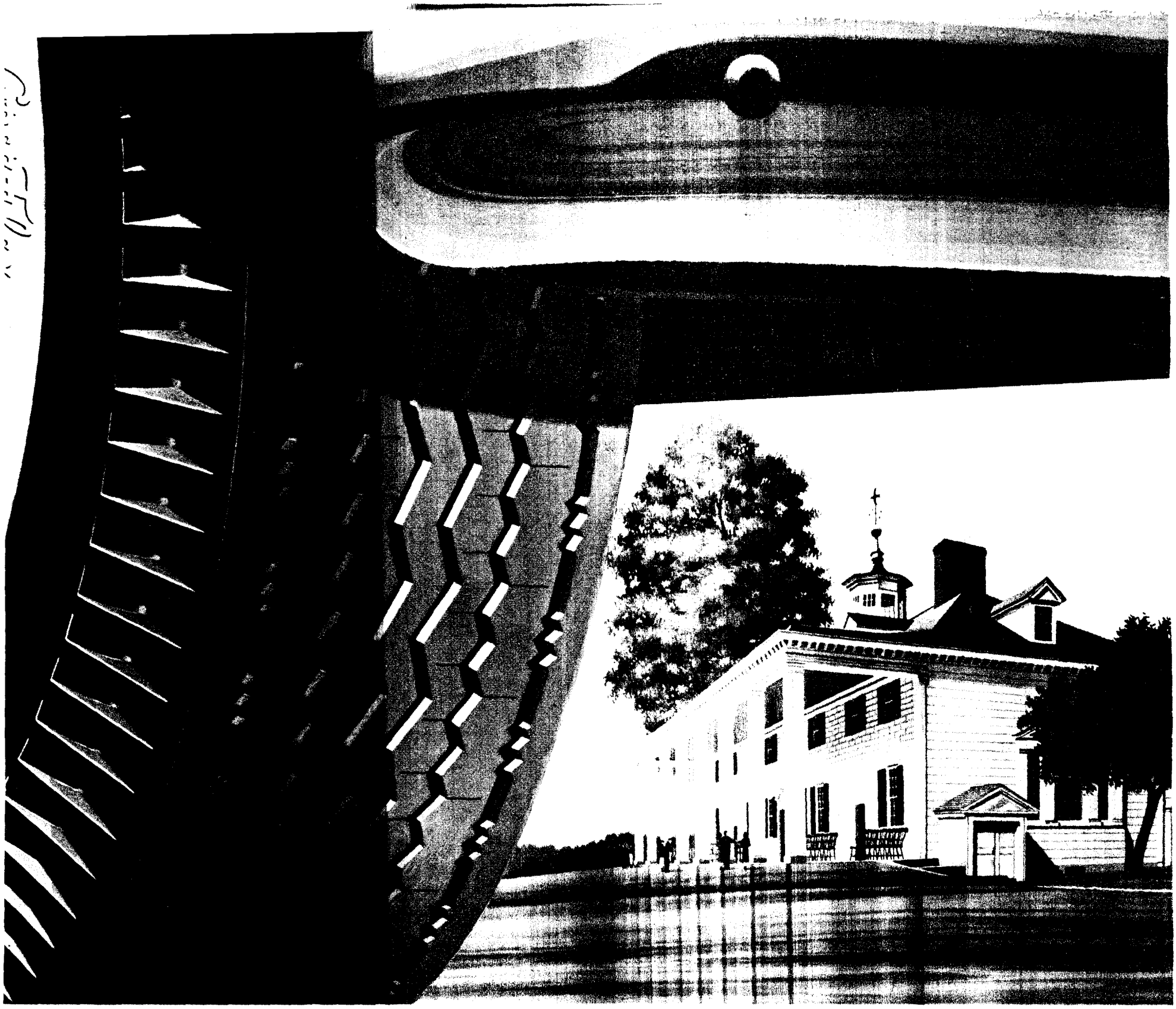

TOURIST FAVORITES: HISTORIC MOUNT VERNON . . . DEPENDABLE KELLY TIRES

Wherever you go...GO WORRY-FREE ON KELLYS

KELLY Springfield TIRES

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

The miles seem far shorter, the roads far smoother, when you go *worry-free* on safe, dependable Kelly Tires! For famous Kelly "know-how" really pays off!

GREATER SAFETY! Kellys are sure-footed, quick-stopping — quality-built throughout to stay safer longer!

GREATER MILEAGE! Kelly's tougher, slower-wearing Armorubber tread is good for extra thousands of safe miles!

GREATER ECONOMY! The "bonus" mileage built into longer-wearing Kelly Tires means far lower long-run cost!

Don't wait for tire troubles! See your friendly Kelly Dealer today—get *full* credit for *all* unused mileage on a trade-in for *worry-free* Kellys! It's the best tire deal in town!

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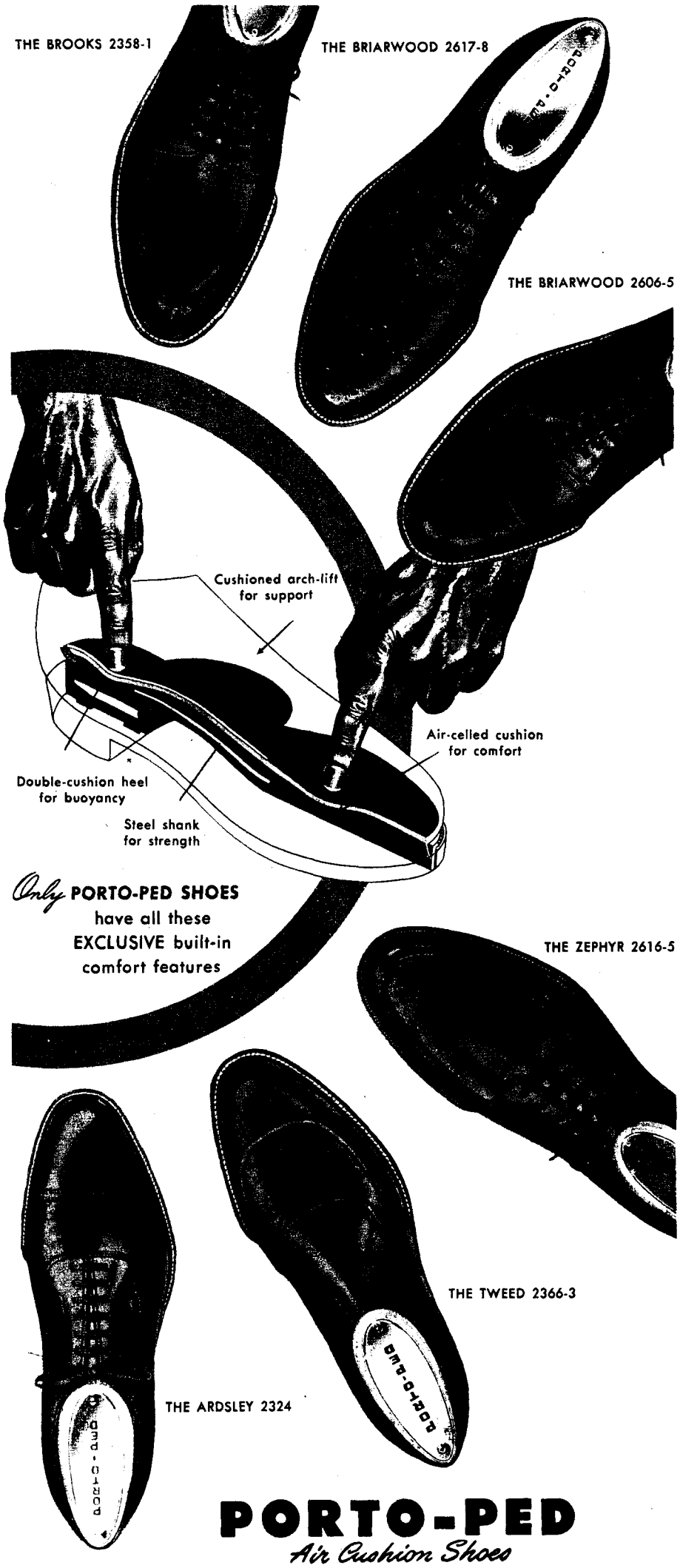

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Peaceful Settlement

By DAVE GERARD

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● The ordinary non-aluminized picture tube—no matter how new it is—simply doesn't have enough brightness to give you the contrast you need. Viewing is hard on the eyes because much of the light shines back into the interior of the tube, reducing picture contrast. The G-E Aluminized Tube mirrors the light toward you—increases brightness up to 100%. Result: sharp, easy-on-the-eyes contrast, excellent definition. Call your serviceman now, so he can make your set *better than new* with a G-E Aluminized Tube. Remember, the G-E Aluminized Tube is backed by a one-year registered factory warranty. *Tube Department, General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, New York.*

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with **AKIM TAMIROFF** · Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY
Screenplay by IRVING WALLACE and LEWIS MELTZER · Produced by TED RICHMOND

Universal International

NOLAN PATTERSON

All the kids in town go down to the beach with kites on K Day

KITE DAY

In one San Diego suburb March winds bring real fun

ON MARCH 20th, Ocean Beach, California, will celebrate its seventh annual K Day. K is for Kite, and, with the aid of the Kiwanis and the Recreation Department, most of the town's youngsters will make kites. They'll use over five pounds of paste, 400 miles of string, 40 pounds of paper, eight miles of sticks and countless jars of paint. Then they'll parade to the beach to fill the skies with skittering colors and tangled string. The wind will blow; a thousand kites will waver and wiggle and dive; and a thousand kids will screech and holler. But there'll be no speeches, no prizes. It's just for fun. If you don't think so, go fly a kite. ▲▲▲

At Recreation Center youngsters make their kites of white paper

Then they paint them, like Donny Stansifer (l.), Wendell Shoberg

On beach object is to get kites up fast, high, long as possible

There are no prizes, but town is decorated this way for many days

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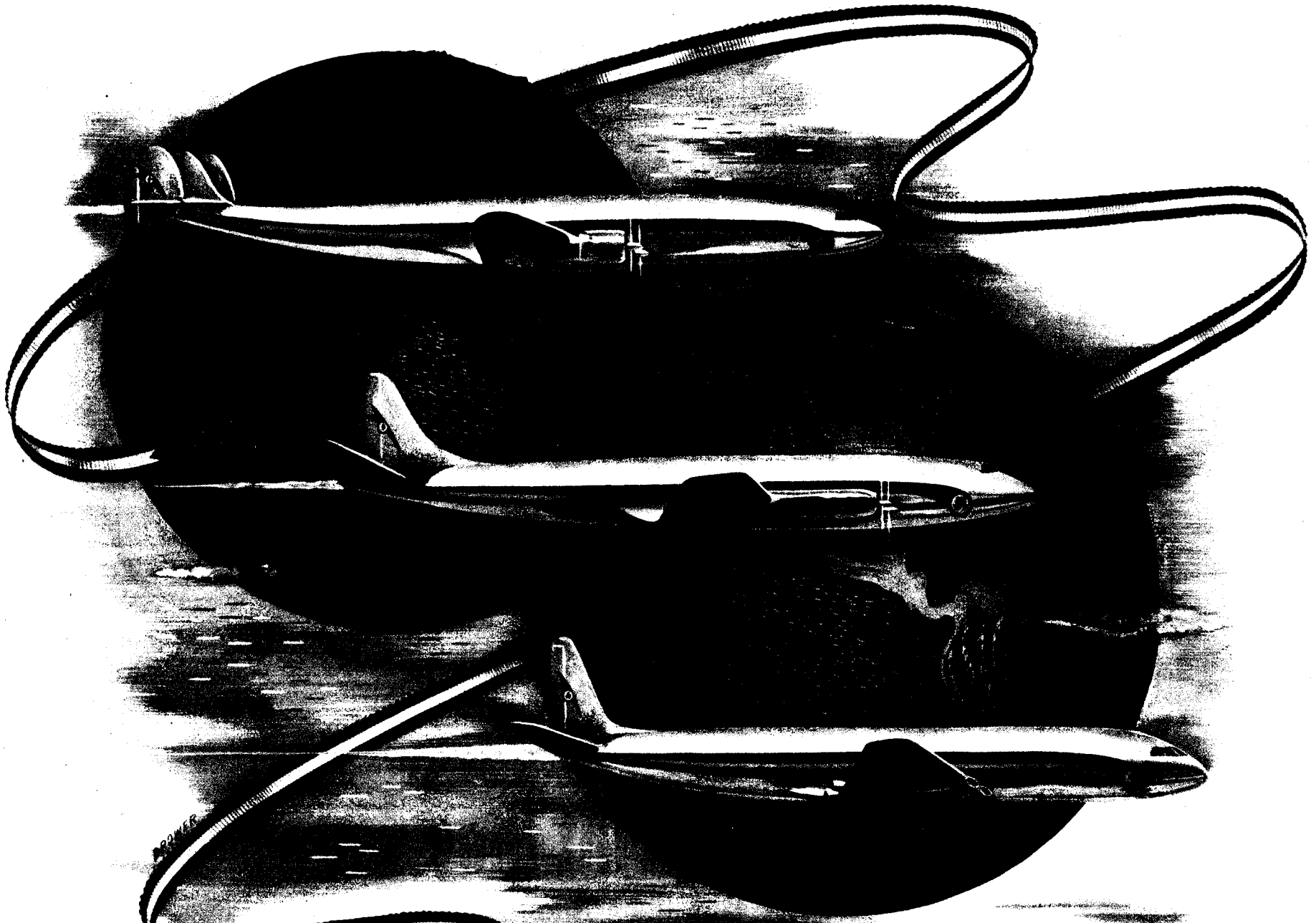

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WE started with the engine and made it a V8. A V8 designed, tested, perfected by eight years of development. It is not just another V8. It is the newest, most modern V8—with the highest compression of any engine in a passenger car today. The world's first Fireball V8.

But that was only the beginning. With higher compression, you need a hotter spark, so we introduced a 12-volt battery. You need better cooling, so we shrouded the fan. To handle the lubrication problems introduced by a V design, we built the first vertical-valve V8—and for good measure, threw in a shorter, surer warm-up period, a continuous clean oil supply, and the first zero-power-loss muffler.

Next, we took a look at the chassis. With a lighter, more compact engine, many things could be done. Inches could come out of the bumper-to-bumper length for easier parking and handling—and still keep more inside room than any other six-passenger car in America. Brakes likewise could be redesigned, for better control and surer stopping.

Then we launched out in another direction. How about Dynaflow? Could it keep its infinite smoothness at every speed, and still have nimble getaway? The answer is — it could — and it does. In the first 10 seconds after a standing start, this 1953 ROADMASTER will be 75 feet ahead of its famous predecessor. We challenge any car on the road to match its nimble smoothness.

Styling? Interior trim? Instrument panel? They all came in for attention—and you can see the results the instant you look at this sleek and luxurious beauty.

All this you get in any ROADMASTER—plus Power Steering as standard equipment. But there is much more that you can have at your option and at extra cost—including Power Brakes and Buick Air Conditioning.

Truly, this is an automobile worthy to celebrate fifty great years in Buick history. You should surely see it, examine it, try it out, and the first step is to see your Buick dealer today.

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Collier's, March 14, 1953

What Is Your Sex IQ?

By MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

It may be lower than you think. Marriage advisers find dangerous blind spots in the sex knowledge of Americans, even among couples married for years. The author—who speaks with authority—points a way to greater wedded happiness

DO MEN have less accurate knowledge about sex than modern well-read women? Once I would have made the traditional answer. But after Collier's published my article called What Those I Counsel Don't Know About Sex (Oct. 18, 1952), I changed my mind. I expected a blizzard of mail, but I would not have guessed that three fourths of the letters would come from males. Nor that two thirds of the hundreds of requests for individual counseling, and all but three of the invitations to address groups or conduct forums, would be sent by men's colleges, military posts, or men's clubs in churches, synagogues and service organizations.

The heavy response from men supports a belief I now find held by more and more experts on marriage problems: *If you are an average man, the chances are you have slightly less correct information and considerably more misinformation about sex than the average woman of your acquaintance.*

Whether or not a man is married, is childless or has children makes little difference. The general average of misinformation is the same. Dr. Gelolo McHugh, a psychology professor at Duke University (developer of the Sex Knowledge Inventory now used by more than 4,000 professional counselors, doctors, clergymen, educators and social workers) gave his test to 1,061 unmarried women and 1,002 unmarried men. He reported: "Out of a possible score of 80, we found that the average score of correct answers was 53.72 for the men and 55.06 for the women." (The men and women taking the test were reared in all kinds of American communities, from remote rural areas to great cities, and came from every state in the Union.)

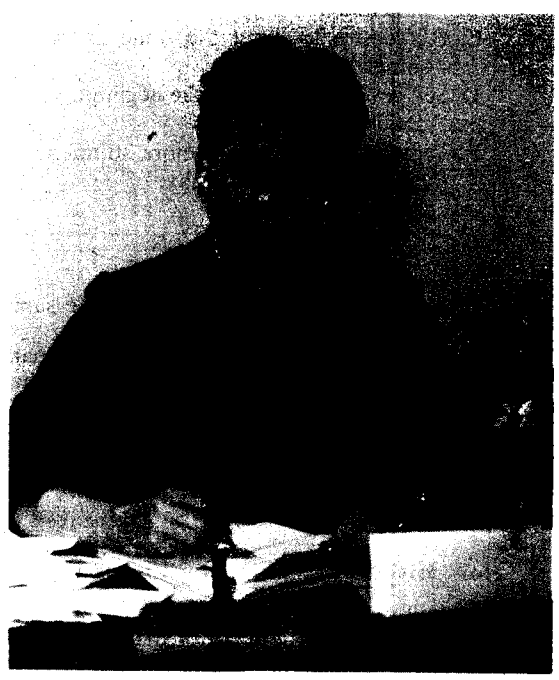
Many counselors who use the Sex Knowledge Inventory in postmarital counseling agree with Dr. Merl E. Bonney, of North Texas State College. He says: "Married couples, some married 10 years or more, have reported that the wife made a considerably higher score than the husband. Since it is a traditional view that men are much more informed about such matters, the result was often rather embarrassing to the husbands."

One of the men I counseled recently, discussing his wife's more accurate knowledge, gave me a reason for it I think is valid. He said, "Why shouldn't my wife know more than I do? Women's magazines have published excellent articles on sex for years. I'm fed up with my educational alternatives: I can get it on the cartoon-gag level or learn all about it from the female angle."

After I reported this observation to the editors of Collier's, they set researchers to work who found the average man has every right to be fed up. Tabulating the number of major articles on sex published in 18 leading magazines over the last five years, they discovered these interesting facts. First, much of the griping about sex-at-every-turn on the printed page is largely unfounded. In a total of 2,806 issues, exactly 94 articles dealt with sex. Second, 10.66 per cent of the women's magazines' issues contained articles on sex while only 2.56 per cent of the issues of general magazines had articles on this subject. The average man obviously had much less of a chance at self-education than the average woman.

Meanwhile, we have tended to assume that men are born with sex knowledge. Granting the ridiculousness of such an attitude, what can men do to correct their ignorance?

Until recently, there was little information a man could find that was wholly trustworthy. He could read the few published magazine articles, or send away for the kind of books which have to come in plain wrappers. But even studying these —including the work of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his colleagues—he could find out only what people do about sex, not what they know or need to know.



MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Author Margaret Blair Johnstone is pastor of Union Congregational Church, Groton, Mass., and Christian Union Church, West Groton. Wife of an engineering inspector and mother of two, she's been a marriage adviser for years

Now, however, a scientific, authoritative test of sex knowledge exists and can be taken by anyone. It is Dr. McHugh's Sex Knowledge Inventory. With it, a competent counselor can evaluate your knowledge in about 45 minutes.

The inventory contains 80 questions, each with five possible answers. The person who takes it checks what he considers to be the most nearly correct answer. The counselor who gives it can then tell how well-informed the taker is in comparison with the average person of his age and situation in life. The counselor will also be able to advise him what to study and exactly what to read to become better educated on the subject.

The Test Is Strictly Educational

Why the counselor? The Sex Knowledge Inventory is an educational test and not a self-quiz entertainment. It must be taken under the guidance of a bona fide marriage counselor, minister or doctor. Any person so qualified can get the inventory by making a written request directly to Dr. McHugh, Box 6725, College Station, Durham, North Carolina. For those who do not know a counselor and want the name of one located nearby, Dr. McHugh will answer requests for recommendations; his files list the thousands of such advisers throughout the nation now using the inventory.

Why can't the test be taken without supervision?

The reactions even to the relatively simple true-false quiz I included in my last Collier's article emphasize exactly why persons taking the inventory require guidance. Instead of open-mindedly accepting the fact that they could be wrong, most misinformed people who wrote me about the article charged that my answers were wrong. But every question in the inventory had been tested and retested in experimental form by outstanding authorities in the field over a 10-year period. Just the same, a typical objector wrote: "I may have been off base on some of the other questions, but you can't tell me that Number 6 is true." More than 600 other readers also challenged that answer.

Let's look at Question 6 again to see why com-

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From the Sex Knowledge Inventory

Here are 15 of the 80 questions on the Sex Knowledge Inventory compiled by Dr. Gelolo McHugh, professor of psychology at Duke University and chairman of the Parenthood Division of the Marriage and Family Council of Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Answers to the questions are at end of article. Readers who know the correct answers to these 15 questions should not assume they can pass the complete test. The interested reader should ask his minister, physician or other qualified person to test him on all 80 questions. If you miss as many as five questions, it is even more important that you take the complete test. The answers given are those considered correct by the Advisory Committee of the Marriage and Family Council.*

*Members of the committee are: Dr. Roy A. Burkhart, pastor of the First Community Church, Columbus, Ohio; Dr. Russell L. Dicks, Duke University; Dr. Evelyn M. Duvall, of the National Council on Family Relations; Dr. Robert G. Foster, of the Menninger Foundation; Dr. Reuben Hill, University of North Carolina; Dr. Lester A. Kirkendall, Oregon State College; Dr. Herbert D. Lamson, Boston University; Dr. Walter Stokes, George Washington University; Dr. Abraham Stone, of the Planned Parenthood Federation; and Dr. Floyd Boys, University of Illinois.

1. How often should a married couple have sex relations?

A. Only when the woman desires it.
B. Only when they want to have a child.
C. Not more than four times a week.
D. As often as both want it.
E. Whenever the man desires it.

2. Generally speaking, in what state of health is a woman when she is menstruating?

A. She is seriously ill.
B. She is slightly ill.
C. She is in slightly better health than usual.
D. She is not ill.
E. She is in much better health than usual.

3. If a wife usually finds sex relations painful, what is the most probable reason?

A. Her vagina is too small.
B. She is nervous or afraid.
C. Her husband's sex technique is bad.
D. She and her husband are not well mated.
E. She has a venereal disease.

4. How soon after the birth of her baby is it possible for a woman to become pregnant again?

A. Before she menstruates.
B. After she menstruates once.
C. Not until after she stops breast-feeding her baby.
D. Not until she stops breast-feeding her baby.
E. Not until she feels sex desire.

5. How does menopause usually affect a woman's sex desire?

A. The effect depends on the amount of sex desire before menopause.
B. Sex desire continues but there can be no sexual climax.
C. Sex desire is about the same as before or somewhat increased.
D. Sex desire decreases at the beginning of menopause.
E. Women require much more stimulation before they reach a climax.

6. What is the usual effect of a sexual climax on a man or woman?

A. It has no effect.
B. It lowers resistance to disease.
C. It increases later desire and capacity.
D. It decreases sex desires and capacity for several days.
E. It decreases sex desire and capacity for a short time.

7. Of the reasons listed below, which one usually accounts for a wife's lack of responsiveness in sex relations?

A. Insufficient sex play before sex relations.
B. She thinks that a woman should be passive.
C. Her attitude toward sex or a fear of pregnancy.
D. She does not love her husband.
E. She does not feel well or is too tired to enjoy sex relations.

8. Which of the following offers the best chance for a woman to overcome her lack of responsiveness in sex relations?

A. Becoming pregnant.
B. Changing her attitude toward sex.
C. Taking an active part in sex play.
D. Improving her physical health.
E. Avoiding all sex relations for a while.

9. Of the following, which is most closely related to a happy sexual adjustment in marriage?

A. The amount of sex relations wanted by both husband and wife.
B. The intensity and the length of the sexual climax.
C. The wish to be together after sex needs are satisfied.
D. The length of time spent in sex relations and the amount of sleep afterward.
E. The degree of passion experienced by both throughout the sex act.

10. On the average, how often do women have dreams that release sex tensions?

A. Never.
B. Almost never.
C. Occasionally.
D. Frequently.
E. Almost every night.

petent counseling is needed to give the test and evaluate the answers. My statement read: "Pregnancy can occur even though neither partner reaches a sexual climax." I asked if it were true or false, and later gave the answer that it is true. The statement *is* true, no matter how many hundreds protested in letters ranging from polite inquiries to incredulous derision. And, considering Dr. Kinsey's findings about the high incidence of premarital and extramarital relations, I am not at all surprised at the steady increase throughout the years of the incidence of illegitimacy.

I can't help but surmise that some of the protestors might unconsciously contribute to it in their ignorance.

The question, exactly as asked in the Sex Knowledge Inventory (from which I quoted), reads:

When is it possible for a woman to become pregnant?

Check *your* answer.

A. Only if she reaches her climax before the man.
B. Only if she reaches her climax at the same time as the man.
C. Only if she reaches her climax after the man.
D. Whenever sex relations take place, whether either reaches a climax.
E. Whenever the man reaches a climax.

The correct answer, of course, is D. A man does not have to reach a climax to impregnate. The precoital fluid may contain sperm.

How Misinformed Can the Public Be?

Yet, of all the persons who have been tested by Dr. McHugh, only 30 per cent of the men and 49 per cent of the women knew this fact. I'd judge by my mail that about the same proportion of the general reading public is misinformed.

One of the men who challenged me, however, prevented a terrible tragedy by his initiative. To save his own vanity, he had been pretending to reach a climax, but actually had not done so for some time. When his wife became pregnant, he convinced himself she had been unfaithful. He was about to sue for divorce when he read my article. He wrote me, then took my answer to his doctor, who assured him it was perfectly possible for the precoital fluid to carry sperm, and that on the physical evidence he was likely to be the father of his wife's child.

Another young man wrote that he had quarreled with his young bride. "We never reached a climax simultaneously. Therefore," he reasoned, "if she's pregnant, she's been two-timing me." That's tragic ignorance. Like the 15 per cent of both men and women tested by Dr. McHugh, this young man, too, believed pregnancy could not possibly occur if the partners reached their climax at different times.

Another important reason why you cannot derive full benefit from the inventory by taking it as a self-quiz is that to be benefited, you must know not only what isn't true, but what is. The Sex

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11. How can one get a cream or lotion that will increase ability to have sex relations?

A. Buy it from some druggist.
B. Buy any cream containing hormones.
C. Buy it from certain dope peddlers.
D. Secure a doctor's prescription.
E. There are no such creams or lotions.

12. What is the effect of eating foods such as oysters, raw eggs, olives, celery, etc., on sex desire?

A. Considerable increase in all normal adults.
B. Some increase in most adults.
C. Some increase in older adults.
D. Considerable increase in young men only.
E. Little or no increase at any age.

13. How do sex relations after menopause affect a woman's health?

A. Affect health unfavorably.
B. Dangerous if menopause comes late in life.
C. No effect on health but often unpleasant.
D. Not dangerous if birth control is practiced.
E. Do not affect health unfavorably.

14. If a wife wants sex relations and the husband is not aware of her desire, what should she do?

A. Show or tell him how she feels.
B. Seek his affection by pretending to be "blue" or lonely.
C. Read or become active in some way to keep from thinking about sex.
D. Suggest to him that they have a baby for her to love and care for.
E. Recognize that she is not normal and consult a physician.

15. How do large differences in sex drive affect the possibility of a satisfactory sexual adjustment in marriage?

A. A satisfactory adjustment is possible in many cases.
B. This is the most common cause of poor sexual adjustment.
C. Such a couple cannot work out a satisfactory adjustment.
D. There are no large differences; usually the man needs to improve his sex technique.
E. All such couples can work out a satisfactory adjustment if they try.

Knowledge Inventory is designed not only to dispel misinformation but, when taken under the guidance of a competent counselor, to make the correct information available.

Just as the misinformed often are dead sure they cannot be wrong, so the uninformed are equally certain that the answers they do have are enough. The misinformed don't know, but the uninformed think they don't need to know.

In one day's mail, I received letters written independently by a husband and wife. The husband was desperate over their marriage situation and wanted help. But the woman wrote: "If people would only behave themselves and keep their minds off the subject and go to church, there'd be no sex problems."

I answered her (incidentally, most such letters come from women) by quoting a minister's letter to Dr. McHugh. The minister had certainly "behaved himself" all his life. Yet going to church every Sunday, and occupying his mind with hundreds of completely nonsexual problems in his parish, did not prevent or solve the sex problem he and his wife faced. The Sex Knowledge Inventory did help solve them.

"Here I've been doing marriage counseling for years," the minister wrote, "yet it was only when my wife and I took the Sex Knowledge Inventory ourselves that we found out why we were childless. To your inventory we owe the fact that only now, after six years of marriage, have we learned about fertility periods. In six months we are expecting our first child."

How did the Sex Knowledge Inventory originate and develop?

Ten years ago, while teaching psychology at Barnard College, Dr. McHugh was asked by William B. Herlands, a New York City commissioner, whether he considered children who knew a lot about sex more liable than others to become sexual delinquents. Dr. McHugh, who has written a book, Training for Parenthood, was interested in the hazards of growing up; he had a one-year-old son, John (now there's another boy, Tommy, seven).

Returns Will Answer Many Questions

Dr. McHugh said he would tackle the problem, but of course results of research would have to do the proving, not his personal opinions. He has been working at the problem ever since. In the basement workroom of Family Life Publications, in Durham, I have seen the boxes holding the thousands of returns to his inventory which, when classified and graphed, may give the answer to the problem Commissioner Herlands originally posed. Those boxes hold the answers to a great many other questions too: the relation between sex ignorance and divorce; the degree of sex ignorance among unwed mothers; the relation of sex knowledge to culture levels, geographic areas and educational accomplishment.

When Dr. McHugh embarked on the work, he first drew up a tentative questionnaire and asked cross sections of college groups and mental-hygiene classes to record the state of their sex knowledge at various ages and to indicate the sources from which misinformation had been corrected. He then assigned senior research students at Barnard College and later at Duke to go through all available books on sex and marriage. They read hundreds of volumes, noting all inaccurate ideas they found. From the information thus collected, Dr. McHugh framed 237 questions which could be used to test sex knowledge.

The master list was cumbersome and it took counselors too long to ask all the questions. Dr. McHugh called on 40 experts to reduce the number, yet cover all the important areas of sex information. Each of the experts rated the 237 questions as to whether they considered them very beneficial, beneficial or unimportant to mental hygiene and an individual's satisfactory sexual adjustment in marriage. Retaining the top-rating questions, Dr. McHugh reduced the list to 120.

The first experimental edition of the test was printed in 1949 and tried out in three universities (Boston, North Carolina, and South Carolina), several liberal-arts colleges, and given to an entire college community within a town (Wilson, North Carolina, home of Atlanta Christian College). The thousands of returns were analyzed. Then Dr. McHugh hired several test-making experts who, after 400 hours of work, reduced the test to the 80 questions now in use.

Part of the test is given on these pages. Your answer to Question 15—whether a large difference in sexual drive affects the possibility of a satisfactory sexual adjustment in marriage—would carry special weight with the marriage counselor: of those who have answered this question, 66 per cent of the men and 66.8 per cent of the women did not believe a satisfactory adjustment would be possible in many cases. A high percentage of the men and women tested incorrectly claimed all couples caught in this misfortune could work out a solution if they tried.

I have a hunch a good many women are going to tell me off as a traitor to our sex by giving the right answer to Question 2, on these pages. Women have convinced 71 per cent of all the men tested that they are slightly ill during menstruation. Only 32 per cent of the women make the claim.

Question 3 also makes me wonder who's been putting over what on men and why. Sixty-five per cent of the women tested thought painful sex relations usually result from a wife's nervousness and fear, and only an additional 14 per cent erroneously blamed the husband's poor sex technique for the pain. But 34 per cent of the men tested blamed husbands for poor sex technique, 17 per cent took it for granted a wife's physical incompatibility was the reason, and only 44 per cent realized the pain resulted from a nervous or emotional disorder of the wife.

Only 28 per cent of the men and 26 per cent of the women realized that a woman can conceive again even before she menstruates after the birth of a baby. And one of the greatest areas of ignorance is that of the menopause. Some of the most tragic letters I received came from women who were afraid their husbands would have to seek some other sex outlet during this period. Dr. McHugh's finding, that only 27 per cent of women and 23 per cent of men know that a woman's sex desire is usually about the same or may even increase at the menopause, shows how widespread this misinformation is.

Who can most benefit from taking the Sex Knowledge Inventory?

In its present form the inventory is used by many counselors to help couples prepare for marriage. Many ministers, in fact—and I am one of them—will not marry a couple unless they will take this basic test and give the time and concern necessary to prepare for a healthy and harmonious sex relation in marriage.

Thousands of counselors are also using the inventory in postmarital counseling to detect misconceptions and inadequacies that are causing conflicts. And of all those who need the test, perhaps the divorced person who is planning another marriage and who says, "I've been through it, so don't waste your time on that stuff with me," is the one who needs it most.

The Sex Knowledge Inventory is benefiting men and women and young people of all ages and in all types of situations. A college dean in Idaho reports that he uses it not only in his sociology classes, but in a nurses' class in hospital training.

Bride's Father Sat In on Discussion

A Florida minister tells of a prospective father-in-law who asked if he might sit in with the bridegroom-to-be on the discussion of the test.

"This is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of," the girl's father told the minister. "My own marriage almost broke up because I didn't know these facts."

A young woman said to her counselor in a California college, "It is strange to have to go to college and a college counselor to get the information that should have come from parents at home."

From hundreds of counselors working with individuals, from thousands of students in universities and colleges, from mental-hygiene programs in public-school systems, Y.M.C.A. classes in cities, social workers in mountain and rural areas, the thousands of reports continue to pile in on Dr. McHugh. When he was an instructor in psychology at Barnard, his associates called him "a Legend in the Making."

His Duke students would disagree with that title. They call his course "Facts in the Finding." And the facts he is finding are adding to the happiness of many people. ▲▲▲

SEX QUIZ ANSWERS

1.D	4.A	7.C	10.C	13.E
2.D	5.C	8.B	11.E	14.A
3.B	6.E	9.C	12.E	15.A

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DEEP TEST

By EDMUND VAN ZANDT

I

CLIFF WATERS was alone in the car, speeding across the great plains of Texas. He was driving west on the long, monotonous stretch of Highway 80 that spans the dusty catclaw flats between Monahans and the Pecos River, when the big idea suddenly hit him.

He slowed the car and tilted back his battered Panama hat. Holding the wheel in place with an elbow, he ducked his head and lighted a cigarette, with unstudied ease, as though he had driven over many such roads and knew the little tricks of the constant wayfarer.

With the hat pushed back, his receding hairline was visible. He had dark eyes, narrowed thoughtfully, and a tanned face. He took a deep drag on the cigarette, flipped the match out into the wind rush and stared at the heat waves shimmering over the lonely highway.

Afterward, he could never understand why the idea had emerged full-blown at that particular moment. But it must have been gestating in a remote compartment of his mind for some time, and it had two prime motivations. The first was that he, Clifford B. Waters, was past forty, not young any more, and that he had not saved a dime in his life.

The second was that his wife had asked for a divorce, that morning.

Cliff Waters was a lease hound; he bought and sold oil leases and royalties, usually for other people. Most of his work followed a pattern of routine drudgery. Every landowner he approached had an unshakable conviction that there was an oil pool under his patch of ground, and it was like prying fillings out of teeth to get any of his royalty at a fair price.

Lease brokerage had been a good living for Cliff, year in and year out. But where had it got him? He had almost nothing to show for twenty years of it. He had to stay on the road—sweating, scrambling and wheedling—just to live. At forty-three, with his shortness of breath getting worse, it was somehow degrading. He felt like a middle-aged soda jerk.

The thing that sat in his stomach like a rock was the conviction that success was all based on luck. It was sheer luck that Ed Henderson was one of the three or four richest men in the United States. And it was luck, mostly bad, that Cliff Waters was one of the poorest. Considering the fact that Cliff had once loaned the mighty Henderson money to eat on, that seemed to be a hell of a note.

All his life Cliff had been hoping for the big one, and he had come fairly close a couple of times. But that hope was fading, and had been for several years.

In the oil business now, it took big money to make big money. The price of acreage, the cost of drilling, the outlay for pipe and equipment had skyrocketed to a point where the small operator could only scratch for crumbs.

The big oil structures, the Spindletops, the Kettleman Hills, the Keystones, had been found and drilled. Now the country was being systematically combed with seismographs, gravity meters, magnetometers and all kinds of Buck Rogers devices, to find the hard ones, the pimples.

Associated Oil Company thought it had located such a subterranean pimple in Freer County. That was why Cliff was on his way to that barren corner of Texas with an order to buy up to a thousand acres of royalty. He could go as high as twenty-five dollars an acre, if he had to, and he would make a dollar-an-acre commission on what he could buy. In a week, he might be able to pick up five or six hundred acres.

When Dad Joiner brought in his No. 3 Daisy Bradford, in East Texas, money began to gush out of the ground

So Cliff was on his way to Freer County when the idea crackled through his head like a high-voltage spark and shocked him upright behind the steering wheel. Perhaps it was the bleak prairie that had been unreeling by his car, or it might have been the uneasy knowledge that time was running out on him.

THAT morning, before he left home, his wife Fran had mentioned the divorce for the first time. Cliff had been stunned at first, because he had no idea she was even unhappy. He stared at her over his breakfast plate and asked her if there was another man involved. With quiet dignity, she had told him that the idea was absurd and that he ought to know it.

As she stacked the plates in the sink, militant but oddly composed, Fran had told him that she wanted a divorce because after twenty-two years of marriage they didn't have anything at all, not even enjoyment of each other. Cliff rose from the table and stood frowning, turning the Panama hat in his hands, as she pointed out that they had never owned a house. When she turned around and faced him, drying her hands, he saw that she was very near tears.

Still not entirely comprehending, Cliff had clapped on his hat and said they would talk about it when he got back from Freer County. Then, for the first time since they had been married, he left the house without kissing her good-by. He felt sick at the thought of losing her, and the subconscious pressure of the divorce threat may have generated the spark that gave him his idea.

Seven hours later, while he was still pondering his personal problem, Cliff's glance had been wandering across the barren plains. He had marveled for the hundredth time that cattle could subsist and ranchers grow rich in this godforsaken kind of country. Plenty of them had. Old man John Fogg, for example, ranching on land very much like this, back in Barstow County, had over a million dollars in the bank.

He had made it all out of cows. The old man had never leased his land for oil exploration. He was one of those rare Southwesterners who figured oil would ruin a good ranch, what with derricks and tanks and lease roads taking over good grassland. Oil, he had said, more than half seriously, ruined the ranchers too.

Cliff had known John Fogg for years. In fact, he had once made a trip out to his ranch carrying a blank lease form in one pocket and Ed Henderson's check for half a million dollars in the other. He had spent two days with the tall, leather-faced old man, and had left with the check and blank lease still in the same pockets. A fifteen-thousand-dollar commission had gone glimmering, but Cliff couldn't help liking the old rancher.

"Son," Fogg had told him in parting, "why would I want to let them damn' drilling rigs mess up what I've been fifty-four years building? You oil boys will get it soon enough, but you'll have to wait till I'm gone, and that'll be a few years yet."

The taciturn old rancher had been right. The conversation was nine years old. Cliff would not have been remembering it at all except for one somber fact. This very morning, when he had stopped in the lobby of the Scharbauer Hotel in Midland, they were saying that old John Fogg was dying. The doctor had been out at the ranch all night.

There would be a mighty scramble among the big boys when the old man finally passed on. In years gone by, he had allowed two seismograph parties to shoot his ranch in exchange for digging him some water wells. Both crews had shot out the same beautiful anticline, as perfect an oil structure as a geologist could dream about, covering nearly ten square miles and mapping more than eight hundred feet of structural closure. In the course of time, information like that seeps through the industry, and it had become fairly common knowledge. Now that the old man was on his way out, it was just a question of who would pay his heirs the most money to get the land.

At that point in Cliff's thinking, the spark crackled. He slowed the car, as if he feared the thought would evaporate before he could complete it. Then he pulled over to the side of the road and stopped.

The idea unfolded with astonishing clarity. He, Cliff Waters, was going to get a piece of that Fogg Ranch. He was not going to wait around with the others, like a vulture, while the old man struggled through his last hours and then dive into the obscene melee in the hope of picking up a little chunk of meat. He would get lost in a big scramble like that. Everybody was poised, waiting for the old man to die. Why wait? Why not move in and grab a piece of the ranch now? Not all of it; no point in being a hog—just a modest piece, right on top of the structure.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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Oil is a secret treasure, buried under layer after layer of the earth's resisting structure. To find it, a man will risk his money, his marriage, perhaps his life. . . . Beginning a two-part serial

The wise boys were already speculating about who the old man would leave his ranch to. He had a son, some kind of an artist, who lived in San Antonio, and two spinster sisters in East Texas. Fogg had been estranged from all of them for many years. Some said it would go to the sisters; others said the son. Some felt sure it wouldn't go to either, but to a charity. Cliff *knew*—or he was so sure that he was willing to gamble on it—because the old man had told him.

Waters was enough of a curbstone lawyer to know that if you buy an oil-and-gas lease from somebody today and he doesn't have any title to the land, but tomorrow or next year he acquires a good title to it, your lease, which has been a worthless scrap of paper, suddenly becomes charged with validity. It vests you with good title to seven eighths of any oil and gas that may lie under the land.

The risk involved is obvious. You can buy an oil-and-gas lease from a potential heir or purchaser, and that lease is worthless unless the people you get it from inherit or buy the land. But if the gamble works out, if the heir or purchaser does come to own the land, your lease is completely legal. The lawbooks call it the Doctrine of After-acquired Title, and the possibility of its application to the valuable Fogg Ranch made Cliff Waters tingle.

He started the engine, turned the big car around, with tires squealing and headed down the highway for San Antonio.

When he pulled into Big Spring, he stopped at the abstract office and borrowed a map of Barstow County from a friend of his. Then he put in a call for Fran in Fort Worth. She was at school, and Cliff twirled his key chain impatiently around his finger while he waited for her to be called from her classroom. When her soft voice came over the wire, he received a distinct impression that the world wasn't so bad after all.

"Hello, Fran," he said, "this is me. I haven't got time to explain, but here's what I want you to do. Go to the house and get the ring. Take it down to the bank and give it to Chester Gruenwald. There's gonna be a check coming through."

Fran didn't ask to be enlightened; she only wanted to know if the *(Continued on page 50)*

Fran was happy and followed him without protest. They lived in shacks and hotels from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border

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SO YOU'RE A BIG-LEAGUE

It's the dream of a lifetime. You're finally handed a contract. But what happe

By TOM MEANY

Don't worry on the train about making good. Just have enough money for tips

THIS is the time of year when a noticeable tinge of green shows up in Saint Patrick's Day parades, Christmas jewelry—and in major-league rookies.

Scattered from Cuba, through Florida, Arizona and all the way to California, nearly 200 young men are working out with big-league ball clubs for the first time in their lives. It will be the first and last such experience for most of them. No more than 20 will be on major-league payrolls when the season opens next month. And you'll be able to count on the fingers of one hand the number who last long enough to make the opening-day line-ups.

Suppose you were a youngster making his first trip to a big-league training camp? What steps bring you there and what do you find after you get there? Pull up a chair and listen closely, for this is what happens when the dream of so many American boys comes true.

First of all, it is presumed that you have shown sufficient talent for a major-league club to offer you a contract. It is important that you sign that contract. You may not like the terms—$5,000 is the minimum big-league salary, but many club owners act as though it were also the maximum so far as rookies are concerned.

Chances are you will sign, though, because it's the big opportunity you've been waiting for. Besides, if you don't sign the contract, all diplomatic relations are severed. You become what is known to the trade as a "holdout." And baseball magnates have a way of pronouncing "holdout" so that it has sinister connotations. You become ungrateful, disloyal, subversive and unpatriotic all at once. Small children cry when they see you and stray dogs flee howling from your presence.

Now that you've committed yourself and taken the queen's shilling, what's next? You receive a cozy, friendly letter from one of the club's top brass —usually the vice-president or general manager— saying he's glad to have you aboard, sir. It also will contain detailed instructions on when and where to report. You are informed that a railroad agent will deliver a ticket providing first-class passage to the training camp. Any money you spend for meals en route will be refunded.

Minor Leaguers Get a Form Letter

The letter is important. It makes you feel like one of the family. All major-league clubs follow this practice with rookies, whereas the same clubs send a form letter to their minor-league players. The personal touch is essential in the big leagues.

Don't worry on the train going down about making good. Just worry about having enough money for meals and tips. The art of Pullman tipping can be quite mysterious to a youngster fresh from a league where a battered bus and a cold sandwich are considered the last word in travel and dining.

There is the oft-told story of the confused rookie who asked the porter what the average tip for a sleeper jump was. Informed it was a dollar, our hero promptly forked over a buck from his scanty bank roll and was somewhat taken back when the porter, in thanking him, added, "And I might say, sir, you're the first one in some time to come up to the average."

Don't think you can turn in your railroad ticket for cash and economize by driving to camp. Cars are strictly *verboten* for rookies. And there's a sound reason for it. There's about a nine-to-one chance that you—and I do mean you—will be shipped to a minor-league club before the conclusion of training. Say you're with the Giants at Phoenix when you're cut loose. If you had your car with you in Arizona, it would mean a cross-country drive to their minor-league camp at Melbourne, Florida. The season might be well under way before you got there.

Once at the training base, you proceed to the assigned hotel and register. You'll discover that you've been provided with both a room and a roommate, courtesy of the ball club. You may or may not have known your roomy in the minors. He might even be a veteran of the club you have joined. The one fact you can be certain of is that he isn't your roommate by accident.

While it is the duty of the traveling secretary to assign the rooms, both to veterans and newcomers, he does so only after a series of conferences with the team manager. The club has a pretty good file on you before you arrive and tries to pair off the players compatibly.

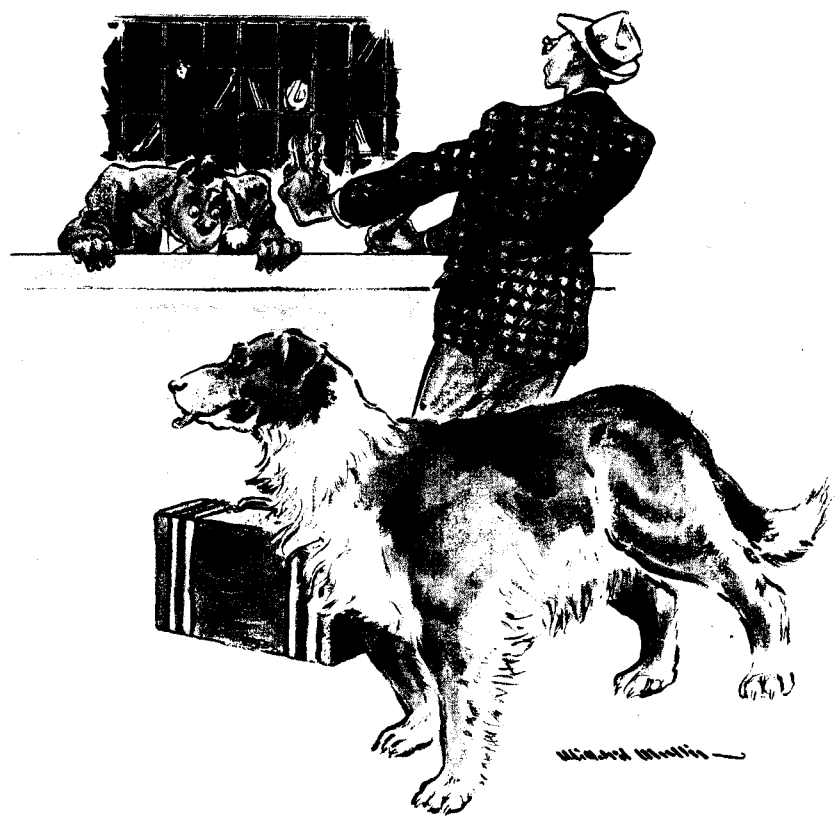
Don't imagine you're living in a monastery simply because you see so few of the players' wives about. Living *en famille* in training camp is so expensive that few players can afford it. In some camps, it even has been forbidden, although Steve O'Neill lifted the taboo which Eddie Sawyer placed on the wives of the Phillies at Clearwater, Florida, last spring. The Pirates, for instance, are hard pressed for rooms and have had to split the squad into swanky apartments in Marianao, Cuba. Wives who make the trip have to take housing accommodations a few blocks away, at $12 a day.

Although Sawyer and Jack Onslow, when he managed the White Sox a few seasons back, were the last pilots who actually banned wives at training camps, there has been a growing tendency to discourage their appearance. If a player lives away from the team's hotel with his family, he is usually allowed the same per diem it would cost the club if he stayed with the team.

Yanks Discourage Living at Beach

In a town like St. Petersburg, Florida, where the Cardinals and Yankees both train, the families mostly live near the beach, some 10 or 15 miles from the hotel. The front offices have found this arrangement upsetting. The Yanks, in fact, have taken steps about it, and a player who "lives out," as the phrase has it, finds himself shortchanged this spring, since he receives only meal money and no room rent.

Anyway, as a rookie, you undoubtedly will come to camp alone, because recruits especially are discouraged from bringing wives, if any, to camp. Besides, with your limited income you can barely support yourself, unless you happen to be a member of that new aristocracy of the minors who have



One rookie wired for a double room. He reported with a dog

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ROOKIE...

en? Here are the answers

played winter ball in one of the various Latin-American leagues in Cuba, Venezuela, Panama, Mexico and Puerto Rico. Playing south of the border during the off season pays fairly well, but the jobs are open only to the better-known minor-leaguers. You possibly still have to prove yourself.

As an average minor-leaguer, you received your last baseball pay check on September 15th, and it amounted to no more than $350. Your next pay check won't arrive until April 15th or later. After that you will be paid semimonthly through the rest of the season. You will have worked in the winter, of course, on a job that paid perhaps $70 a week. But even so, you won't have very much of a cash reserve.

A Future Star's Financial Optimism

Being broke in training camp is the common experience of major-league rookies. Lou Gehrig reported to his first big-league camp with the Yankees in New Orleans in 1924 with exactly $12 to see him through a six-week training siege. He expected to add to his bank roll by working nights as a waiter until manager Miller Huggins heard of his plight and arranged for a salary advance.

For the last five years ballplayers in training have been receiving $25 a week to cover tips, laundry and cleaning bills. This concession would have saved many a headache for rookies of earlier years, including one of the Hall of Fame's most recent additions, Dizzy Dean. When Dean first reported to the Cardinals for spring training at Bradenton, Florida, secretary Clarence Lloyd kept the great man on a dollar-a-day dole, a salary advance which Dean promptly invested and lost in the nearest slot machines. As a result, Diz's first major-league shutout victims were the waiters.

Rookie Lou Gehrig had so little money, he expected to work nights as a waiter

The legend isn't true. The first player to leave may well be the curve-ball pitcher

Your room, of course, is provided free and so are your meals. But you pay for all incidentals yourself. In most camps, you simply sign the check in the hotel dining room, although some clubs distribute real money, enabling you to eat where you please. The National League has set $6-per-day standard where this practice is followed. The Giants, dismayed by some of the truly notable dining tabs their noble athletes were running up at the Adams Hotel in recent years, have canceled signing privileges and now issue a daily meal allowance of $8.50—a concession to the cost of living in Phoenix.

There is a wide range in spring-training hotel accommodations. The Pirates are ensconced in their apartments in the Marianao suburbs of Havana. The Dodgers, before moving to the McAllister Hotel in Miami, spend the early weeks of training at a former naval air-training station at Vero Beach, Florida, bedded down in what were once the junior officers' quarters.

Branch Rickey, general manager and resident genius of the Pirates, has shown a great penchant for distributing the "Yanqui dollaire" through Latin-American countries and taking out many pesos in return—always making sure that he has a favorable balance on his export-import sheet. With Larry MacPhail, onetime Cincinnati-Dodger-Yankee boss, now devoting himself to the improvement of the breed of horses instead of ballplayers, Rickey is baseball's number one exponent of the good neighbor policy.

Teams operated by Rickey and/or MacPhail have played in Cuba, Panama, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and the Dominican Republic.

Prefer Training in Continental U.S.

If you happen to be a rookie joining the Pirates, you learn quickly that ballplayers do not like to train outside of the continental United States. Their chief complaints in other countries are the food, which seems strange—and even more strangely cooked—and the lack of first-run movies.

The barracks at Vero Beach are much less impressive than Havana's Hotel Nacional, where the Dodgers once trained; but if you're a Dodger rookie, you at least find the Vero Beach atmosphere 100 per cent baseball. And there may be certain mornings, too, when the atmosphere is a bit on the chilly side, due to a temperamental heating system. Jackie Robinson spent his first night as a rookie at Vero sleeping in his overcoat.

It is a theory of Dodger Chief Scout Andy High, who served in the Navy in both World Wars, that these occasional heating failures are due to the enthusiasm of some unknown aviation mechanic, second class, who was told to shut off the heating system when the Navy abandoned the camp after V-J Day. "He probably grabbed a big Stillson wrench," Andy guesses, "and turned off the heat so thoroughly that it will never be the same again."

When Stengel Was Dodgers' Manager

In addition to troublesome fixtures, there have been problem rookies. Back in the long ago when Casey Stengel was getting gray hairs—and not much else—managing the Dodgers, a rookie wired requesting a reservation for a double room. Since the rookie happened to be Oscar (Ox) Eckhardt, who had batted .399 in the Pacific Coast League the year before, the request was granted, although it was against club policy for recruits to bring their wives to camp.

When Eckhardt reported at the Fort Harrison Hotel in Clearwater, Florida, he didn't have Mrs. Eckhardt in tow; but he did have an outsized Saint Bernard. Gravely, he explained that he had always brought his dog to minor-league training camps and thought the pet would enjoy a big-league camp even more.

Ox and the dog did sleep together but they were quartered in the clubhouse for the duration of his stay.

Of much more recent vintage was the problem posed by Kevin Connors, the Los Angeles first baseman who has had several highly successful bit parts in the movies. Connors outraged all the Dodger brass at Vero Beach in 1949. Not only had he failed to sign his contract when he reported, fresh from a season of winter ball in Cuba, but he brought along his wife, her father and mother, and a beautiful Irish setter. The Rickeys, father and son, quickly brought Kevin to terms

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

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The veterans will call you "Kid." When they use your first name, you've arrived

by threatening to evict him, wife, in-laws and dog.

Assuming that you're neither an Eckhardt nor a Connors, we'll take you now through your first day in a big-league camp. You and the entire squad are gathered in the clubhouse and a uniform has been issued. Don't be disillusioned if the clubhouse is just as shabby as the accommodations you remember from the bush leagues. And don't get overly optimistic when the manager, in his introductory speech, stresses that every job on the ball club is open and that all candidates in training will have an equal chance.

This speech is standard operating procedure—SOP in service slang—but it isn't meant as a sop to you. The skipper doesn't expect you to replace Phil Rizzuto or Stan Musial or Mike Garcia or Hank Sauer; but he does want you to feel that you can, so you will show him your best efforts.

Aside from the inevitable butterflies which flutter in your stomach as you step out on the practice field for the first time in a major-league uniform, your main feeling will be one of loneliness. You'll be fortunate if you personally know more than two or three of the 40 men on the squad.

You'll be treated kindly, but anonymously. The veterans first will call you Kid, and a couple of days later—when they have learned your surname from the label over your locker—they'll address you by it. When they start calling you by your first name, you're one of the gang.

All *Do* Have an Equal Chance

The manager wasn't kidding when he said all would have an equal chance. Long before intrasquad games are played, the squad is divided into two groups for batting, fielding and pitching drills. Rookies are interspersed with the veterans, and you'll get your full measure of attention from the manager and his coaches.

Most ball clubs have an automatic room call at 7:30 A.M. for all players. After breakfasting in the dining room, you'll head for the ball park, suiting up at about nine thirty and beginning to work out at about ten.

Gone are the days when the manager would have a coach empty a bag of baseballs, scatter them among the squad and announce that the training season had officially opened. You will find that it is a more systematic and scientific operation now. There usually are extra coaches at spring training—men who are scouts or who manage ball clubs in the minor-league chain. They're in camp for the express purpose of instructing you.

Any rookie with talent sufficient to win him a big-league chance is naturally not entirely ignorant of the technique of throwing, batting or fielding. Yet you'll be surprised at the little refinements you learn from the coaching staff. If you're a pitcher with the Yankees, maybe coach Jim Turner will show you how to hide your curve ball. If you're an infielder with the Cubs, perhaps coach Roy Johnson will have you watch how Roy Smalley gets away his throws.

You'll practice run-downs, for instance, learning the quickest way to nail a runner trapped between bases, and learn that most clubs favor the full-bluff throw: you make a full sweep of your arm without releasing the ball, instead of the half-fake, in which you repeatedly cock your arm without throwing. The half-fake doesn't make the experienced runner change direction and, even if he did, it's a more awkward position from which to throw.

Most big-league managers avoid giving personal instruction themselves. They oversee the entire operation, walking from instructor to instructor. Just because the manager doesn't say anything, don't think he isn't observing you. If a coach points out that you're dipping your head as you swing and consequently taking your eye off the ball, it's probably because the manager noticed the defect and spoke to the coach about it.

It's well to be prepared for a few surprises as you work out. If you're a catcher, you'll notice that the curves break more sharply than any you ever saw before, and if you're an infielder, you'll find that your partner feeds the ball to you for double plays a lot faster than you ever got it in the past. And don't be discouraged if you think you've hit a ball through the infield only to have one of the fielders rob you with an exceptional stop. That's the difference between the majors and the minors: the extra step in the field, the extra degree of sharpness on the break of a curve ball.

You may be on first instead of Ferris Fain. That's to learn what you can do

After the exhibition schedule starts, you may find yourself in the starting line-up. But just because you're on first base and Ferris Fain is on the bench it doesn't mean manager Paul Richards has decided that you're to be the Chicago White Sox first baseman. Many a regular sits out the early Grapefruit League games because the manager knows what the regular can do, but doesn't know yet what you can do.

The Busher Who Worried Too Soon

One of the traditional gags about baseball rookies involves the busher who sent his mother a post card with the message: "Dear Mom: I'll be home soon. They're starting to curve 'em." Actually, the first boy to leave camp is usually the boy who starts curving 'em too early, not the hitter who struck out. Baseball training is a gradual process, designed to prepare an athlete for a daily, six-month grind, and the pitchers who embarrass the batters with early curves frequently wind up with arms so sore they're unable to comb their hair the next morning. (Which, by the way, may be the reason so many young pitchers report these days with crew haircuts.)

Your first friend on the squad, outside of your roommate—and maybe even before him—will be the team trainer. The trainers are selected by managers as much for their kindliness and understanding as they are for their knowledge of muscle-kneading and mechanical therapy. Gus Mauch of the Yankees, Andy Lotshaw, who retired from the Cubs in January, Doc Weaver of the Cardinals, and all the other trainers are of a stripe. They serve as a combination father-confessor and Dutch uncle. It's their job to keep your morale up and your weight down. You'll find them equally efficient in both departments.

You'll get added help in the morale department from the scouts who discovered you or who recommended your purchase. They'll chat with you evenings in the hotel lobby, listen to your problems and offer advice. Their interest is sincere, for their job depends to a degree on the job you do. If you make good, they get an "A" on their report card. Otherwise, they'll find the boss looking at them in a speculative manner, as if debating just how much the payroll could be shaved.

Tips on Baseball Writers

Don't try to judge the baseball writers covering the camp as a group. They come in all shapes, sizes and dispositions. It's unlikely they'll bother you during the first week, unless you ride into camp on the crest of a big publicity fanfare. They have too much to do in the beginning to worry about the common, or garden-type, rookie. It's more important for them to learn if Larry Jansen's aching back improved during the winter, whether manager Al Lopez plans to keep Luke Easter on first base, and what difference Fred Haney finds between managing Hollywood on the Coast last year and the last-place Pirates this season. (Fred may be too tactful to tell them that, talent-wise, there really isn't any difference.)

Generally you'll find the newspapermen inquisitive, but not obnoxious. Once they're convinced you're a normal rookie with only one head—and that one not swelled—you'll be accepted casually. If you happen to be the type that makes good copy—generally a euphemism for advanced megalomania—you may get more than your share of attention. But along about then, the manager steps in and drops the iron curtain.

Some managers discourage undue familiarity between press and player. This attitude is particularly true on clubs which figure to be pennant contenders. Chronic tailenders don't mind, since fanciful stories about rookies act as a smokescreen to conceal the true plight of the club.

The late John McGraw frowned on newspapermen being too intimate with his players. One spring, when the Giants were training in San Antonio, a rookie catcher who was a devout lad attended evening devotions in a church, fell asleep and was locked in overnight. He wasn't able to leave until the sexton reopened the church next morning for six-o'clock Mass.

Naturally, the rookie was marked absent at the midnight check-in which McGraw had instituted. Fearfully, the recruit told the little Napoleon his story next morning. Mac accepted it—for two reasons: (a) it rang true, and (b) if it were false, it showed great imagination. He cautioned the boy to say nothing to the sports writers.

The young catcher took McGraw's admonition literally. Some days later, a reporter doing a piece on him asked if he were married.

The boy withdrew. "You'll have to ask Mr. McGraw," he said. ▲▲▲

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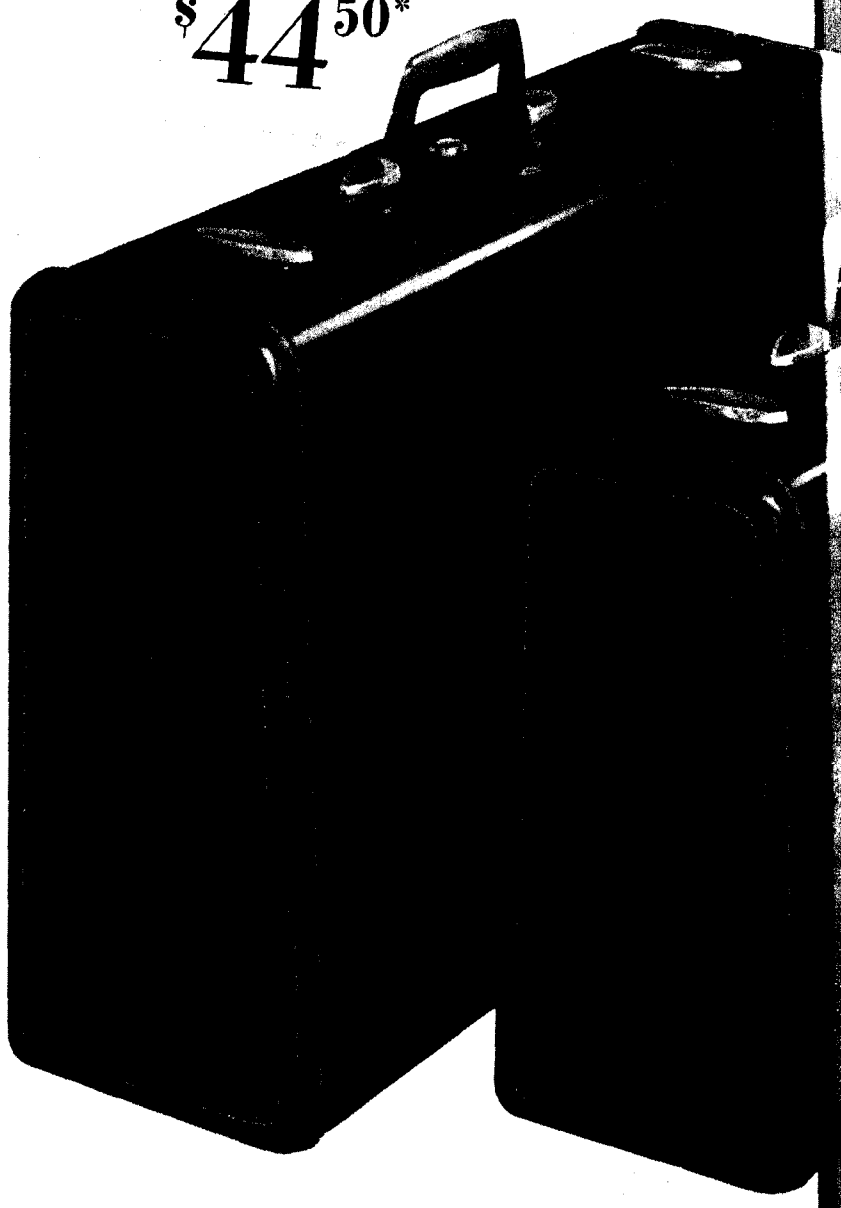

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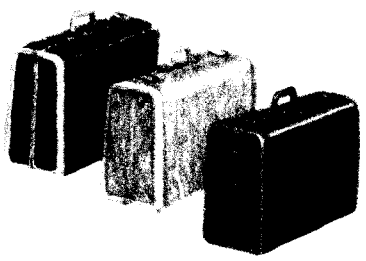

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Act of CONTRITION

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

It was a quiet street in a quiet neighborhood. Then came these strangers with their ridiculous clothes and accents—and their terrifying worship of God

DAVID O'NEILL stared solemnly through the murky front window of what had been Mrs. Bates's candy store. The large, dingy room located on the ground floor of a narrow, flaking, gray tenement building was bare now, and only relatively clean areas—rectangles on the floor, parallel lines on the walls—marked the former positions of showcases and shelves. Dead flies littered the base of the window.

David was nearly eleven, a small boy for his age, with undisciplined, light-brown hair and coolly sensitive blue eyes; and for as long as he could remember, Mrs. Bates had been there to supply him with kite string, crayons, tablets, candy, skate keys and all his other needs. She had been a crabbed old widow, but David had thought of her with a curious kind of affection, although always in connection with her large, varied, soot-covered stock.

But Mrs. Bates had died; and this morning, the first Saturday in May, men had come and removed all the merchandise and fixtures. As David turned and started diagonally across the street toward his father's café, he began to wonder who Mrs. Bates's successor would be and whether the new owner would sell marbles and lemon balls at the same low prices Mrs. Bates had charged. Since he felt the need for such a store so strongly—there were no similar shops in the neighborhood—he had no doubt that one would be opened. He was merely temporarily downcast and impatient at the delay.

The large room remained vacant until mid-June, and then on a Friday morning, a truck, loaded with stiff, wooden chairs of the sort common to funeral parlors, stopped in front of the building, and the driver and a helper began stacking the load on the sidewalk.

Before they were finished, an ancient Ford delivered four tall, angular, middle-aged women and an assortment of brooms, mops, buckets and rags. The ladies took their equipment into the store, and before long they were busily at work sweeping and scrubbing walls and floor that had not been cleaned for years.

Everyone in the neighborhood, including David, was tremendously curious about the undertaking. Rumors were abundant. By early Friday evening the women had finished their cleaning job, and then they took the chairs into the room, locked the door and departed. There was no activity on Saturday or Sunday, but Monday afternoon the same truck which had brought the first load delivered an ancient, battered piano, a platform and an oak-colored lectern. Early that evening a man arrived with a small can of white paint, and in crude, uncertain letters he printed *THE GOSPEL CHURCH OF CHRIST* on the front window.

David and five other boys about his age watched the man with mounting anger and disbelief.

"Where we gonna buy our stuff now?" Joe Cannon said bitterly. "Bunch of dopes makin' a church out of it."

"Ya can't have a church in an old candy store," David said. He thought of St. Anthony's, a huge, awesome edifice, where he had been attending Mass since he was five years old, and he felt a strong desire to laugh. Then he had a moment of doubt. "I don't know about Protestants, though," he admitted.

"We ain't got no churches like that," Bill Martins said belligerently. "Look at the Methodists or Baptists or any of 'em. They ain't like that."

"We oughtta fix those guys for ruinin' old lady Bates's place," Joe said.

David nodded. "Yeah," he said, "we oughtta fix 'em."

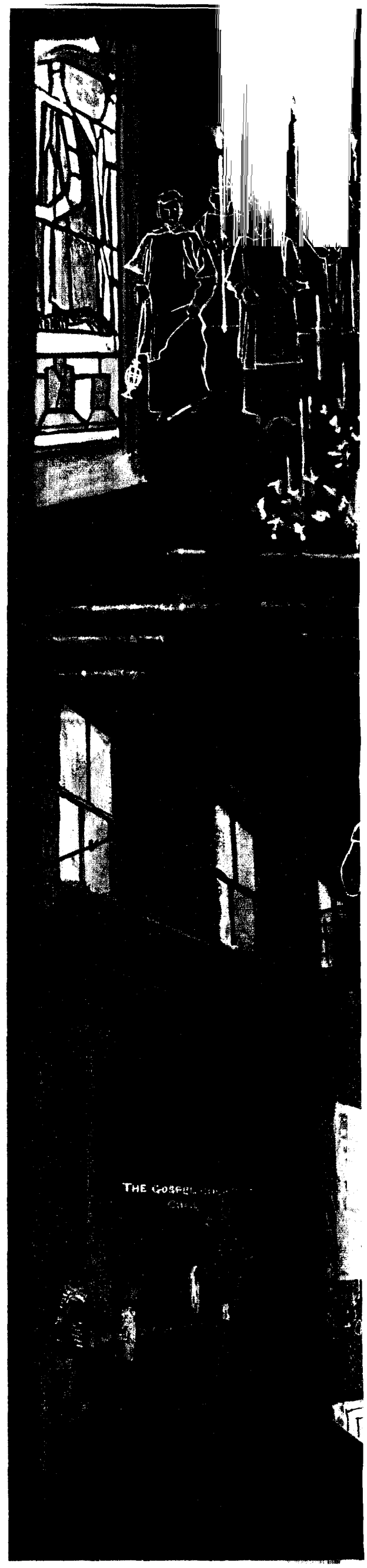
ON WEDNESDAY evening of that week, The Gospel Church of Christ had its first service. It was a warm June night, and most of the people on the street had brought chairs to the sidewalks in front of the various tenements. There they sat and drank beer from bottles that had been bought at David's father's café, gossiped in several languages and watched the youngsters play caddy, catchers, and hop, skip and jump.

A few minutes after seven o'clock, a man who later proved to be the minister unlocked the front door and lighted the large, unshaded bulb which hung from the ceiling. Not long afterward, the church members began to come down the street in groups of three or four. David and his companions stopped their games when the procession began, and joined their families in staring at the newcomers, who seemed painfully conscious of the interest they excited. They walked with their eyes focused straight ahead and without talking, then hurried through the open doorway of their church like people who are seeking shelter from a hard rain.

Most of the men who entered the former candy store wore wrinkled, dirty work pants and blue shirts open at the collar. The women were dressed in drab housedresses that hung from their shoulders in straight lines as if the material touched no other parts of their bodies.

"Who in hell are those people?" David heard a man ask another sitting nearby.

"Hillbillies," the second man said. "Whole gang of 'em settled four or five blocks north of here,



ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

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And as the nights went by, his queer baseless anger against the church and its members grew until he felt that something inside him had to explode

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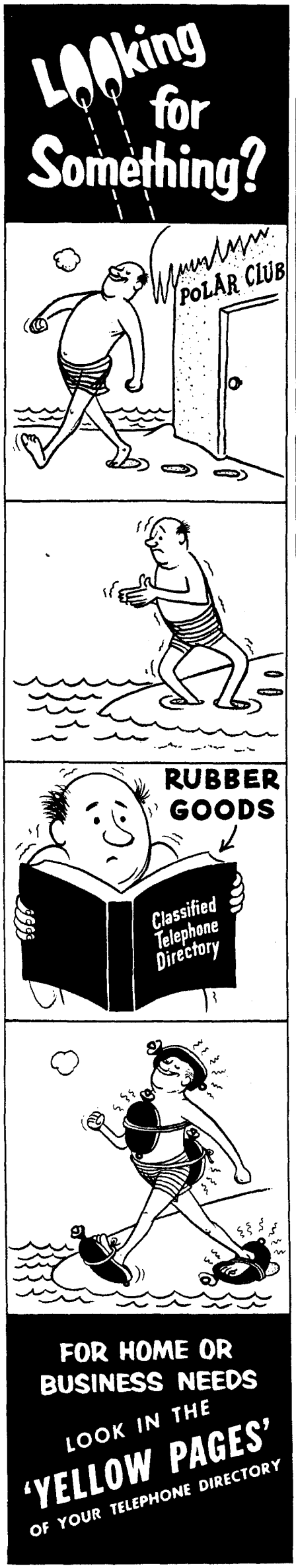


around Linn Street. From Tennessee and Kentucky, most of 'em. Guess they came up to get jobs at the new plant."

"Wonder why they came way down here to open a church," the first man said.

The other man shrugged. "Ain't many vacant stores around that section," he said. "Hell of a thing to have on our street, though." David felt pleased to know that adults didn't like the new church, either. The term "hillbilly," however, didn't mean much to David except as the designation of someone who played a guitar and sang through his nose on radio or television. Somehow people from the mountains of Kentucky, West Virginia and other Southern states hadn't settled in David's part of town in sizable numbers until recently. He liked the sound of the word "hillbilly." It made him think of someone big and dumb and funny.

By a few minutes after seven thirty, all of the forty or fifty members of the congregation had arrived. Through the open door and big window, David could see them seated on the rows of chairs, laughing, talking and fanning themselves vigorously with handkerchiefs and newspapers. After a few moments, the minister who was standing at the lectern signaled to a woman seated at the piano. Immediately she began to thump out a vigorous but frequently discordant song which David had never heard before. At first only the preacher's voice could be heard singing, but after a few measures others began to join in. Finally, up and down the street, the words were distinguishable:

"Brighten the corner where you are,
Brighten the corner where you are,
Someone far from harbor you may
guide across the bar,
*Brighten the corner where you are."**

On the second chorus the congregation began to clap in rhythm with the music.

AFTER the song had ended, the minister opened the large, black book which rested on the stand and began to preach. At first his voice was low, inaudible beyond the room. David and seven or eight companions slowly converged on the doorway to make certain that they missed nothing. The man on the platform talked with mounting intensity about sin and being saved, but just when it seemed that he was reaching a climax, he suddenly stopped and the pianist began another song.

When the song ended, the preacher resumed his sermon. His voice was loud, clear and emotional now, and he paced nervously on the platform. "We're all sinners," he said, and his gaze swept over the crowd accusingly. "Every man and woman here sins against God. Christ died on the Cross for them sins. He let 'em drive big nails through His hands and His feet and stick a big spear in His side. An' watta we do? We spit on Him. That's what we do when we sin. We spit on Him."

The crowd shifted uneasily in their chairs, and as he went on, some of the people began to punctuate his words with "Amen," and "I'm a sinner, God," and "It's the truth, Lord."

As the minister's voice mounted in fervor, David looked on with fascinated alarm. The only sermons he had ever heard had been given by Father Daly at nine-o'clock Mass on Sundays, and the priest always spoke in a low, rather melancholy voice about the Immaculate Conception or the Sacraments or the Trinity. And yet, in a frightening way, David found himself subtly drawn into the orbit of this strange church as if the preacher's voice had slowly pushed back the outside wall until it encompassed him with the members of the congregation. The words about sin and hell took on an intensely personal meaning as if they were directed specifically at him, and he began to tremble slightly.

As the tempo and ardor of the minister's words mounted, the frequency and passion of response from listeners also increased until the voices clashed in almost meaningless tumult. "The fires of hell . . ." *"Amen."* ". . . eternal burning . . ." *"I've sinned! I've sinned!"* "The Devil leading you on . . ." *"Save me, God!"* ". . . those black sins of the flesh . . ."

David began to feel slightly dizzy; his stomach tightened convulsively, and then George Schumacher gave a high, nervous giggle and shouted "Amen" at the top of his voice. The break in tension caused all of the boys to scream with laughter, and a moment later they were all crying "Amen, amen, amen" in a demented, clamorous chorus. When their bellowing had reached a crescendo, the preacher suddenly charged down the aisle between the seats shouting, "The lash of God shall strike the sinners," and the boys all ran in complete panic.

No one chased them, and they learned later that the minister's movement probably had nothing to do with them if, indeed, they had even been heard above the sound in the church. In subsequent services, the preacher frequently strode down the aisle when his sermons reached a climax.

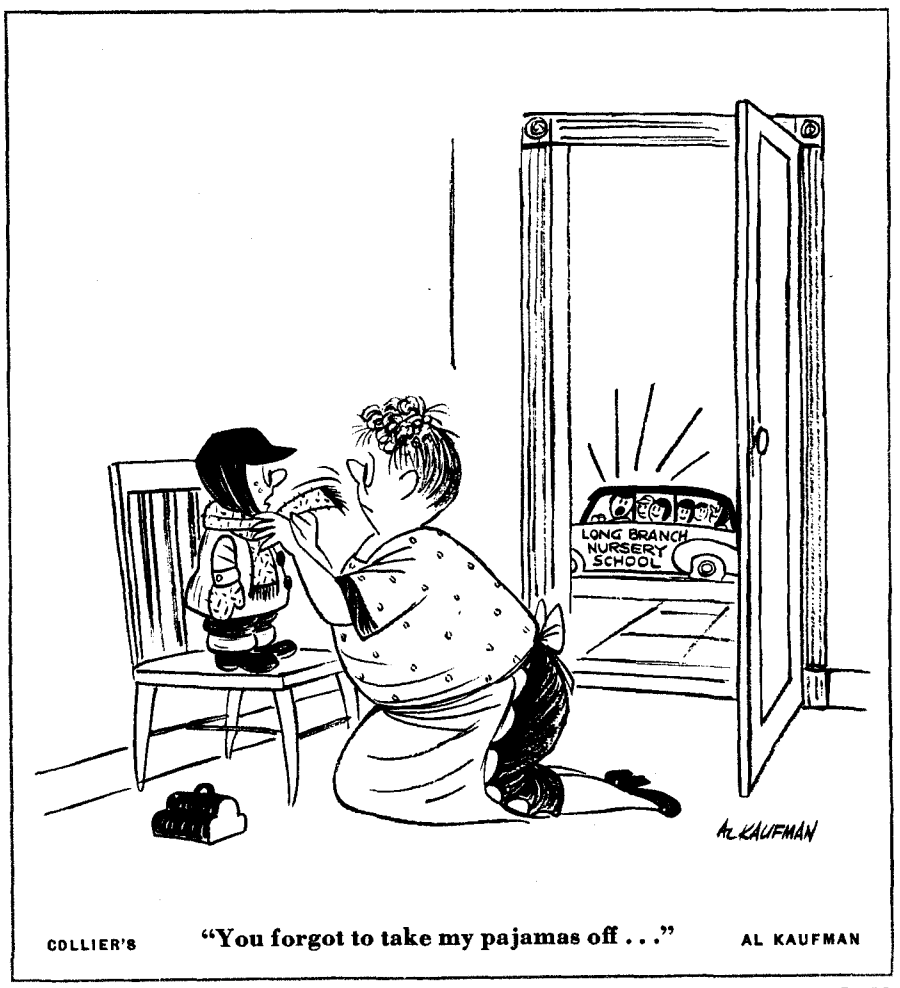
The exhorting and singing lasted until about nine o'clock that first night—David heard the remainder of the session in his father's café where he had taken refuge—and then the church became abruptly quiet. When David peeked through the swinging doors, the last of the congregation were leaving. A moment later, the lights were switched off and the minister came out. He snapped a padlock on the front entrance and then walked slowly up the street.

David turned away from the door to find his father staring at him. There was no reproach or threat in the man's eyes, but there was a patient, questioning look which troubled David far more than any reprimand. After a moment of awkward silence, the boy started for the rear of the barroom to the door which led to the family's apartment beyond.

WHEN David went to St. Anthony's Church on Sunday morning, the memory of Wednesday night's experiences was still disturbingly strong. He felt oddly comforted and reassured by the familiar, great arched ceiling, the stained-glass windows brought to brilliant life by the strong sun, the tall impressive altar and the myriad lighted candles that decorated it, and the rich vestments of the priest. The warm organ tones and the disciplined singing of the choir were soothing, and Father Daly's sermon about the Precious Blood of Jesus seemed properly solemn without being personally threatening.

David and his friends were outside the store-church for the Sunday-evening meeting. Their attempts to irk some member of the congregation into coming after them were no more successful than before. Finally Bill Brennan went right up to the doorway and shouted "Hillbillies" at the top of his voice and then ran away, but no one came out of the church. Each of the boys followed Bill's example.

David became suddenly and acutely uncomfortable when it was his turn to yell into the church. Although he didn't know why, there was something about the congregation's noisy, emotional devotion and their dogged determination to ignore the antics of their tormentors which simultaneously shamed him and increased his desire to molest the people. He shrieked "Hillbillies" more loudly than any of



COLLIER'S "You forgot to take my pajamas off . . ." AL KAUFMAN

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the other boys had. When he glanced across the street a moment later, however, and saw that his father was observing the scene from the doorway of the café, David's momentary feeling of triumph suddenly evaporated, leaving a curious empty sensation.

During the church's next few sessions, in addition to their established repertoire, the boys rolled cans filled with stones down the center aisle, blew whistles, and once, David, in a moment of bravado, tossed a firecracker into the room. All of these provocations were, if not ignored, at least not acted upon. Some of the boys even chalked obscene words—of which they already had a fair vocabulary—upon the door and outside wall of the church before the service began; but each time this was done, some member came out with a wet rag and patiently erased the lettering. Gradually, to David's unadmitted relief, the boys' interest in the church died, and after a while they ceased their disturbances entirely.

David avoided thinking about the strange people until one morning in mid-August. When he came out of the café, he was surprised to see a huge red-and-white sign above the doorway of the church. Apparently it had been put up by some of the members the night before. *BIG REVIVAL* was printed on the canvas. *Come! Sing! Pray! Be Saved! Aug. 24-30.*

George Schumacher came down the street while David was still staring at the sign. "Hey, Dave," George said, "we oughtta really have some fun when they have that dopey thing."

"Aw," David said, "it ain't no fun foolin' around over there." He took a rubber ball from his pocket, tossed it a few feet into the air and caught it. "Wanna throw some?" he asked.

"You never saw one of them things," George said, indicating the church with a nod of his head. "It's real goofy. Everybody yellin' and singin' and goin' down front to get saved. They really go nuts."

David began revolving his arm in an imaginary windup. "Get down the street," he said, "and see if you can hold my curve."

THE week of the revival was strange and unhappy for David. Each evening all of his companions were in front of the church screaming and laughing, but though he felt an intense desire to join them, he couldn't bring himself to cross the street. He moved restlessly about his father's barroom creating minor and needless tasks for himself, and, as the nights went by, the queer, baseless anger against the church and its members grew until he felt that something inside him must explode.

When the last of the revival services began on Saturday night, he abruptly walked out of the café. He avoided his father's eyes as he left and then ran as fast as he could to the group of boys gathered at the church door.

The congregation, he found, were even more fervent and noisily responsive than they had been in their usual sessions. The crowd was much larger, too, and a number of people had to stand in the back and along the side walls of the room. Another preacher, a short, fat man with a rasping voice, led the meeting; he could cause a mounting excitement among his listeners with the skilled ease of a pianist playing a glissando. For a while the boys tried to carry on their usual noisy ritual, but, curiously, it didn't last long.

Somehow the music sounded louder and faster than ever before, and the singing rang out against the offbeat of hands pounding against each other. When the minister preached, he smashed his fist again and again on the lectern in rhythm with his words, as he cried out for the vengeance of God to be visited upon the sinners. Frequently he leaped upon a chair and held the Bible high above his head like a bomb he was about to hurl into the assemblage before him, and the people shouted their responses in a mixture of ecstasy and fear. A sense of near hysteria made David and his companions strangely quiet.

AFTER a while, the speech and music in the room seemed to David to flow together into an indistinguishable, common beat. In mounting tempo the preacher alternately entreated and threatened his listeners as he neared the point when he would ask the sinners to be saved. Now the piano softly but insistently provided a counterpoint to his words. "Jesus kin save you," the preacher cried. " 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow,' the Bible says, but you gotta show Jesus you ain't ashamed to ask forgiveness. The pit of hell, the roarin' flames and brimstone are waitin' for those who won't stand up for Jesus. Hell is real and them flames is real. You've all been burned in this life, on the hand or on the leg. Now think of that horrible pain, not just on your hand, but over your whole entire body. Think of it going on and on and on, a screamin' pain that ain't gonna stop in an hour or a day or a week or a year, but goin' on forever and ever and ever and ever." His fist was beating on the stand like a giant metronome that would never stop. David's mouth was dry, and he clenched a metal whistle in his hand until it almost cut into the flesh.

A few people self-consciously left their seats and began to move down the aisle toward the preacher. As each one arose, the clamor increased; tearful women turned to their husbands and children and pleaded with them to join the procession.

"We're snatchin 'em from the jaws of hell-fire," the preacher shouted. More and more men and women became part of the brief pilgrimage to the area around the platform, and soon the entire front of the room was filled with kneeling figures, who held up their hands imploringly to the minister. He moved from person to person taking their hands in his and calling, "Another one saved from the fires of hell, Jesus! Those who hold back'll burn forever."

When David looked around at his companions, they seemed as oddly affected as he was. His throat felt as if it were slowly constricting, and suddenly, in an effort to break the spell, he leaped to the open doorway and yelled, "Hillbillies! Crazy hillbillies!" at the top of his voice.

Without warning, David felt a strong hand clamped on his arm, and he was dragged into the church. For a moment he was too startled to make an outcry, but when he looked up and saw that the regular minister, who had been standing at the door, was holding him, David shouted in panic. He tried to wrest his arm from the man's grasp, but his captor's eyes, cold with anger, stared straight ahead, and he seemed to notice neither outcry nor struggle as he began towing David down the aisle.

David continued to scream hysterically as they became part of the procession that moved slowly toward the front of the room, but his voice was faint and

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COLLIER'S

"Would you have dinner with me, or are you American Plan?"

CHON DAY

distant to him as if it were straining against the roar of a great waterfall. The merging sound of the piano and the clapping, singing and praying swirled about him and pounded on his ears with almost physical violence. Bodies pressed against him on all sides, and the smell of sweat and dust in the hot room made him afraid he'd be sick.

David and the minister were near the platform now; they faced a low, irregular wall of kneeling suppliants. The penitents held up their clasped hands imploringly to the revivalist preacher, who went from one to another encompassing their hands in his and shouting, "Only Jesus saves. Only Jesus kin save you from the hell-fires."

Although David still tugged weakly against the seeming iron band which held his arm, his legs were incapable of resistance as the minister pulled him toward an open space in the line of kneeling figures. The boy was conscious of his own voice only as a relentless, meaningless wail that echoed inside his head.

When they reached the edge of the platform, his captor pressed hard on David's arm, and the boy found himself on his knees beside the man. The faces around him, dead-white under the bare bulb suspended from the ceiling, alternately blurred and came into sharp focus like creatures in a nightmare. Only the dull pain in his captive arm and the hard, uneven floor beneath him were real.

Fear mounted in David as the revivalist preacher neared him. An unknown, terrifying vengeance was about to descend upon him, and he closed his eyes tight to shut out the sight. He didn't open them again until he felt his hands between those of the man on the platform. David never knew when the other minister had released his arm or when or why his hands had joined and offered themselves to the man who now held them.

The preacher's face was intense but not threatening as he cried, "We're all sinners, God, but one by one, we're snatchin' 'em from the jaws of hell."

All at once something painful seemed to snap inside David. He began to cry brokenly, and uncontrolled words began to tumble from his mouth: "O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of Heaven and the pains of hell"—the Act of Contrition he had learned in school.

WHEN he had finished, the minister who had dragged him into the church said in a gentle voice, "You kin go now."

Then the boy was stumbling up the aisle, pushing past the people who were on their way toward the platform. His eyes were filled with tears, but as he neared the rear of the room, he could see his father, still wearing a large, white apron, standing in the doorway of the church.

David was too confused to wonder why or how his father happened to be there. The boy flung himself into his father's arms and felt himself picked up like a baby. "That man," David sobbed, "that man grabbed me."

"I know," his father said. "I saw it happen from across the street."

For an instant David saw his friends in a semicircle around him, looking at him with a mixture of wonder and alarm as though he had been involved in a serious accident. Then he closed his eyes and pressed his face hard against his father's chest.

David continued to weep, quietly, but with a kind of relief, as he was carried across the street, through the café, and into his parents' bedroom beyond. His father lowered him face down on the bed, and David clung tight to the tufted surface of the spread.

He heard his mother come in from the kitchen and ask worriedly, "What in the world happened to the boy?"

His father's voice was matter-of-fact. "He's all right," he said. "He's just had his sins washed away." ▲▲▲

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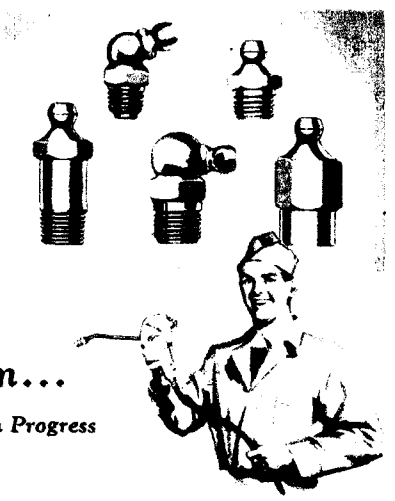

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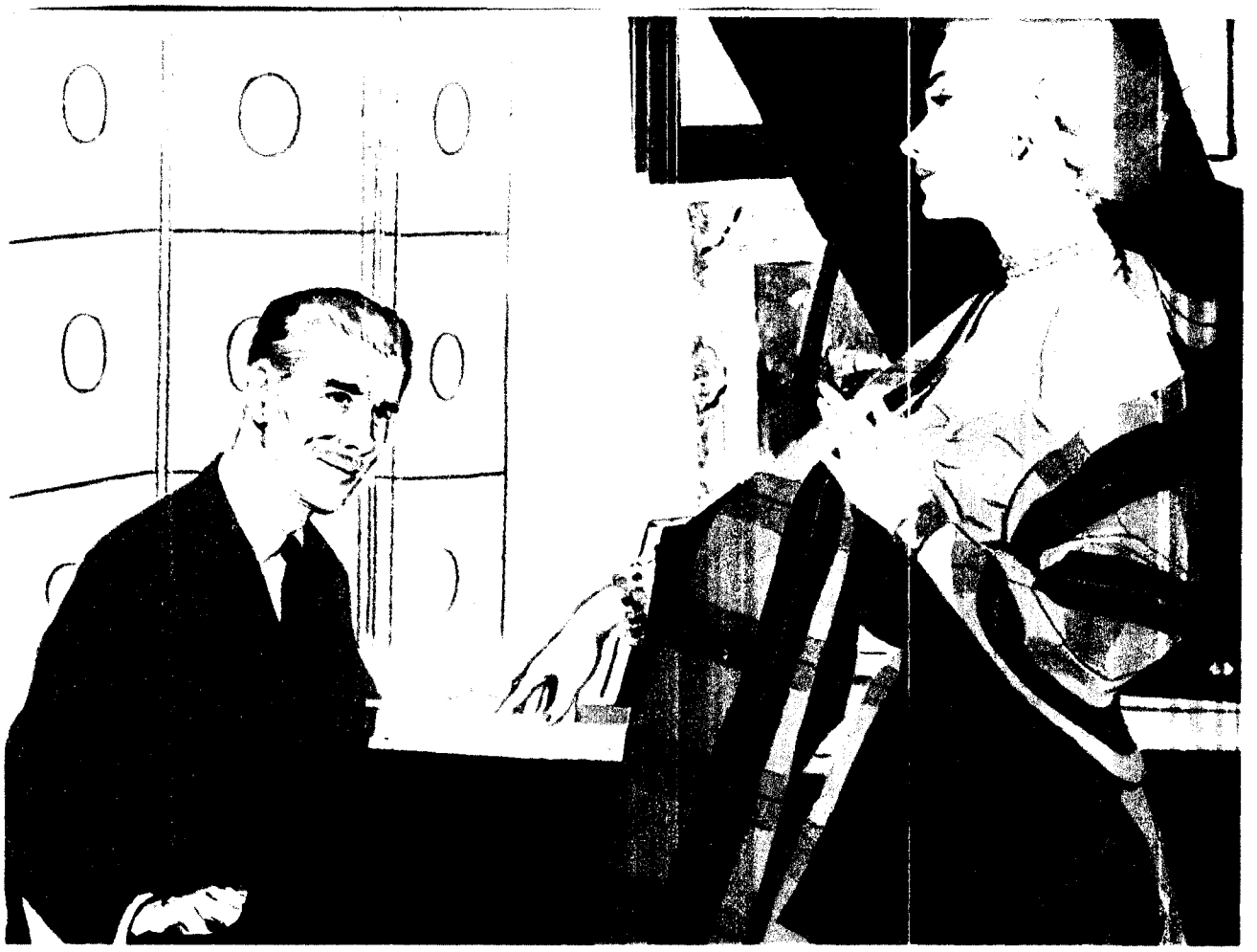

ANDREW VIRGIL

The song displayed little of Mrs. Weld's voice, and yet my hands were shaking

Air for Soprano

By ROBERT RUSHMORE

I SAW Mr. and Mrs. Weld at the opera; and it seemed, watching them from a distance anyway, as if everything must have worked out for the best. There they stood in the intermission crowd—the opera was Tristan and not at all well sung—and one could see instantly that their marriage had returned to its original perfection. Mrs. Weld was dressed as she used to be, in soft colors; her amber-colored hair was arranged simply, and one neatly gloved hand rested affectionately on her husband's arm. All seemed well; yet she must have suffered. Although the idea of a singing career had never truly possessed her, she must have felt humiliation and disappointment. And so I hesitated to speak to her, because I, an interfering old man, had been the cause of it all.

My wife and I had both dreamed of discovering, sometime during the course of our careers in music, a great voice. When she died, I thought I buried this dream with her, until, just as we had imagined, I uncovered such a miracle.

It happened quite simply. Three years ago I was teaching piano to Mr. and Mrs. Weld's young child and one night they most kindly asked me to dinner. The conversation turned to the subject of singing careers.

"The world loses many great women singers when they marry," I said sadly. "No, Mr. Weld," I went on, when he remonstrated, "I am not a cynic. I assure you that I had a most happy marriage. But think what it means to hear a superb voice and then to know that its owner has vanished into the kitchen or the nursery, to be silent forever."

Mrs. Weld seemed amused. "I'm half afraid to tell you," she said, "but it was an easy choice for me to make, to give up studying voice, for Malcolm and a kitchen."

"Ah! *Just* as I said!" They laughed at my intenseness. "After dinner you must sing for me," I said, out of politeness.

Mrs. Weld was most reluctant. But finally, at her husband's insistence, she stood beside the piano and together we performed an arietta—a "little aria"—of Scarlatti. It was very simple. It displayed little of the voice. And yet, my hands were shaking when I lifted them from the piano. By the time she had finished the last-act aria from Traviata, which gives the voice scope and freedom to soar to those final A-naturals, I was almost beside myself.

"Ah!" I cried, rising from the piano. "If only my wife could have heard this."

"I'm quite rusty, you know," she said.

Could she have been so ignorant—possessed such a voice without realizing it? So then I told her, explaining at great length, incoherently. "You need more training, of course," I concluded. "But in two years—two years of hard work—I promise you—"

"But I can't study," she protested. "I'm a married woman with a child."

The answer was preposterous; even her husband saw that. We had hard work persuading her, but in the end I convinced her she must study with Goetz. And so her career began.

LATER, Goetz wrote me: "She has not much temperament. Yet if she can keep her mind off her family and on her vocal cords the voice will be fantastic—fantastic!" His letter reached me out in the Midwest, where I was now teaching in a music school. For the next two years, I got occasional letters from Mrs. Weld, letters which, I noticed, talked less and less of family matters and more of herself as time went on.

Only once was I able to return East during that period. We went, with Mr. Weld, to a recital. In a musical audience there are always certain women in quite extraordinary costumes: hats that threaten to fly off their heads, wisps of chiffon trailing from the throat, bizarre combinations of colors. These are singers. Diana Weld in her bright magenta dress and huge jade earrings, with her once-neat hair piled in a clump on top of her head, now looked like a singer, too. Mr. Weld, however, looked strained.

"Has it been difficult adding this voice to the family?" I asked him during intermission.

He was loyal. "It takes getting used to, I suppose," he said. "I thought Diana pretty wonderful without a voice, you know, so this just adds to it." He reached out to take her arm.

"Oh, there's Helenka Margova. I must ask her about a good Italian teacher," Mrs. Weld said, and she moved off abruptly, leaving her husband's arm still stretched toward hers. I felt a little sorry for him. . . .

Then she wrote me that Goetz had arranged for her to sing for a group of concert managers. "I'm terrified," she said. "I've hardly sung in public, you know. I think, if for any reason I don't do well, I'll not go on with this career."

A week later I was back in New York at the Welds' apartment, in the midst of a chaotic scene, as a great concert grand was moved into the living room.

"I wanted to do the concert here," Diana explained, "and Goetz said I could if I rented a decent piano. Now I have to get the monster tuned."

"My dear," I said, "in honor of this exciting occasion, I personally will tune your piano. I earned my living as a piano tuner, when I first came to your country."

THE concert was at three the next day. I came at ten in the morning with the necessary tools, which I had borrowed. Mr. Weld let me in, looking gray and exhausted. "This is hard for you," I heard myself saying.

"Diana is so nervous," he said uneasily, as if he were afraid of saying something disloyal. "All this has changed her so."

"A great voice is a responsibility," I said. "It must be guarded and cared for like a person."

"But I married Diana—not her voice!" he said suddenly. He was desperate. He looked at me pleadingly, as if to say: You are older; you have had a good marriage. Help me to have one too.

I felt extremely sorry for Mr. Weld, and yet what could I say? His wife was changed. She was now a singer.

"Still, there's no use talking to you," Mr. Weld said bitterly. "I know your opinions on the voice and marriage."

I stared after him as he walked away, so discouraged, so beaten; and for some reason I thought suddenly of my own wife, as I fingered the tuning fork which lay on my lap. . . .

I did not stay long at Diana Weld's concert. Every high note that she sang was like a scream. Later they told me she even cracked on the B-flat in the Vissi d'arte. But before it was over, I had already started on the journey West, feeling shaken.

I heard nothing else about the concert until six months later, when, on another trip East, I suddenly saw both the Welds in the opera house. As it turned out, they brought up the subject themselves, after they had come up to me, full of good will, relaxed and apparently contented.

"I suppose I was just tense," Mrs. Weld said. "Everything seemed a terrible strain—so hard and so high to sing."

"Tension will do that," I said.

"Then in a few days, my voice sounded fine again. Goetz simply couldn't understand it. I felt sorry for him, but of course I told him I'd never risk it again. Never!" Mr. Weld's face, I noticed, was bright with contentment.

The warning bell rang, and they went off. I stared after them, thinking of that morning again, seeing Mr. Weld's tortured expression and remembering the long minutes that passed as I hesitated before I finally made the decision to tune the piano high—a whole tone up. Naturally she screamed. Everything was in a higher key. She never had a chance.

I am getting old and sentimental. It is the only explanation for such an incredible act. I wonder what my wife would say. And yet I think if she had seen them going off together down the hall, taking such pleasure in each other's company, she would have said that the terrible thing I did was not, after all, so very terrible. ▲▲▲

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WHO WILL BE THE NEXT

There are 70 members of the sacred college of cardinals, including four Americans. Any one of them could be elected successor to Pius XII—but age and tradition enhance the chances of a favored few

INTERNATIONAL

FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN
Archbishop of New York

John Cogley, since 1949 executive editor of the Catholic weekly Commonweal, is one of America's foremost lay writers on Catholic affairs. To get material for this article, he attended the recent consistory in Vatican City as a representative of Collier's and talked with many leading churchmen

THE Roman Catholic Church installed 24 new cardinals in January. Among the new cardinals, very probably, is the man who will succeed Pope Pius XII as Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of St. Peter Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province and Sovereign of the State of Vatican City.

There is a special word to designate a man who may conceivably be the next Pope. The word is *papabilis*—in English, papable. It was heard frequently in Rome throughout the week of the consistory at which the new members were inducted into the sacred college of cardinals. Who among the present cardinals is most often mentioned as *papabilis*—the successor to seventy-seven-year-old Pius XII?

The present Pope has been universally regarded as an excellent pontiff—one who has met the problems raised by a world war and the rise of Communism with wisdom and forbearance. He is so beloved that the Catholic world hesitates even to speculate on what may happen when he dies. Yet with the sacred college at full strength and the Pope at an advanced age, speculation is inevitable.

The sacred college comprises the most capable and distinguished leaders in the Roman Catholic Church. Each of the 70 present members has been carefully chosen; each bears heavy responsibility; each has proven qualities of spiritual and secular leadership. Most of them could carry the burden of the papacy with wisdom and dignity. But because of their age, temperament and nationality, some obviously are more *papabiles* than others. At the recent consistory, there was a special interest in these few.

Nationality is important. Not since Adrian VI, who was Pope for 20 stormy months in 1522-'23, has a non-Italian worn the papal tiara. Adrian was a stern Dutch reformer, and it is said that happy-go-lucky Italians rejoiced openly when word of his death was received. And from his time until 1946, the Italians always had a majority in the college of cardinals.

That tradition was ended by Pius XII at his first consistory. He created 32 new cardinals in 1946 and a majority of them were non-Italians from all over the world. Among them were four Americans: Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, Samuel Cardinal Stritch of Chicago, Edward Cardinal Mooney of Detroit and John Cardinal Glennon of St. Louis. Cardinal Glennon died in his native Ireland on his way back to the United States.

The surviving American cardinals from the 1946 consistory are still comparatively young. There was talk several years ago, even in Rome, that one of them might eventually succeed Pius XII. New York's Cardinal Spellman, the best known on both sides of the ocean, was most frequently mentioned. But there also were knowing observers who looked

WIDE WORLD

SAMUEL CARDINAL STRITCH
Archbishop of Chicago

G. FELICI

ERNESTO CARDINAL RUFFINI
Archbishop of Palermo

G. FELICI

GIACOMO CARDINAL LERCARO
Archbishop of Bologna

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POPE?

By JOHN COGLEY

upon retiring, soft-spoken Cardinal Stritch of Chicago as an even more likely candidate.

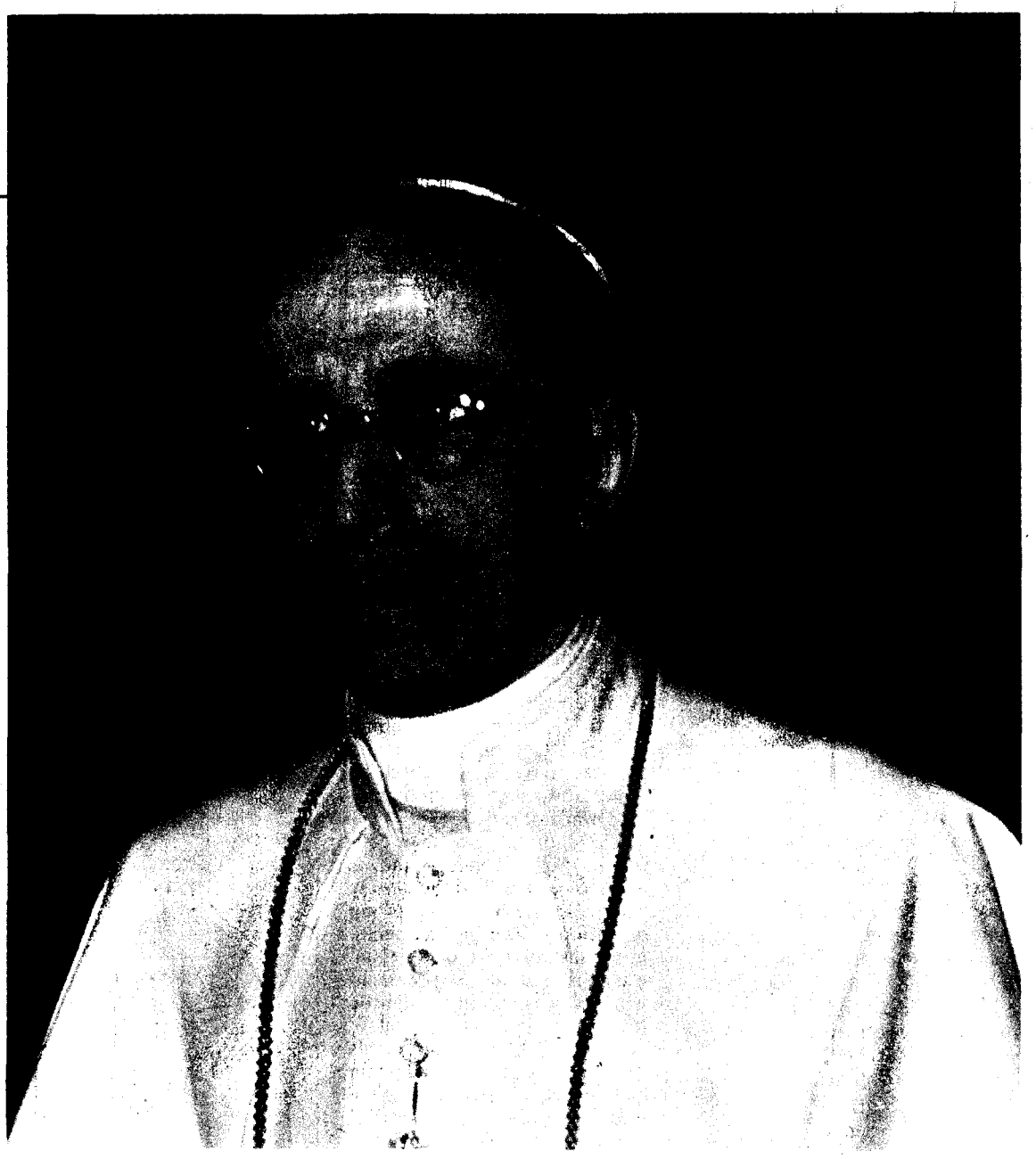
"Things were upset over here in 1946," I was told by a European Catholic newspaperman long stationed in Rome, "and people began to say that even the church could do with a strong shot of American drive. I don't know, of course, how the college of cardinals felt about it. However, several of the older religious orders had elected American father generals around this time—the Capuchins, Augustinians and Black Franciscans among others —and you'd hear it said in quite responsible circles that maybe an American as Pope wouldn't be a bad idea either. But that was just after the war, when America seemed to be a model of stability if viewed against the chaos in Europe."

Renewed Emphasis on Tradition

You didn't hear any talk about a future American Pope during the recent consistory. If anything, there is a reaction in Vatican circles nowadays against American dash and informality. Europeans generally have regained confidence in themselves and in their own ways; tradition and protocol, which were played down during the war years, are again being emphasized.

No one I spoke with—prelates, priests, Vatican workers, lay leaders, professors or newspapermen —seemed to believe there was the remotest chance that Pius XII's successor would be an American cardinal, or, for that matter, anyone but an Italian.

"Even though the Italians are now a minority in the college of cardinals," I was told in Rome, "tradition favors an Italian choice. It is very unlikely



INTERNATIONAL

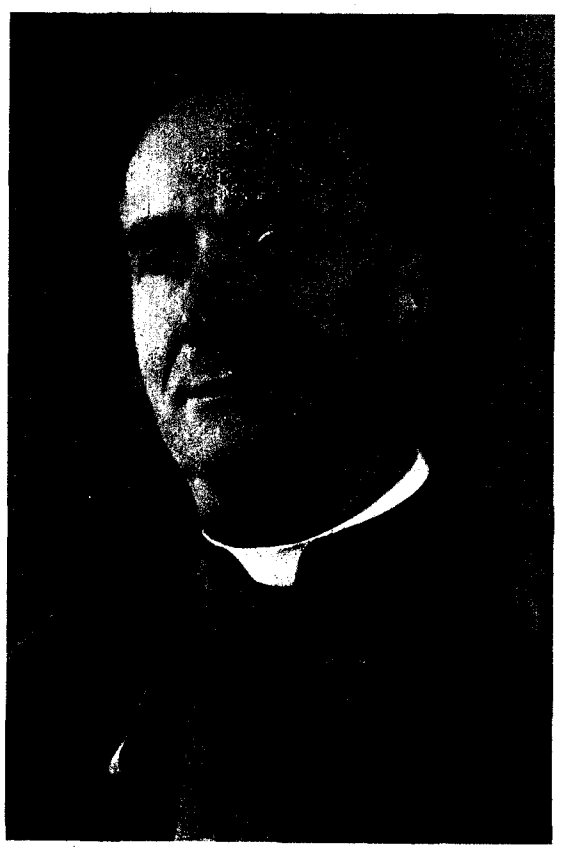
POPE PIUS XII may have had a successor in mind when he named 24 new cardinals recently

UNITED PRESS

VALERIAN CARDINAL GRACIAS
Archbishop of Bombay

RAPHO—GUILLUMETTE

GIUSEPPE CARDINAL SIRI
Archbishop of Genoa



G. FELICI

ALFREDO CARDINAL OTTAVIANI
Assessor, Sacred Congregation, Holy Office

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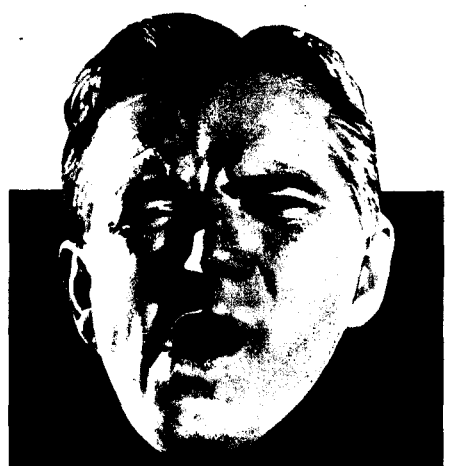

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American Catholics expected two more of their archbishops t

that the non-Italians, representing 27 countries, would settle on one of themselves. Probably they could reach agreement only by going along with the tradition of choosing an Italian, especially when there is no special reason why this tradition should be broken."

Quite apart from tradition, there is still another reason why the choice of an American as the next Pope seems out of the question. The reason is tied up with the East-West cold war.

Communism's Two Archenemies

The two most powerful anti-Communist forces in the world today are the United States and the Roman Catholic Church. Moscow has made the most of this situation by exploiting anti-Catholic sentiment as a propaganda weapon against the United States, and in turn by directing anti-American feelings against the church. Communist propagandists in Europe speak constantly of the "Washington-Vatican axis." In country after country behind the Iron Curtain, priests and prelates have been tried as "spies and agents of the American warmongers."

The church, of course, considers itself universal and is loath to be identified too closely with any one nation or group of nations. The church relies, in the last analysis, on spiritual weapons and moral power to win its war against atheistic Marxism.

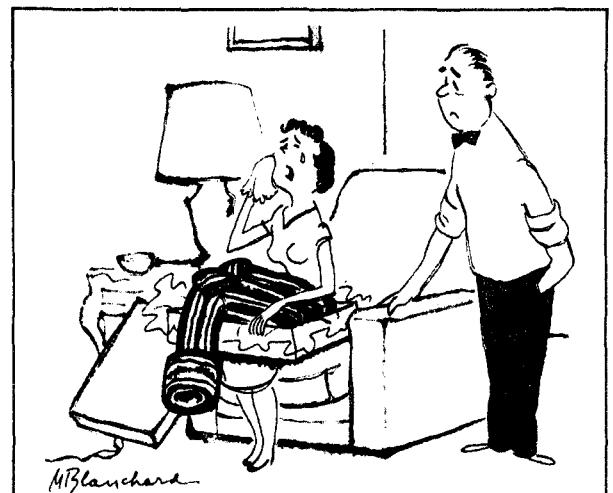
If the college of cardinals were to break with tradition and choose an American as the next Pope, the choice inevitably would be widely misinterpreted throughout the world. It would seem to give weight to Moscow's oft-repeated charge that the Vatican has been bought out by the "American imperialists" and slavishly does the bidding of Washington.

The danger that the Vatican's position might be misinterpreted may be one reason why only one American, Archbishop James Francis McIntyre of Los Angeles, was made a cardinal at the recent consistory. It had been widely anticipated, at least in American Catholic circles, that the Pope would elevate several Americans to the sacred college. Boston and Philadelphia, for example, are both large and important Catholic centers and traditionally their archbishops have worn the red hat. But both Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston and Archbishop John F. O'Hara of Philadelphia were passed over.

With only four cardinals, the church in the United States has a smaller representation in the college of cardinals than Italy (26) or France (7) and the same number as Spain. There are now three Brazilian cardinals, two Argentines, two Canadians, two Germans and one cardinal each from Armenia, Austria, Australia, Belgium, Chile, China (the ailing Cardinal Tien, who has been living quietly in the United States for the past few years), Colombia, Cuba, Ecuador, England, Holland, Hungary (the imprisoned Joseph Mindszenty), India, Ireland, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Portuguese Africa, Syria and Yugoslavia (Aloysius Stepinac, who was released from prison by Marshal Tito but is still confined to his native village).

Cardinals undoubtedly are the most powerful prelates in the Catholic Church, next to the Pope himself, and he calls upon them for advice and assistance in administering ecclesiastical affairs. But the rank of cardinal, unlike that of bishop, is only honorary; it does not involve a sacramental office. Indeed, Cardinal Antonelli, papal secretary of state less than a hundred years ago, was not even a priest. In the past many laymen wore the red hat, but about a quarter of a century ago a new church law restricted the honor to clerics. Today most cardinals are archbishops—and take precedence over other prelates—but a few are simple priests. Cardinal Ottaviani, one of the Vatican officials given a red hat in January, is a priest.

The college of cardinals, made up of men of different nationalities and races, is a striking symbol of the international character of the church, and Pius XII has tried to make the college as widely representative as possible.



"I don't think that it's fair to use birthdays to buy something I need anyway"

COLLIER'S — MARTHA BLANCHARD

For example, Thomas Tien, inducted at the 1946 consistory, is the first Chinese cardinal in history. Then, in January, Valerian Gracias, archbishop of Bombay, became the first man of India to wear a cardinal's robes. Few men in history could have worn them with greater distinction than Cardinal Gracias, a dusky giant of a man (he stands six feet four inches) who looks every inch a prince of the church.

Gracias was born in Karachi (now the capital of Pakistan) 52 years ago and studied for the priesthood in Rome. He is vibrantly interested in broadening the layman's role in the church and first came to general notice when he addressed the World Congress of the Lay Apostolate in Rome in the fall of 1951. The cardinal comes from an old Catholic family in India. (Like other early Indian converts, his family adopted the name of a Portuguese missionary.)

At the January consistory in St. Peter's Basilica the 30,000 Italians who shouted *vivas* for the Pope were impressed by Gracias above all the cardinals. As the stately Indian passed in procession, a special cheer sounded through the basilica. "Why do you cheer only for that cardinal?" I asked a man who was shouting lustily. "He's come a long way," the Italian said, "and we want him to know he is welcome."

During the round of receptions held in Rome for the new cardinals, the Indian was the most feted of all. People talked of his charm, urbanity, knowledge of world affairs, progressive spirit and striking religious zeal.

"What a Pope that man would make!" one priest told me. The priest thought that having an Oriental Pope would be the greatest step toward world unity the church could take. "All of us could learn from the East," he said, "and the East could learn from us." An Oriental Pope, he thought, would dramatize the catholicity of the church. But the priest conceded that the church moves slowly. "Well, just having Gracias a cardinal is a good start, though," the priest said. "Perhaps in a hundred years or so an Indian or a Chinese will sit on the papal throne."

Although only Italians were considered when conversations turned to the real *papabiles*, there is no law—only custom and historical precedent—which bars the other nationalities. Theoretically, any male Catholic can be chosen Pope when the cardinals meet to make their choice. The cardinals must assemble at the Vatican no sooner than 15 days and no longer than 18 days after the death of a Pope. Secret ballots are distributed and taken up every morning and evening during the election until the cardinals, by a two-thirds plus one majority, have agreed on a choice.

The election is not official until the person named has accepted. Then the ballots are burned and the sight of white smoke emerging from a Vatican chimney is the first sign to crowds waiting in St. Peter's Square that a new Pope has been named. (Preliminary ballots are burned with damp straw, which produces black smoke.) According to the law of the church, the new Pope, who will be Bishop of Rome, must be ordained a priest if he is a layman, and then consecrated a bishop; if he is only a priest, he must be made a bishop.

A Departure from Precedent

Historically, the Pope is chosen from among the members of the college of cardinals. And for hundreds of years, the Pope has been not only an Italian, but usually an archbishop of one of the Italian dioceses. However, this tradition was broken for the first time in a century when Cardinal Pacelli became Pius XII in 1939. Before becoming Pope, he was the papal secretary of state, a member of the Roman Curia. The Curia is composed of the cardinals who remain at the Vatican to assist in the world-wide administration of the church—the headquarters staff.

Curia cardinals are eligible for the papal throne and occasionally are elected, but the weight of tradition is against it. Churchmen think it generally is better for the new Pope to start with a fresh record at the Vatican. Some realistic churchmen argue that even a saint who worked as a member of a headquarters team would not be as free of personal prejudices, favoritism and the memory of past associations as one who comes from the outside. The same is true for the subordinate cardinals:

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...named cardinals. Why weren't they?

after they have worked closely with a colleague on the manifold day-to-day details of running the church, they might find it hard to think of him solely in terms of his awesome new dignity as the Pope.

Thus when an aging Pope confers the red hat on a young archbishop shepherding an Italian diocese, he knows the cardinal becomes eminently *papabilis.* Although by church law a Pope cannot name his successor, it is reasonable to presume he gives special consideration to such a choice.

A Pope Skilled in Diplomacy

(It often has been said that Pius XII was the choice of his predecessor, Pius XI, who showed his preference by giving the younger man experience unmatched by any other cardinal in the sacred college. As Cardinal Pacelli, Pius XII was a skilled diplomat who had carried out delicate Vatican missions throughout the world. War was imminent in Pius XI's final days, and the Pope knew his successor would have to steer the church through many diplomatic and political crises.)

Two outstanding *papabiles* cardinals received their red hats from Pius XII last January 12th.

There was a murmur of excitement in St. Peter's when Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, Archbishop of Genoa, knelt at the Pope's feet and received the *galero,* as the red hat is called.

If Popes were still chosen by popular acclaim, as they were until the eighth century, Cardinal Siri's election would be almost assured. Next to Pius XII himself, Siri has been the most popular churchman in Italy.

As the young cardinal advanced toward the Holy Father, an Italian newsman beside me in the press box whispered: "This is a historic moment. The Pope meets the next Pope." On all sides, whatever the language spoken, you could distinguish the one Latin word, *papabilis.*

Siri will be forty-seven on his next birthday, May 20th. His youth is his greatest present obstacle to becoming Pope. Of the last six Popes, all but one were in their sixties when they were elected; Pius IX was fifty-four. Siri is the youngest man in the present college.

The son of working-class parents, Siri is a native of Genoa and prepared for the priesthood there and at the Jesuits' Gregorian University, alma mater of the last two Popes. He was ordained at twenty-two, and at twenty-four, the usual age for ordination, he was made a professor of theology at the diocesan seminary in Genoa.

Spare-Time Parish Activities

In his free time, he helped parish priests in various churches throughout the diocese. He also organized conferences for the local clergy to investigate working conditions and labor-management relations in Genoa.

In the thirties, young Don Siri became known throughout Italy as a leader of the Catholic intelligentsia. He wrote Social Reconstruction and two volumes of Theology for the Layman. The theological books were part of a projected seven-volume work designed

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Cardinals sometimes ignore tradition in choosing a new Pope

to meet modern skeptical thought on its own ground.

When only thirty-seven, he was consecrated a bishop and assigned as auxiliary to the Archbishop of Genoa, Cardinal Boetto. The appointment was made during the darkest days of World War II, and Siri put his intellectual interests aside to concentrate exclusively on relieving the misery in bomb-blasted Genoa. Overnight he became "the soup bishop," and he is still known affectionately by that name throughout Italy. The bishop organized soup kitchens in the city and traveled throughout Italy begging help for Genoa. He opened his own home to the city's war orphans and encouraged others to do likewise. At night he walked the streets seeking out abandoned children and bringing them back to his own crowded quarters.

By the time the war ended, Bishop Siri was a recognized hero and the spiritual leader of Genoa. When Cardinal Boetto died in 1946, the young auxiliary was the obvious choice for archbishop.

Cardinal Has American Traits

Since the war, the youngest cardinal has worked tirelessly rebuilding his ancient diocese. The cool, efficient way he goes about things is responsible for one of his nicknames: *"l'Americano."* Siri gets things done with a minimum of fuss and that, the Italians have noted, is a basic American characteristic. He has restored most of the Catholic institutions destroyed during the war, reinvigorated the laymen's movements and, taking a page from the American Catholic Youth book, established sporting clubs to combat juvenile delinquency. He also is often called upon to act as arbiter in labor-management disputes and is said to have settled more of them than any other man in Italy.

The second of the two most-talked-of *papabiles*, Giacomo Lercaro, Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna, will be sixty-two next October. He was the eighth of nine sons born into a seaman's family on the Italian Riviera and two of his brothers also have become priests. The cardinal's mother, a spry little woman, recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday.

Giacomo Lercaro was ordained in the summer of 1914. A few weeks later World War I broke out and the young priest was called to military service. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the Italian army and placed in charge of health offices in Genoa and in the zone of operations.

After the war, Lercaro, then only twenty-seven, was appointed to the faculty of the major seminary of the Genoa diocese. Later he taught religion in a public high school for a few years. In 1937, Don Lercaro was named pastor of the Church of the Immaculata, the biggest parish in Genoa. He was at that post when war came again. Throughout World War II, he was in touch with the Italian underground. At one time there were a dozen or more underground workers, partisans and Allied soldiers enjoying his frugal hospitality. He called them his "parish within a parish." But in time the Fascists became suspicious of Don Lercaro. He had to leave his parish and lived under an assumed name in a monastery outside the city.

Organizing Against the Reds

With Germany's defeat, the pastor returned to his church and set about repairing both the material and moral ravages of the war. In 1947, Lercaro was named Archbishop of Ravenna. There, among his other accomplishments, he organized lectures and conferences throughout the diocese to set forth the church's answer to Communism. He also substantially increased Catholic social action among the underprivileged groups particularly susceptible to the Reds. He is generally credited with bringing about the surprising defeat of the Communists in Ravenna in the 1951 elections.

Last summer the cardinal-to-be was transferred from Ravenna to the larger diocese of Bologna. Since he arrived there, he has been busy reorganizing and co-ordinating the work of the various Catholic lay groups in the city.

In a papal election, age would probably rule out all but two other Italian cardinals. The oldest cardinal to be named pontiff in the recent history of the church was Pius X, who was sixty-eight when elected in 1903. Besides Siri and Lercaro, the only Italian among the new cardinals under sixty-eight years of age is sixty-six-year-old Alfredo Ottaviani. He is Assessor of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, the supreme tribunal of the church, headed by the Pope himself.

Cardinal Ottaviani is a native of Rome like Pius XII (who was the first Roman to be elected Pope since 1771), and taught for years at the Rome Seminary. Later he was made rector of the Czechoslovak National College in Rome. In 1928 he joined the staff of the secretariat of state and has remained in one Vatican post or another ever since. He is generally regarded as a kindly, fatherly man and a cautious, tradition-minded administrator.

The only Italian in the college under sixty-eight before the recent consistory was Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini, sixty-five, Archbishop of Palermo. Cardinal Ruffini came from the diocese of Mantova, near Milan, and followed the familiar path of parish priest, diocesan official and bishop.

He was appointed to the Palermo archdiocese a few months after World War II ended and two months later was created a cardinal. He is known as a man of conservative temper. As yet, he has not been widely hailed as *papabilis*.

No one, of course, can say who the next Pope will be. The decision will rest with the cardinals themselves, who are grave and notably discreet men. There are many traditions which should be followed; but, as in 1939 when Roman-born Secretary of State Eugenio Pacelli was elected, if the cardinals believe that they have found the right man, they will not hesitate to put tradition aside.

Two Social-Minded Prelates

Whoever succeeds Pius XII, the church will undergo no great changes. Each pontiff, of course, leaves the imprint of his own personality on the history of the church; one moves more cautiously or more daringly than another and there is often a distinct change of emphasis from one pontificate to the next. Either Cardinal Siri or Cardinal Lercaro would probably make a very social-minded Pope in the tradition of Leo XIII, who anticipated the present social unrest in the world and laid down the principles of sane reform in *Rerum Novarum*.

But the church habitually takes the long view, seeing everything—even the frightful rise of Communism—*sub specie aeternitatis* (in the light of eternity), as the Vatican prelates say. Whoever becomes the next Pope, he will be governed by the same unchanging principles and consciousness of an eternal mission that moved his predecessors. The church moves slowly, sometimes too slowly to satisfy the ordinary Catholic immersed in the present. But in the Vatican, one learns to think in terms of centuries.

There is a story told of a meeting between Napoleon and Cardinal Consalvi, who was then secretary of state at the Vatican. "Don't you know that I can destroy your church?" the Little Corporal asked the prelate. "Your Majesty," the cardinal answered, "not even we priests have achieved that in eighteen centuries." ▲▲▲

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COLLIER'S — DAVID PASCAL

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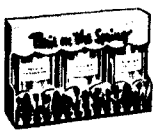

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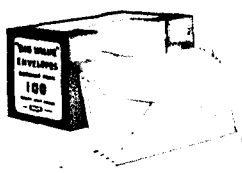

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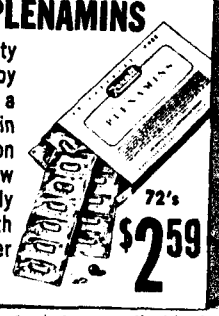

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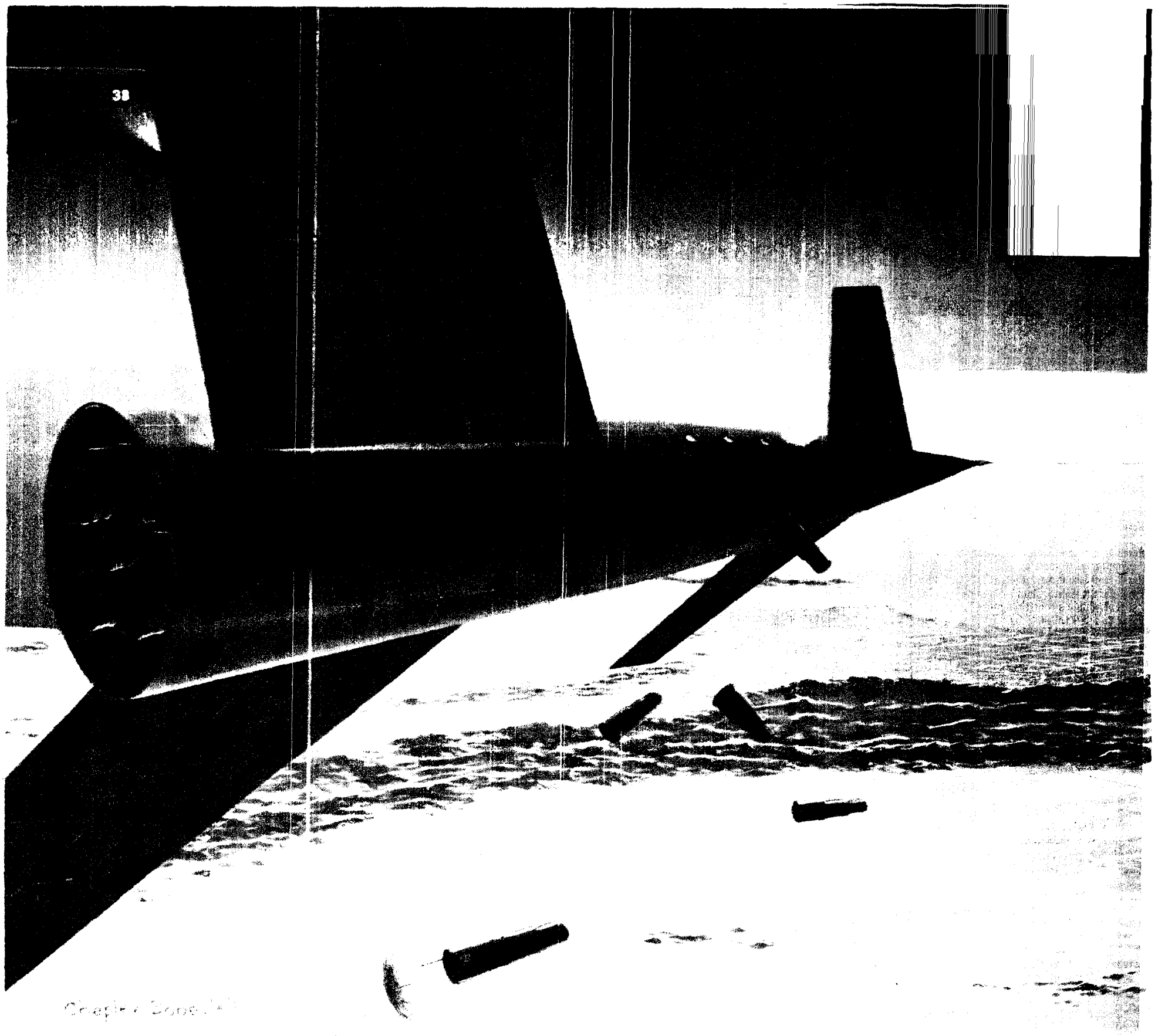

Man's Survival in Space

EMERGENCY!

Authorities whose papers were the basis for this article, last of a three-part series, are Dr. Wernher von Braun, chief of the Army Guided Missiles Laboratory; Dr. James P. Henry, of the Air Force Aero Medical Laboratory and rocket expert Willy Ley. Contributors to the other two parts included Col. Don Flickinger, Director of Human Factors at the Air Force Air Research and Development Command; Capt. James E. Sullivan, director, Airborne Equipment Division of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics; and Drs. Hermann J. Muller of Indiana University; Hubertus Strughold, head of the Air Force Department of Space Medicine; Fritz Haber of the same agency; Donald W. Hastings, National Psychiatric Consultant to the Air Force; James Van Allen of the State University of Iowa; and Heinz Haber of the University of California. The material for the entire series was collected by Collier's Cornelius Ryan

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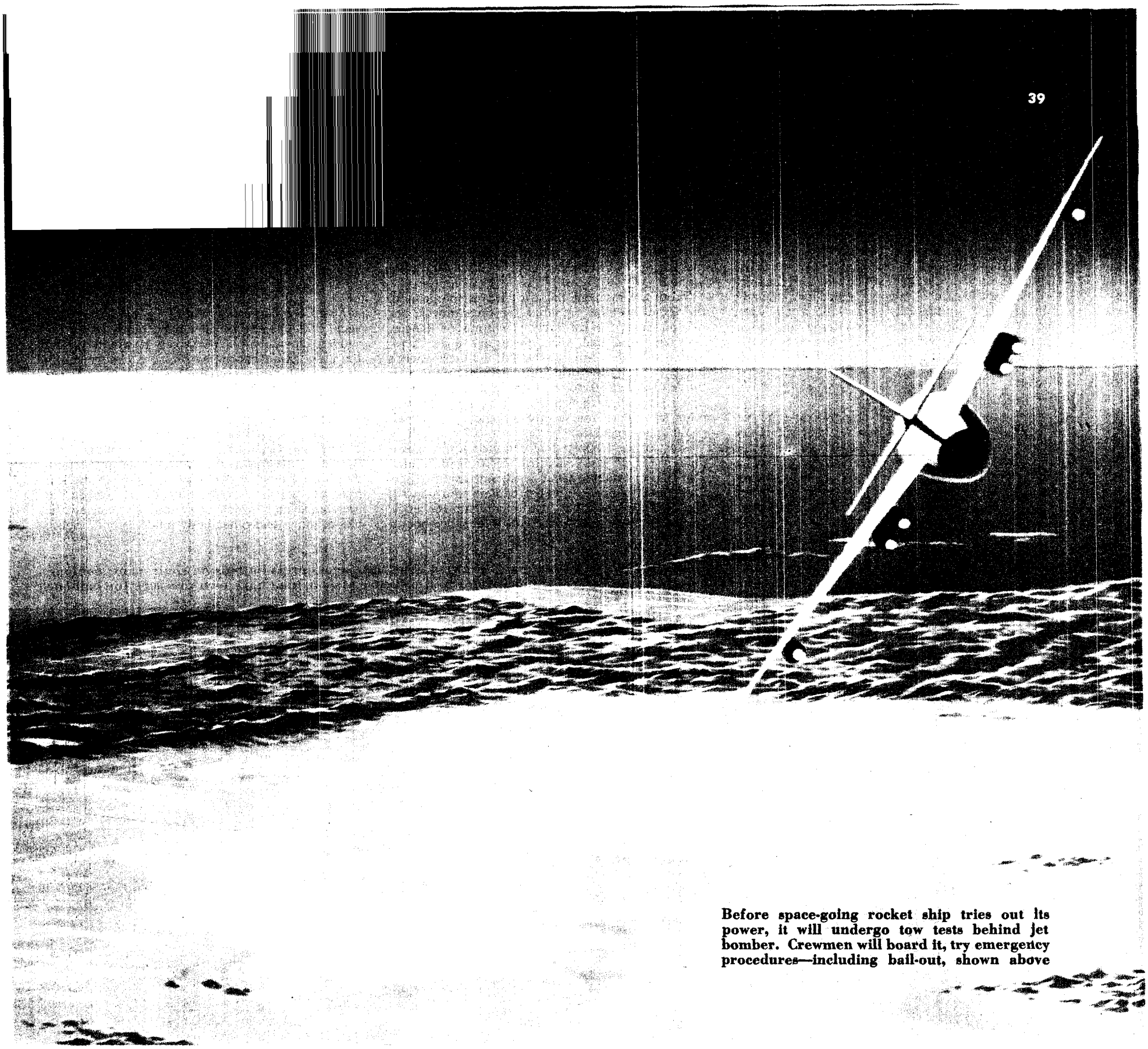

Before space-going rocket ship tries out its power, it will undergo tow tests behind jet bomber. Crewmen will board it, try emergency procedures—including bail-out, shown above

What happens when disaster strikes in space? Can the crew of a 15,000-mile-an-hour rocket ship bail out or land their disabled craft? Here, for the first time, famous scientists disclose the answers

A ROCKET ship is cruising serenely through space at 15,000 miles an hour, its crew relaxing within the pressurized cabin. Suddenly the calm is shattered by an explosion: one of the double-paned portholes has blown out; in an instant the artificial atmosphere has vanished and the five men are exposed to the blood-boiling, suffocating vacuum of space. What can they do?

Or suppose the time is shortly after launching; the ship is picking up speed on a vertical flight path—and suddenly the fuel lines feeding the roaring bank of rocket motors burst into searing flame! Can the crewmen trapped inside bail out—or, perhaps, bring their multimillion-dollar vehicle in for a successful crash landing?

What can men do when disaster threatens their rocket ship during a supersonic dash through the atmosphere, or in the strange, airless environment of space?

If the crew is well trained, there are few emergency situations that can't be licked. The captain may have to make hair-trigger decisions; it may be necessary to throw away machinery and equipment that cost millions of dollars and years of work to develop; it may be necessary to take risks. There'll be plenty of excitement. But for almost all foreseeable crises, there will be an emergency procedure providing a good chance for safety. *If* the crew is well trained.

The first space crews will be more than well trained. They'll be selected with infinite care, superbly conditioned, educated in the special problems of space for five years. Every ground training device our scientists can conceive will give them the feel of space flight—and the problems of space flight—before they ever step into a rocket ship (Collier's, February 28, March 7, 1953).

But the big moment, and the best preparation for danger, will come when they get aboard a space vehicle and go roaring skyward.

There will be some preliminaries. Before they start space flights, the pilot and copilot, both jet-trained, will take many hours of transition flying in single- or double-seat supersonic rocket planes like the present Bell X-2 and Douglas Skyrocket.

Rocket flight is different from any other flight, and the important difference is that it's unpowered, except for a few minutes. (Three rocket blasts lasting a total of five minutes will carry a rocket ship beyond the earth's dense atmosphere; then it will simply coast the rest of the way to its destination.)

Flying in small rocket-powered aircraft, the crew captain and his copilot will learn to expect a sudden power cutoff after a brief burst—and will learn to make every landing glider-fashion, without power, as all rocket pilots must.

Then, with the rest of the crew, the two men

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will climb aboard their new space-going rocket ship—but not for rocket-propelled flight.

The pioneer space crews and the first space ships will be developed together. All the time the men—and women; they'll probably be on rocket crews, too—are taking their training, engineers will be hard at work perfecting the vehicles. Crews and ships will be ready to undergo testing at about the same time. They'll do that together, too.

The vehicle that takes man into space will consist of three sections, or stages. Two of them will simply be power packages which will hurl the third section spaceward at a great speed and then be discarded. Only the third stage will actually enter space; it will carry the crew and cargo, and it will have wings and other control surfaces, like those of an airplane, necessary to make landings on earth.

A Start in Basic Escape Training

Since the third stage poses the greatest engineering problems, it will be the first section built. Once it's considered ready for flight, it will be towed aloft by a powerful jet bomber and put through a series of tests. The crew will board it at that time, to get used to it, to help the engineers perfect the internal layout, and—especially—to start basic escape training.

After each test is finished, the towrope will be cast loose and the two pilots will make the unpowered landing at the home base.

Finally, the day will come when the third stage and its crew are ready for a rocket launching. The ship will be set on a launching platform, tail down, nose pointing skyward. A few final checks, a moment's pressure on a button beside the captain's chair and the four main rocket motors will roar. The needle-nosed ship will rise slowly into the air, picking up speed rapidly until it hits 4,000 miles an hour.

From the moment the craft leaves the ground, the crew must be prepared for breakdowns, for malfunctions, for the early symptoms of danger. The trip—and each such third-stage flight thereafter—will last only about 20 minutes; there's barely enough fuel for a 300-mile trip, up to an altitude of about 30 miles. Into the few minutes of flying time on each flight, the crew members will cram an intense course in emergency procedures.

What emergencies?

Most of the troubles that can crop up in rocket flight are fairly easily handled. Instrument failure? The ship has double sets of instruments—two sets of flight instruments for the captain and copilot, and two of functional instruments for the engineer. Pump trouble may affect a space-bound rocket ship so that it can't make its destination; it will remain aloft long enough to burn up its heavy fuel load, then, light enough to land, it will return to base.

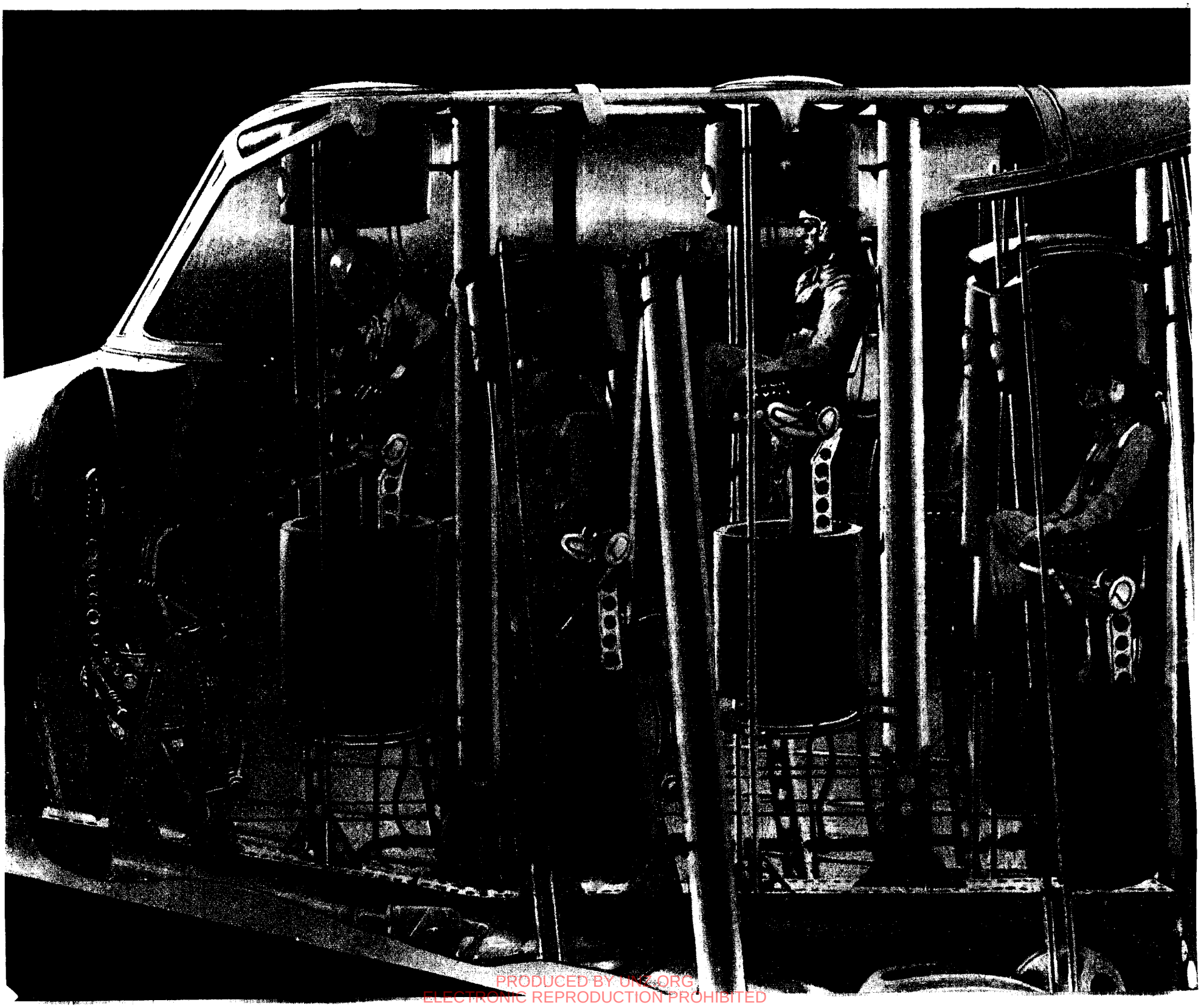
But four difficulties may spell real danger: mechanical trouble in the power plant or hull; failure of specific pieces of electrical equipment for which there are no duplicates; fire, and the sudden loss of cabin pressure. Fortunately, all such breakdowns should be rare.

Effects of Sudden Decompression

Swift decompression could be caused by the accidental opening of an escape hatch or by the sudden blowout of a porthole. It would subject the crew to an enormous pressure change: from the normal cabin pressure of eight pounds per square inch (equal to a 15,000-foot altitude) to the complete vacuum of outer space.

Can men stand such instant decompression? Tests have proved that carefully picked men can. The change would be uncomfortable but not fatal. But unless the crewmen could find swift protection, they would quickly die from exposure to the low pressure, which provides little or no oxygen for breathing, and which very quickly causes the blood, saliva and other body fluids to boil. Space

In emergency (as when broken porthole lets cabin pressure escape, as pictured), crewman and passengers press buttons on chair arms; contour seats straighten automatically, capsules clap shut, seal. Capsules are connected to cabin pressure system, also have own pressure for bail-out



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suits? They'll be invaluable in space, to keep men supplied with pressure and oxygen outside their pressure cabins, but they won't be worn inside a rocket ship; they're too clumsy in such cramped quarters under conditions calling for fast movement. And they take a long time to put on.

The solution is a fast-closing personal pressure cabin for each man. Such a cabin already has been designed by Dr. Wernher von Braun, one of the world's foremost rocket engineers. The moment a crew member becomes aware of the cabin leak, he will press two buttons, one on each arm of his contour chair. One button would do, but two will force the crewman to pin both arms to his sides. That's important, because the instant the buttons are pressed, the chair will straighten slightly, and two metal cylinders will zip out of the floor and ceiling and snap shut around the man, encasing him completely in a sealed tube. The tube, called an emergency capsule, is connected to the ship's central air supply. It also has its own pressure-atmosphere system, if needed.

The capsule protects the crew member from the low outside pressure—but isn't he helpless?

Far from it. All the control switches he has been using to do his assigned job are located on the arms of the chair, and the chair arms are inside the capsule with him. Even before the cylinder clapped shut, the control wires were connected to the ship's electrical system through breakaway plugs at the bottom half of the capsule. Chances are good that, even encased within their capsules, the crew members can save the ship.

At the very least, the captain can start back for the earth; when the space craft descends below 20,000 feet, he and the other crew members can emerge from their metal shells and bring the ship in for a normal landing.

Landing May Be on Space Station

Suppose he has a destination in space. Once scientists have the first space-going ships in operation, they will start building a permanent station 1,075 miles from the earth, as a combined military observation point and astronomical observatory (Collier's, March 22, 1952). The station will circle the globe endlessly, once every two hours—an unpowered satellite, like the moon. If our decompressed rocket ship is on its way to the satellite, it might be wise to continue on course. After its arrival, the crew members in their capsules will be removed from the damaged vehicle by space-suited men from the satellite, and taken to the pressurized station. The rocket ship will be repaired before its return flight.

With proper emergency equipment, decompression can be licked fairly simply.

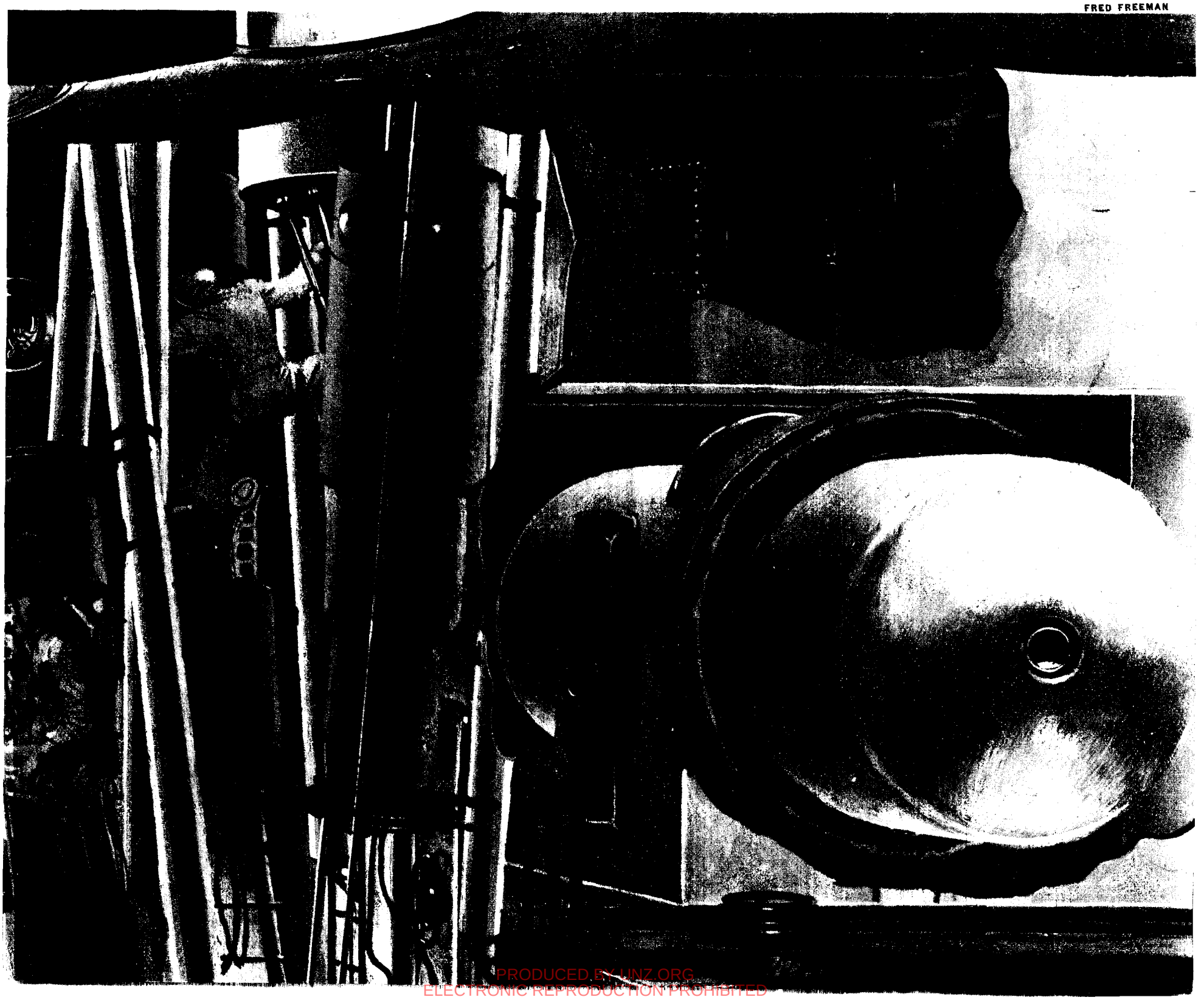
Fire is something else again. Suppose the turbine driving the fuel pump flies apart and a hot splinter rips through the fuel tanks. A stream of ammonialike hydrazine would engulf the motor and fuel systems in searing flame. What then?

It depends on where the fire is located, how bad it is, how bad it's likely to get—and where the rocket ship is in space. The ship starts its flight from the ground with three sets of rocket motors, mounted one behind another. The first part of each flight is over the ocean. The bottommost, or first, stage provides power until it runs out of fuel, then drops into the sea. The second stage takes over, to be discarded in turn two minutes later. If fire occurs in either of the first two stages, the pilot will immediately jettison it. If he works fast enough, that will end the danger. He will glide the third stage back to earth, after dumping most of its fuel.

But what if the blaze starts just after departure, with the ship only a few thousand feet off the ground? A jettisoned stage, especially if it's aflame, might wipe out the entire launching installation—and hundreds of men. For the rocket captain, it's a tough decision: if he waits too long, he and his crew (and their costly vehicle) might be lost; if

To abandon ship, men push another button. Capsules, guided by rails, are ejected by powder charge, drop safely into ocean with men inside. When possible, men will remain in ship, operating controls from within capsules, until they are close enough to the earth to land normally

FRED FREEMAN



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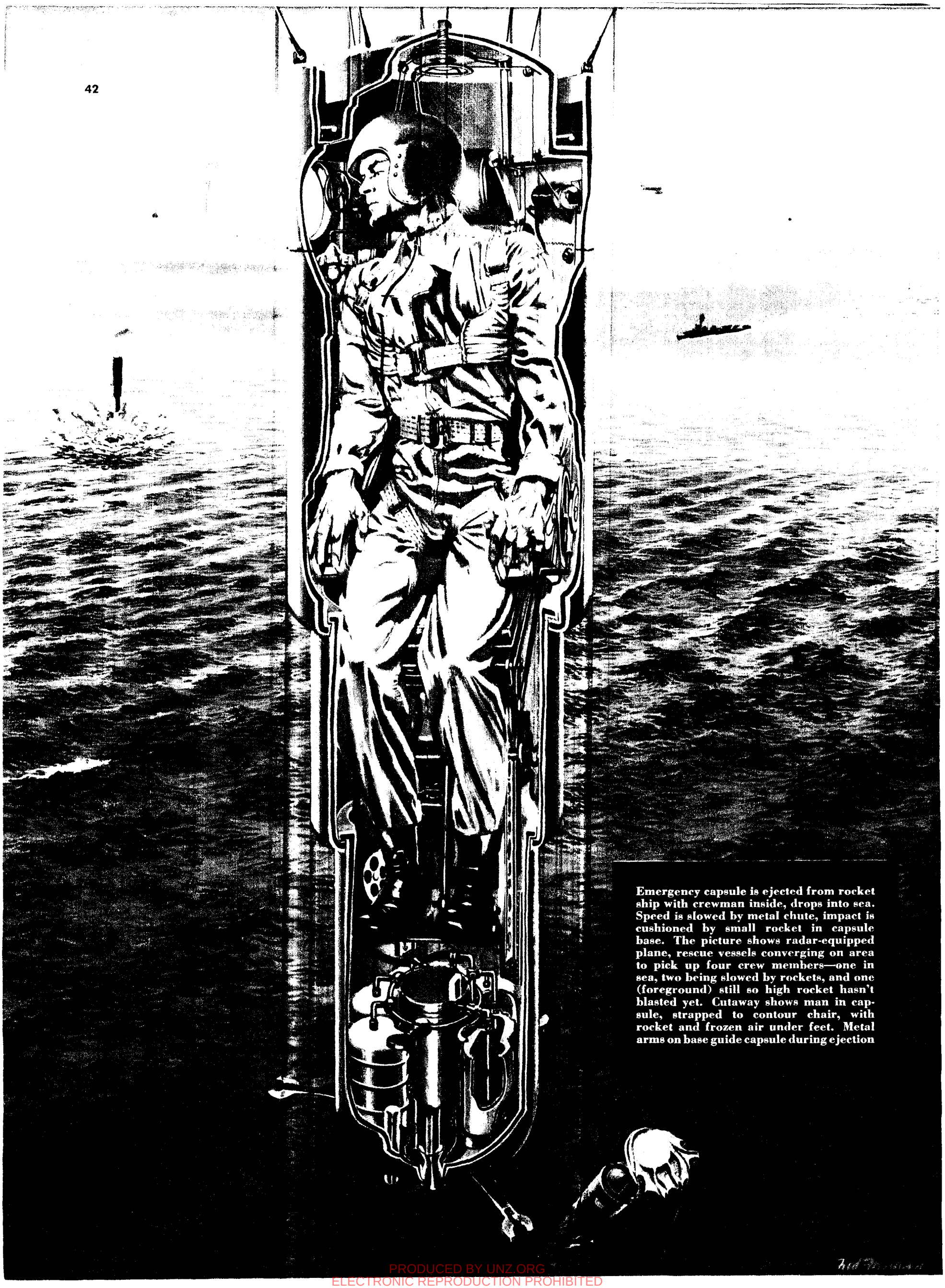

Emergency capsule is ejected from rocket ship with crewman inside, drops into sea. Speed is slowed by metal chute, impact is cushioned by small rocket in capsule base. The picture shows radar-equipped plane, rescue vessels converging on area to pick up four crew members—one in sea, two being slowed by rockets, and one (foreground) still so high rocket hasn't blasted yet. Cutaway shows man in capsule, strapped to contour chair, with rocket and frozen air under feet. Metal arms on base guide capsule during ejection

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An ingeniously engineered bail-out device gives the rocketeer his margin of safety

he acts too quickly, he may cause catastrophe on the ground. His best bet is to turn the rocket into a shallow flight path, and attempt to cast loose the burning section where it can do no harm.

Luckily, fires are likely to be rare. Most of the risk comes during launching, and for the five minutes after launching, when the motors are operating and quantities of fuel remain. How about an explosion? The two propellants, nitric acid and hydrazine, are in separate tanks; a hot fragment of metal wauld have to pass through both sets of tanks, causing the propellants to mix, before an explosion could occur. The fragment would have to be traveling at terrific speed.

Yet it *could* happen. If it did, there probably would be no emergency procedure: rocket ship and crew would be blasted to bits instantly.

If fire or explosion should occur, it will probably be on the way up, while the ship is still in the atmosphere—almost never in space, or in the atmosphere on the way back. First, after the ship has left the atmosphere outbound, there will be little fuel left to burn—just enough for brief maneuvering and to provide insurance against a bungled landing attempt on the return to earth. Second, there's no oxygen in space to kindle the flame. Third, the motors won't be running, which means no pumps to spray fuel out of a leaky connection, and no working parts to start a fire even if there is a flow of fuel.

If decompression and fire are both unlikely—and easily manageable when they do happen—what other dangers are there?

Helpless Without Electric Power

Electrical equipment can fail. If the equipment isn't duplicated on the rocket ship, the failure could cause serious trouble. Some of the navigator's most vital instruments are electrically operated, and could not be easily replaced in flight. If one of them suddenly broke down, the navigator might be almost totally unable to operate; he would have to depend on advice from the ground. But the radio is electrical, too. It could fail, halting all communication with the home base. Even under the most favorable circumstances, the navigator relies on some ground help for difficult computations; if he were deprived of this help, he could use only rough estimates for the exceedingly tricky navigational problems of space flight.

Or the electrically operated valves between fuel tanks and pumps could break down, stopping the motors.

Actually, motor trouble could be caused by many kinds of breakdown. Among the possible hazards of space flight, it falls in a major category of its own, posing problems something like those caused by fire.

If motor failure occurs during the first seconds after take-off—catastrophe. If it happens later during the ascent, the captain probably would jettison the stricken stage, pump out excess fuel and head in for a landing.

The most complicated situation occurs when the third stage is out in space and lacks the power to maneuver into a circular orbit around the earth. What happens then?

Eventually it would start back around the earth, pulled by gravity into a lopsided orbit, about 1,100 miles from the earth on one side and 60 on the other. On the low side of the orbit, the ship would drag briefly through the atmosphere, and that would slow it down slightly. After perhaps 24 hours, and a dozen round trips, it would be low enough so that the control surfaces would take hold in the denser air. The pilot might then be able to land the ship like an airplane.

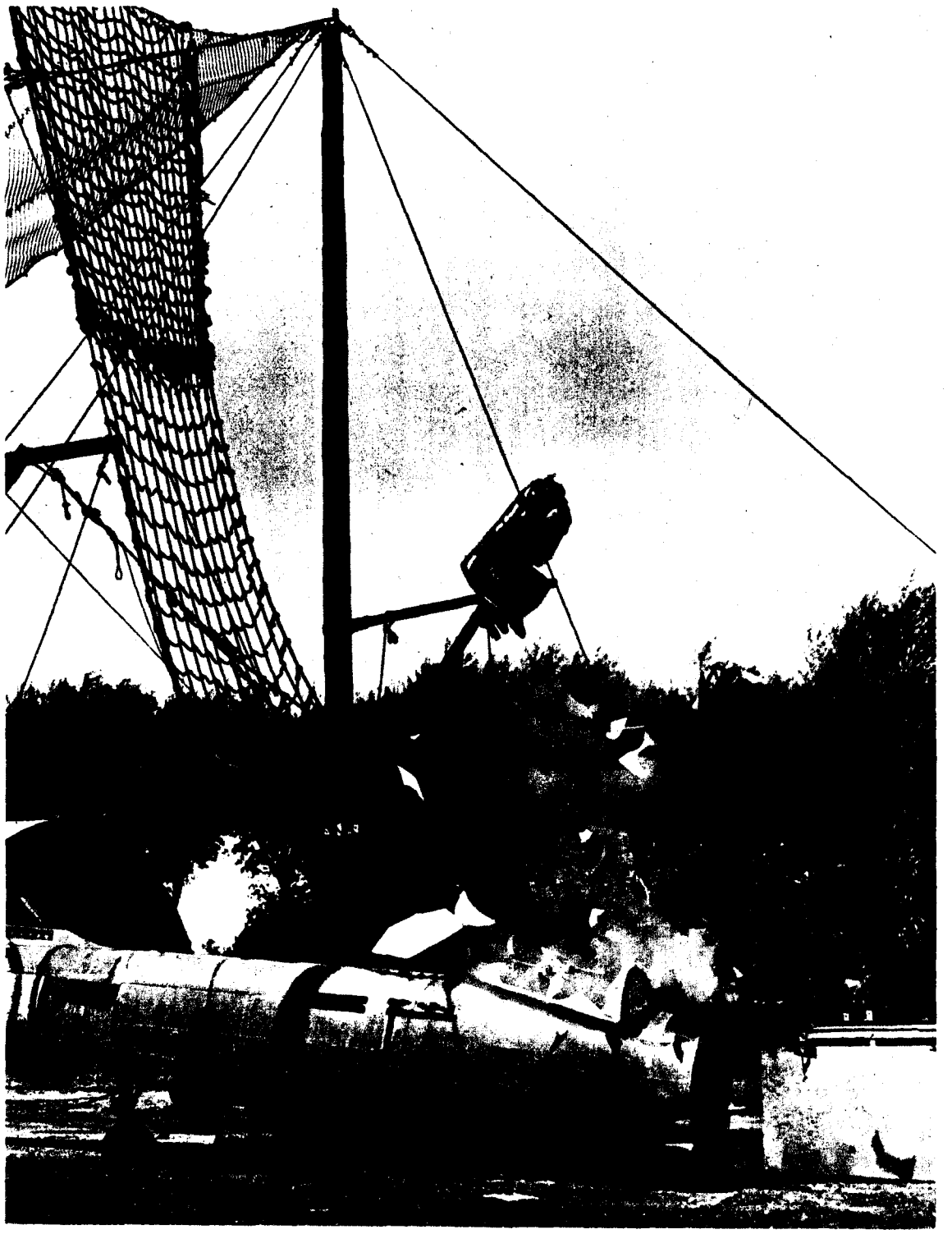
During this long flight, the damage which caused the power failure could prove much greater than first believed, possibly bad enough to ruin any chance of landing. Other rocket ships would hurry to the rescue. They would be launched into the same orbit, their departures timed with scientific care to enable them to overtake the disabled vehicle. All the vehicles and their crews would be weightless in the uneven orbit, so it would be a fairly simple matter to transfer the men from the stricken craft to a rescue ship. Space-suited rescue crews would remove the crew members of the damaged rocket vehicle, capsules and all, through escape hatches, and would then carry the cylinders to the safety of the pressure cabins in their own craft.

But what if rescue is impossible? A rocket crew which found itself in a lopsided orbit would stay in the ship as long as possible, even if it began breaking up as it swept through the atmosphere. They would have little choice. Rocket expert Willy Ley estimates that crew members who bailed out would stay in the uneven orbit for almost three days; after the first half hour, they would be dead inside their capsules for lack of oxygen.

At best, bailing out of a disabled space vehicle is far more difficult than parachuting from an airplane. A man who jumped from a rocket ship at thousands of miles an hour would almost certainly collide with part of the vehicle. That would mean instant death. Suppose he was thrown free of the ship. At an extremely high altitude, he would die anyhow, and almost as fast—his lungs gasping for air, his body fluids set aboil by low pressure. Would a pressurized space suit save him? Only for the moment. Plummeting earthward, he would plunge into the dense atmosphere at terrific speed; the friction would toast him, scorch him and finally set his clothing furiously ablaze.

Then how would he bail out?

In the same emergency capsule he uses inside the cabin. A powder charge hurls him away from the speeding ship. As he tumbles through space, artificial atmosphere guards him from the dangers of low pressure. A light steel parachute steadies the



U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Ejection seat, similar in principle to escape capsule, being tested by Navy. Military services use ejection for bail-out from fast jet planes

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Will the escape cylinder work in the upper altitudes? A similar capsule already has

capsule and brakes his speed as he enters the earth's envelope of air. Insulation keeps him cool. Just before he strikes the earth, a self-starting rocket jet cushions the landing. If he lands at sea, the capsule floats easily on the swells, and a radio signal beckons rescuers.

Suppose an earthbound third stage runs into serious difficulty at an altitude of about 50 miles, and it's impossible to land. The captain immediately slams the bail-out bell. Within seconds, the crew members have clapped shut their capsules. Once encased, they can operate the ejection buttons—and at a hasty signal from the captain, they do so. The powder charge hurls each cylinder free of the disabled ship, through a hatch. The opening is promptly sealed tight by a lid which closes automatically behind the departing capsule.

At the moment of bail-out, the rocket ship has been following a course which almost parallels the earth's curvature. The cylinders take the same course for several hundred miles before they start down, their progress slowed by a four-foot steel-mesh parachute.

As the capsule plows through the dense atmosphere, it begins to glow, and soon it becomes red hot. Inside, the crew member is protected by glass-wool insulation, and by lumps of solidified air, which has been frozen at a temperature of 363 degrees below zero F.

Approaching the earth's surface, the capsule falls at a rate of 150 feet per second. That's too fast; a man striking ground at that speed probably would be killed. But 150 feet off the ground, a proximity fuse sets off a small rocket in the foot of the capsule; the blast of the rocket slows the rate of fall, and the landing is fairly gentle. It's especially gentle if it occurs in the ocean, and rocketship captains who have the choice will attempt to bail their crews out over water.

Equipment in the bottom of the capsule serves as ballast and gives the cylinder stability in high seas. An automatic radio system guides rescue boats to the floating tube. A release catch opens the capsule's portholes, to let air in.

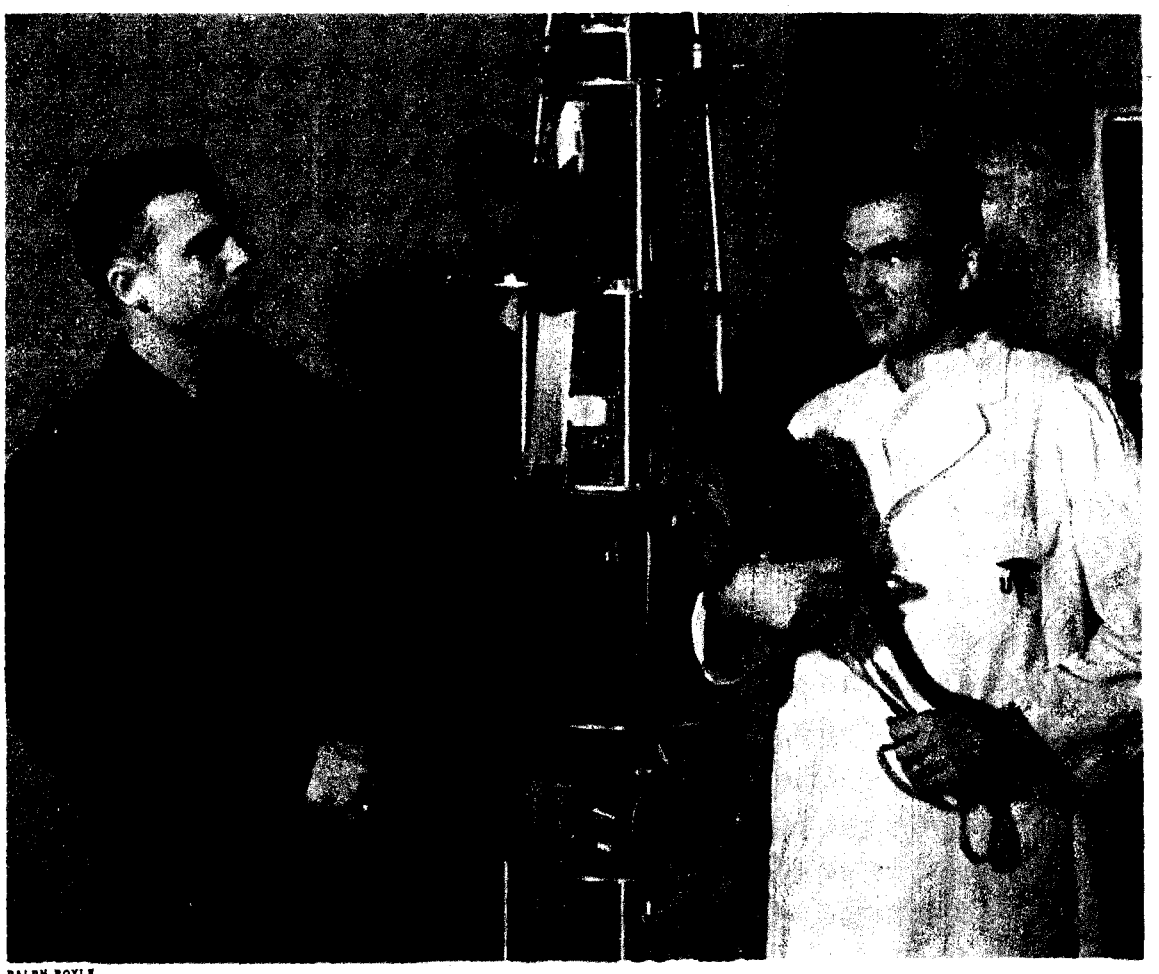
The emergency capsule will be used only rarely for escape. When they can, the crews will attempt to bring damaged ships back to land, and usually it will be perfectly practical to do so. Not only will emergency landings save many millions of dollars' worth of machinery and equipment—they will also protect the crew members from certain hazards of capsule bail-out.

For example, a man who ejects his capsule from a rocket ship which is speeding earthward at too steep an angle might be killed by the jarring impact of his collision with the atmosphere, or by the tremendous friction heat. Wherever possible, the captain will pull up his injured ship, so the crew members will be cast out at an angle which will permit them to enter the atmosphere gradually.

Then suppose the capsule, instead of landing in water, strikes down on solid ground. The touchdown will be gentle, but the man inside could be badly shaken up as the big tube flops over on its side. Or suppose it lands on a mountain, or on the roof of a house, and goes tumbling down the side?

Those landing risks will be extremely slight, statistically. Yet they'll worry the crew members. So will the possibility of equipment failure within the capsule. So will almost everything else about the cylinder.

The mental hazard will be one of the most important deterrents to the use of the capsules for bail-out. They will be psychologically offensive: coffinlike, cramped, stuffy and uncomfortable. The men inside them, once ejected from the ship, will be completely helpless. It will be a horrible feeling.



RALPH ROYLE

Monkeys Pat and Mike (shown with Lt. Johnie Reeves and A/1c Marshal Ross) went to 35-mile altitude in rocket like one in photo, were safely ejected in capsule

Two mice traveled with monkeys in rocket, were photographed while experiencing weightlessness (below, left) and again as their weight returned on the way down

U. S. AIR FORCE PHOTOS

Saga of Two Monkeys—Pat and Mike

But the capsule *will* work when nothing else does. In fact, it has worked—at least, a capsule very much like it has.

Last May, two monkeys were sent to an altitude of 35 miles aboard an Air Force Aerobee rocket, at a speed of 2,000 miles an hour. The animals, named Pat and Mike, were seated in the projectile's nose, which was triggered to break away shortly after the rocket started back to earth. The nose capsule, with the monkeys slightly anesthetized to keep them from becoming excited, broke loose on schedule. It hit a peak speed of 1,000 miles an hour before a parachute (serving the same purpose as the steel-mesh umbrella on the man-sized capsule) broke the fall. The breaking impact was equal to about five times the monkeys' normal weight, but they were unharmed. They drifted safely back to earth, and are still alive and healthy (so healthy that they're too big to get into the capsule now).

The test, conducted by a team of biologists and engineers headed by Dr. James P. Henry, Air Force physiologist, proved the practicality of escape by capsule, and gave scientists other information about space travel as well. Both the monkeys and a couple of mice, who also were passengers in the capsule, experienced weightlessness for about two minutes, with no ill effects. They also endured an acceleration shock at launching far greater than that man will experience: they were flattened by a force 13 times their own weight, compared with the ninefold weight increase man can expect on his journeys spaceward, and the tenfold pressure he might feel as a capsule smashed into the atmosphere.

Pat and Mike were among the first living visitors to the extreme altitudes. The two creatures briefly experienced all the major difficulties of space travel—acceleration pressure, weightlessness, life in an artificial atmosphere. Nothing bothered them. Many more animals are sure to be rocketed into the earth's newest frontier.

After them will go the men. ▲▲▲

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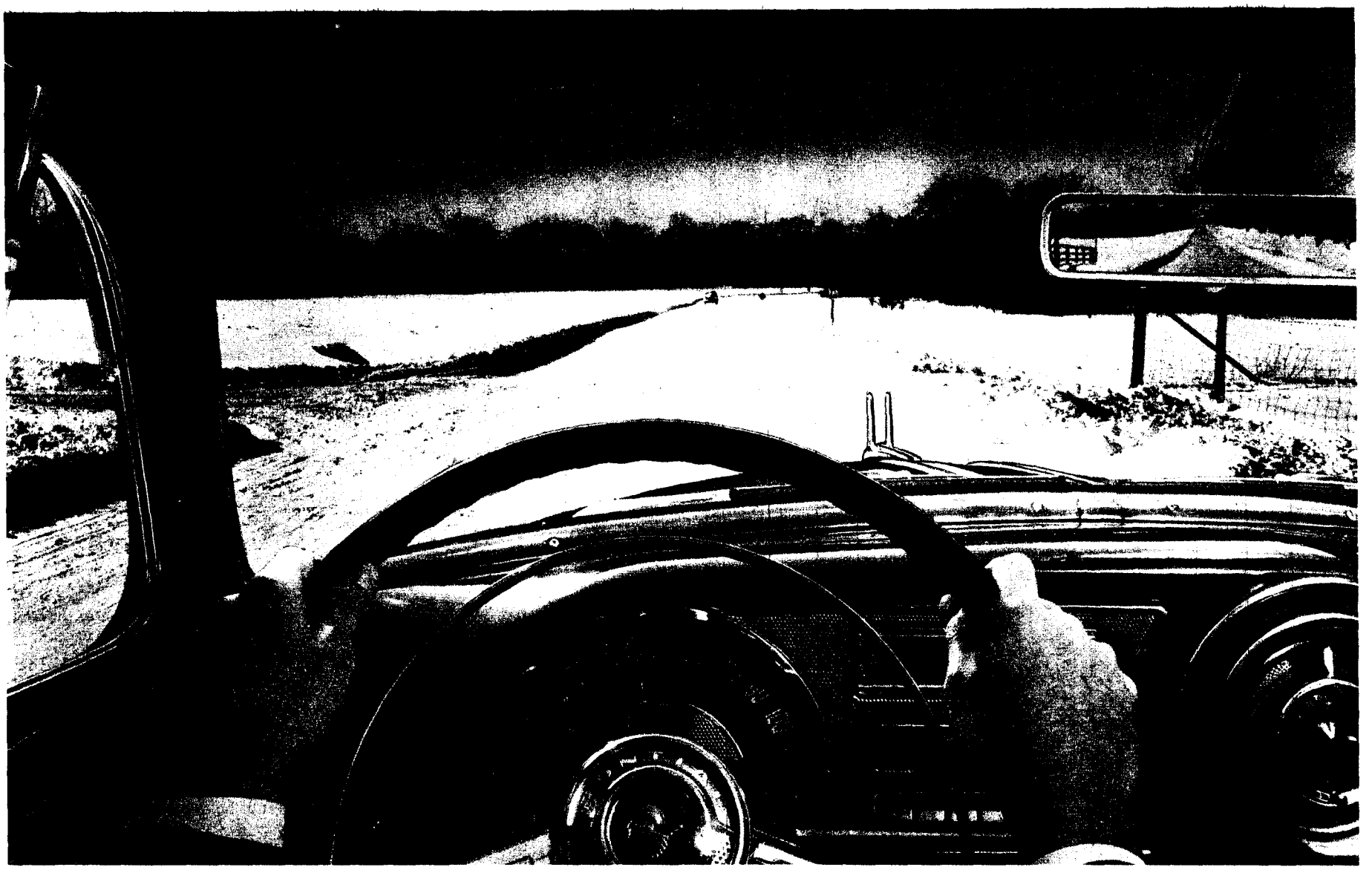

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Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog

You think Thomas Edison invented the electric light bulb? Well, maybe, but it was his dog Sparky who told him how

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

TWO old men sat on a park bench one morning in the sunshine of Tampa, Florida—one trying doggedly to read a book he was plainly enjoying while the other, Harold K. Bullard, told him the story of his life in the full, round, head tones of a public address system. At their feet lay Bullard's Labrador retriever, who further tormented the aged listener by probing his ankles with a large, wet nose.

Bullard, who had been, before he retired, successful in many fields, enjoyed reviewing his important past. But he faced the problem that complicates the lives of cannibals—which is that a single victim cannot be used over and over. Anyone who had passed the time of day with him and his dog refused to share a bench with them again.

So Bullard and his dog set out through the park each day in quest of new faces. They had had good luck this morning, for they had found this stranger right away, clearly a new arrival in Florida, still buttoned up tight in heavy serge, stiff collar and necktie, and with nothing better to do than read.

"Yes," said Bullard, rounding out the first hour of his lecture, "made and lost five fortunes in my time."

"So you said," said the stranger, whose name Bullard had neglected to ask. "Easy, boy. No, no, no, boy," he said to the dog, who was growing more aggressive toward his ankles.

"Oh? Already told you that, did I?" said Bullard.

"Twice."

"Two in real estate, one in scrap iron, one in oil and one in trucking."

"So you said."

"I did? Yes, guess I did. Two in real estate, one in scrap iron, one in oil and one in trucking. Wouldn't take back a day of it."

"No, I suppose not," said the stranger. "Pardon me, but do you suppose you could move your dog somewhere else? He keeps—"

"Him?" said Bullard, heartily. "Friendliest dog in the world. Don't need to be afraid of him."

"I'm not afraid of him. It's just that he drives me crazy, sniffing at my ankles."

"Plastic," said Bullard, chuckling.

"What?"

"Plastic. Must be something plastic on your garters. By golly, I'll bet it's those little buttons. Sure as we're sitting here, those buttons must be plastic. That dog is nuts about plastic. Don't know why that is, but he'll sniff it out and find it if there's a speck around. Must be a deficiency in his diet, though, by gosh, he eats better than I do. Once he chewed up a whole plastic humidor. Can you beat it? *That's* the business I'd go into now, by glory, if the pill rollers hadn't told me to let up, to give the old ticker a rest."

"You could tie the dog to that tree over there," said the stranger.

"I get so darn' sore at all the youngsters these days!" said Bullard. "All of 'em *mooning* around about no fron-

"I didn't know Edison right off, but his dog and I were pals. A dog a lot like yours, Sparky was . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY MORTON ROBERTS

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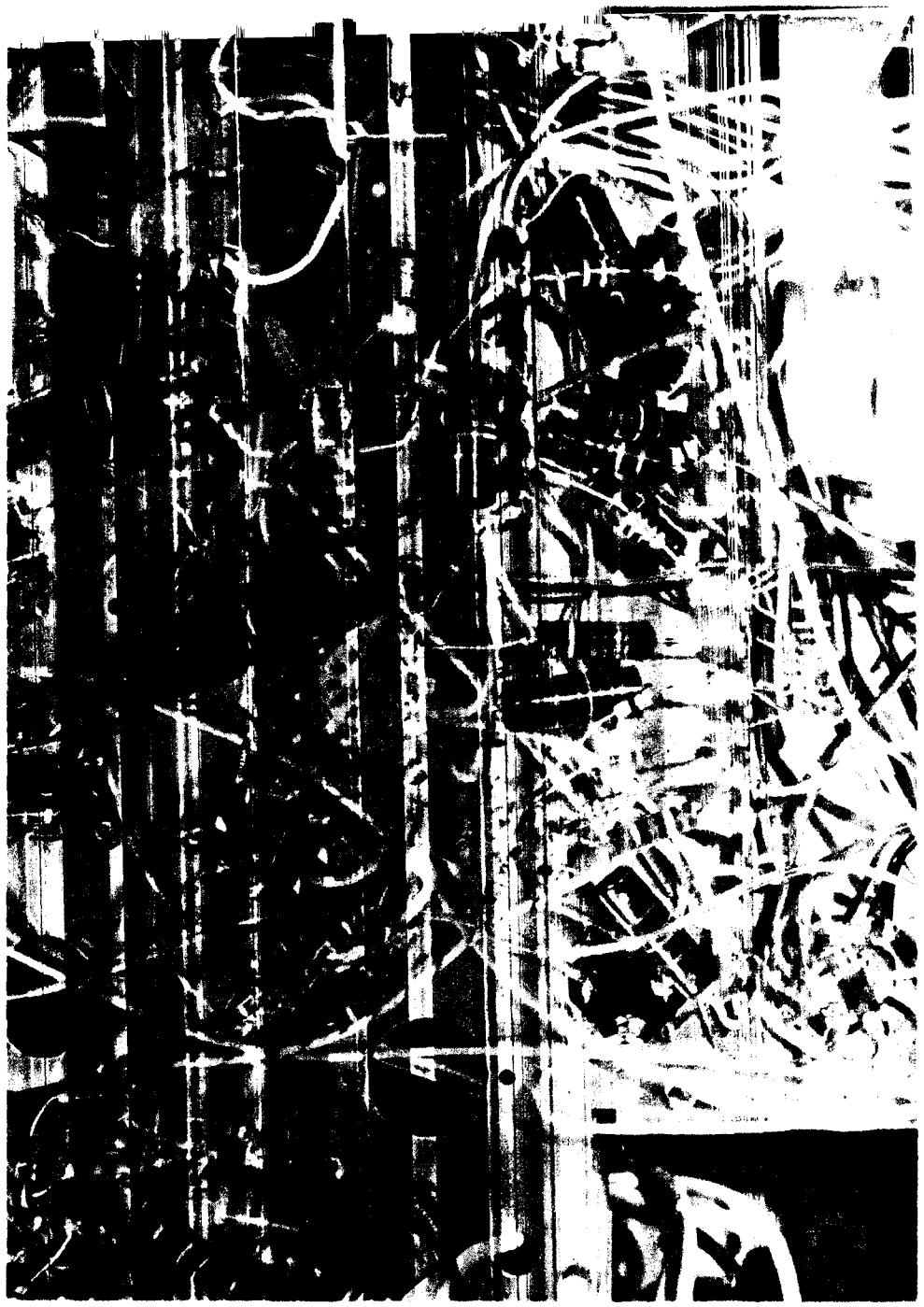

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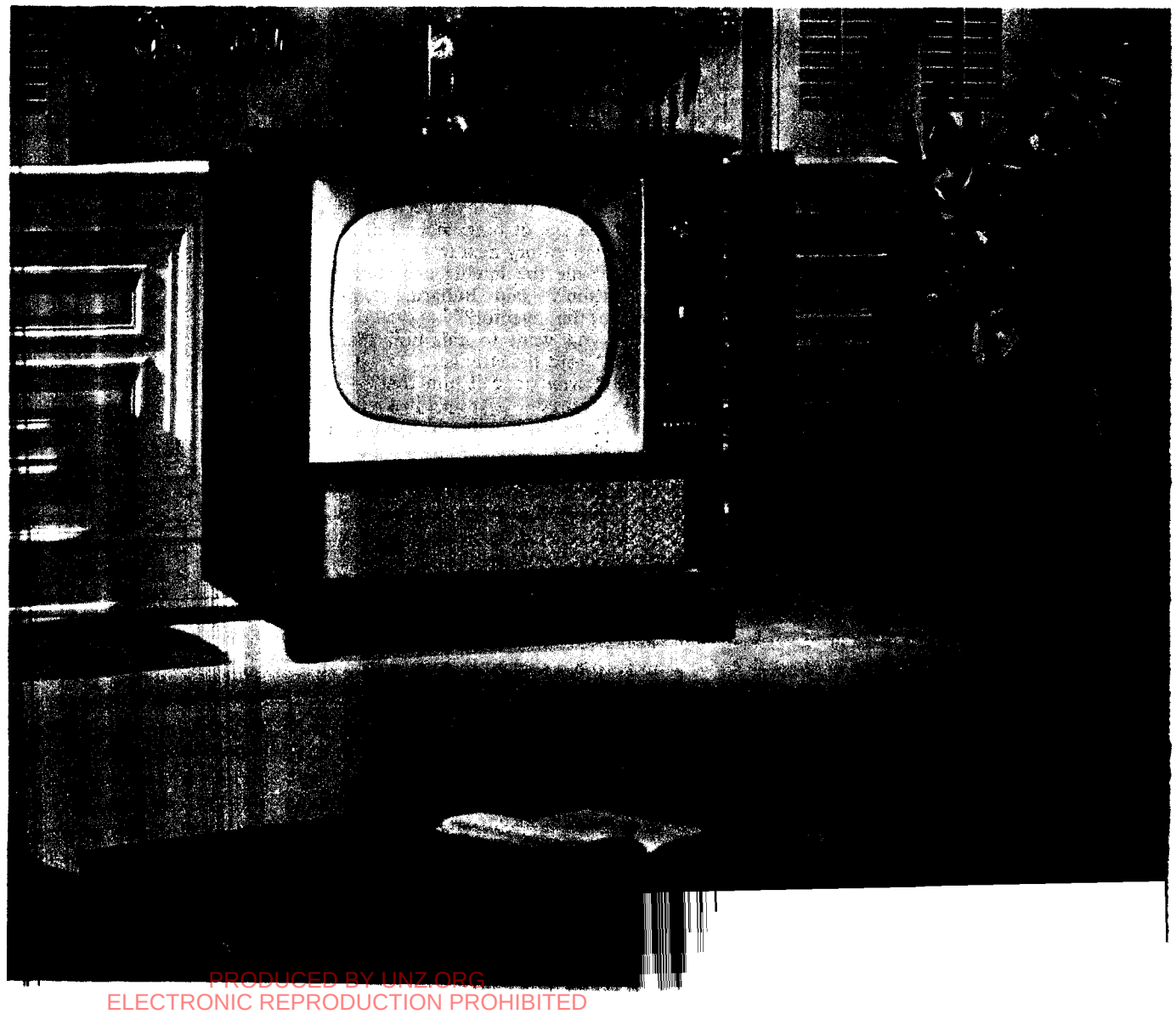

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tiers any more. There never have been so many frontiers as there are today. You know what Horace Greeley would say today?"

"His nose is wet," said the stranger, and he pulled his ankles away, but the dog humped forward in patient pursuit. "Stop it, boy!"

"His wet nose shows he's healthy," said Bullard. " 'Go plastic, young man!' That's what Greeley'd say. 'Go atom, young man!' "

The dog had definitely located the plastic buttons on the stranger's garters and was cocking his head one way and another, thinking out ways of bringing his teeth to bear on those delicacies.

"Scat!" said the stranger.

" 'Go electronic, young man!' " said Bullard. "Don't talk to me about no opportunity any more. Opportunity's knocking down every door in the country, trying to get in. When I was young, a man had to go out and find opportunity and drag it home by the ears. Nowadays—"

"Sorry," said the stranger, evenly. He slammed his book shut, stood and jerked his ankle away from the dog. "I've got to be on my way. So good day, sir."

HE STALKED across the park, found another bench, sat down with a sigh and began to read. His respiration had just returned to normal, when he felt the wet sponge of the dog's nose on his ankles again.

"Oh—it's you!" said Bullard, sitting down beside him. "He was tracking you. He was on the scent of something, and I just let him have his head. What'd I tell you about plastic?" He looked about contentedly. "Don't blame you for moving on. It was stuffy back there. No shade to speak of and not a sign of a breeze."

"Would the dog go away if I bought him a humidor?" said the stranger.

"Pretty good joke, pretty good joke," said Bullard, amiably. Suddenly he clapped the stranger on his knee. "Sa-ay, you aren't in plastics, are you? Here I've been blowing off about plastics, and for all I know that's your line."

"My line?" said the stranger crisply, laying down his book. "Sorry—I've never had a line. I've been a drifter since the age of nine, since Edison set up his laboratory next to my home, and showed me the intelligence analyzer."

"Edison?" said Bullard. "Thomas Edison, the inventor?"

"If you want to call him that, go ahead," said the stranger.

"If I *want* to call him that?"—Bullard guffawed—"I guess I just will! Father of the light bulb and I don't know what all."

"If you want to think he invented the light bulb, go ahead. No harm in it." The stranger resumed his reading.

"Say, what is this?" said Bullard, suspiciously. "You pulling my leg? What's this about an intelligence analyzer? I never heard of that."

"Of course you haven't," said the stranger. "Mr. Edison and I promised to keep it a secret. I've never told anyone. Mr. Edison broke his promise and told Henry Ford, but Ford made him promise not to tell anybody else—for the good of humanity."

Bullard was entranced. "Uh, this intelligence analyzer," he said. "It analyzed intelligence, did it?"

"It was an electric butter churn," said the stranger.

She's No Help At All

Your maid may be an utter treasure,
A joy unmixed, a gem, a pleasure,
But *mine* is something else again,
A Sunday slugabed till ten.
And call her late or call her early,
She breakfasts slow and breakfasts surly.
With household budgets she plays hob,
In fact, I think she loathes the job.
But it so happens (pardon grammar)
I cannot sack the dame—I *am* her.

—ALICE HAMILTON

"Seriously now," Bullard coaxed.

"Maybe it *would* be better to talk it over with someone," said the stranger. "It's a terrible thing to keep bottled up inside me, year in and year out. But how can I be sure that it won't go any further?"

"My word as a gentleman," Bullard assured him.

"I don't suppose I could find a stronger guarantee than that, could I?" said the stranger, judiciously.

"There is no stronger guarantee," said Bullard, proudly. "Cross my heart and hope to die!"

"Very well." The stranger leaned back and closed his eyes, seeming to travel backward through time. He was silent for a full minute, during which Bullard watched with awe and respect.

"It was back in the fall of eighteen seventy-nine," said the stranger at last, softly. "Back in the village of Menlo Park, New Jersey. I was a boy of nine. A young man we all thought was a wizard had set up a laboratory next door to my home, and there were flashes and crashes inside, and all sorts of scary goings on. The neighborhood children were warned to keep away, not to make any noise that would bother the wizard.

"I didn't get to know Edison right off, but his dog Sparky and I got to be steady pals. A dog a whole lot like yours, Sparky was, and we used to wrestle all over the neighborhood. Yes, sir, your dog is the image of Sparky."

"Is that so?" said Bullard, flattered.

"Gospel," replied the stranger. "Well, one day Sparky and I were wrestling around, and we wrestled right up to the door of Edison's laboratory. The next thing I knew, Sparky had pushed me in through the door, and bam! I was sitting on the laboratory floor, looking up at Mr. Edison himself."

"Bet he was sore," said Bullard, delighted.

"You can bet I was scared," said the stranger. "I thought I was face to face with Satan himself. Edison had wires hooked to his ears and running down to a little black box in his lap! I started to scoot, but he caught me by my collar and made me sit down.

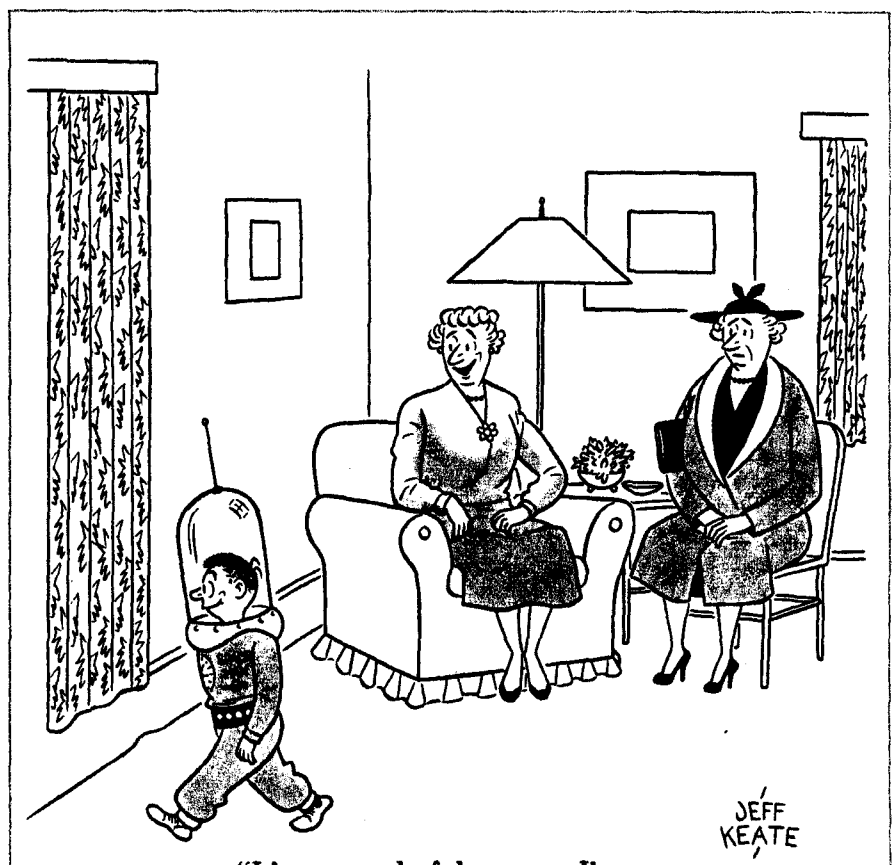
" 'Boy,' said Edison, 'it's always darkest before the dawn. I want you to remember that.'

" 'Yes, sir,' I said.

" 'For over a year, my boy,' Edison said to me, 'I've been trying to find a filament that will last in an incandescent lamp. Hair, string, splinters—nothing works. So while I was trying to think of something else to try, I started tinkering with another idea of mine, just letting off steam. I put this together,' he said, showing me the little black box. 'I thought maybe intelligence was just a certain kind of electricity, so I made this intelligence analyzer here. It works! You're the first one to know about it, my boy. But I don't know why you shouldn't be. It will be your generation that will grow up in the glorious new era when people will be as easily graded as oranges.' "

"I don't believe it!" said Bullard.

"May I be struck by lightning this very instant!" said the stranger. "And it did work, too. Edison had tried out the analyzer on the men in his shop, without telling them what he was up to. The smarter a man was, by gosh,



COLLIER'S

"It's a wonderful craze. I've hardly had to scrub his face or behind his ears for weeks now"

JEFF KEATE

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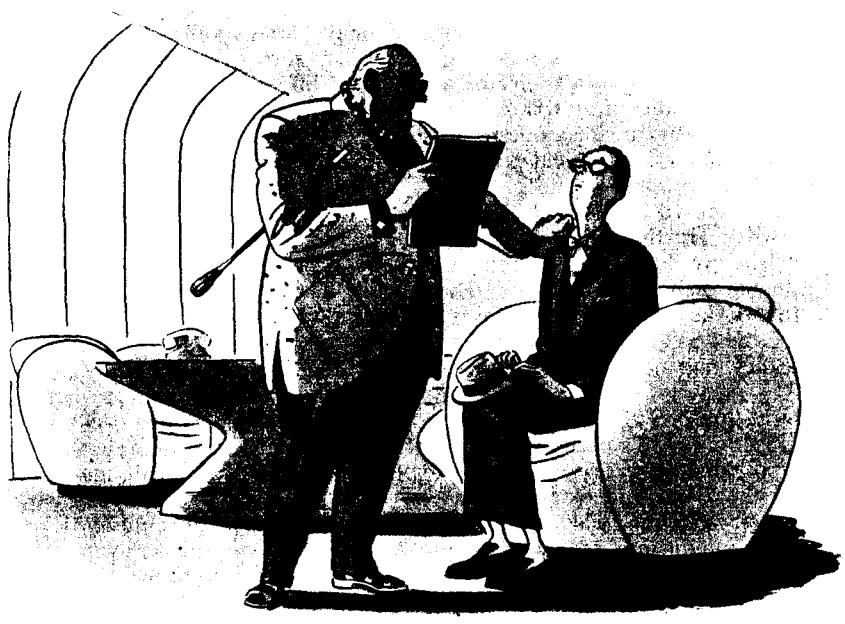


COLLIER'S

"You write well enough, but I suggest you go out and live among the people. Rent a villa on Capri, shoot rhino in Sudan, get thrown out of the Stork Club, bet your last thousand francs at Monte Carlo, bum your way back on an heiress' yacht. *Then* come and see me"

JOHN RUGE

the farther the needle on the indicator in the little black box swung to the right. I let him try it on me, and the needle just lay where it was and trembled. But dumb as I was, then is when I made my one and only contribution to the world. As I say, I haven't lifted a finger since."

"Whadja do?" said Bullard, eagerly.

"I said, 'Mr. Edison, sir, let's try it on the dog.' And I wish you could have seen the show that dog put on when I said it! Old Sparky barked and howled and scratched to get out. When he saw we meant business, that he wasn't going to get out, he made a beeline right for the intelligence analyzer and knocked it out of Edison's hands. But we cornered him, and Edison held him down while I touched the wires to his ears. And would you believe it, that needle sailed clear across the dial, way past a little red pencil mark on the dial face!"

"The dog busted it," said Bullard.

" 'Mr. Edison, sir,' I said, 'what's that red mark mean?'

" 'My boy,' said Edison, 'it means that the instrument is broken, because that red mark is me.' "

"I'll say it was broken," said Bullard.

THE stranger said gravely, "But it wasn't broken. No, sir. Edison checked the whole thing, and it was in apple-pie order. When Edison told me that, it was then that Sparky, crazy to get out, gave himself away."

"How?" said Bullard, suspiciously.

"We really had him locked in, see? There were three locks on the door—a hook and eye, a bolt, and a regular knob and latch. That dog stood up, unhooked the hook, pushed the bolt back and had the knob in his teeth when Edison stopped him."

"No!" said Bullard.

"Yes!" said the stranger, his eyes shining. "And then is when Edison showed me what a great scientist he was. He was willing to face the truth, no matter how unpleasant it might be.

" 'So!' said Edison to Sparky. 'Man's best friend, huh? Dumb animal, huh?'

"That Sparky was a caution. He pretended not to hear. He scratched himself and bit fleas and went around growling at ratholes—anything to get out of looking Edison in the eye.

" 'Pretty soft, isn't it, Sparky?' said Edison. 'Let somebody else worry about getting food, building shelters and keeping warm, while you sleep in front of a fire or go chasing after the girls or raise hell with the boys. No mortgages, no politics, no war, no work, no worry. Just wag the old tail or lick a hand, and you're all taken care of.'

" 'Mr. Edison,' I said, 'do you mean to tell me that dogs are smarter than people?'

" 'Smarter?' said Edison. 'I'll tell the world! And what have I been doing for the past year? Slaving to work out a light bulb so dogs can play at night!'

" 'Look, Mr. Edison,' said Sparky, 'why not—' "

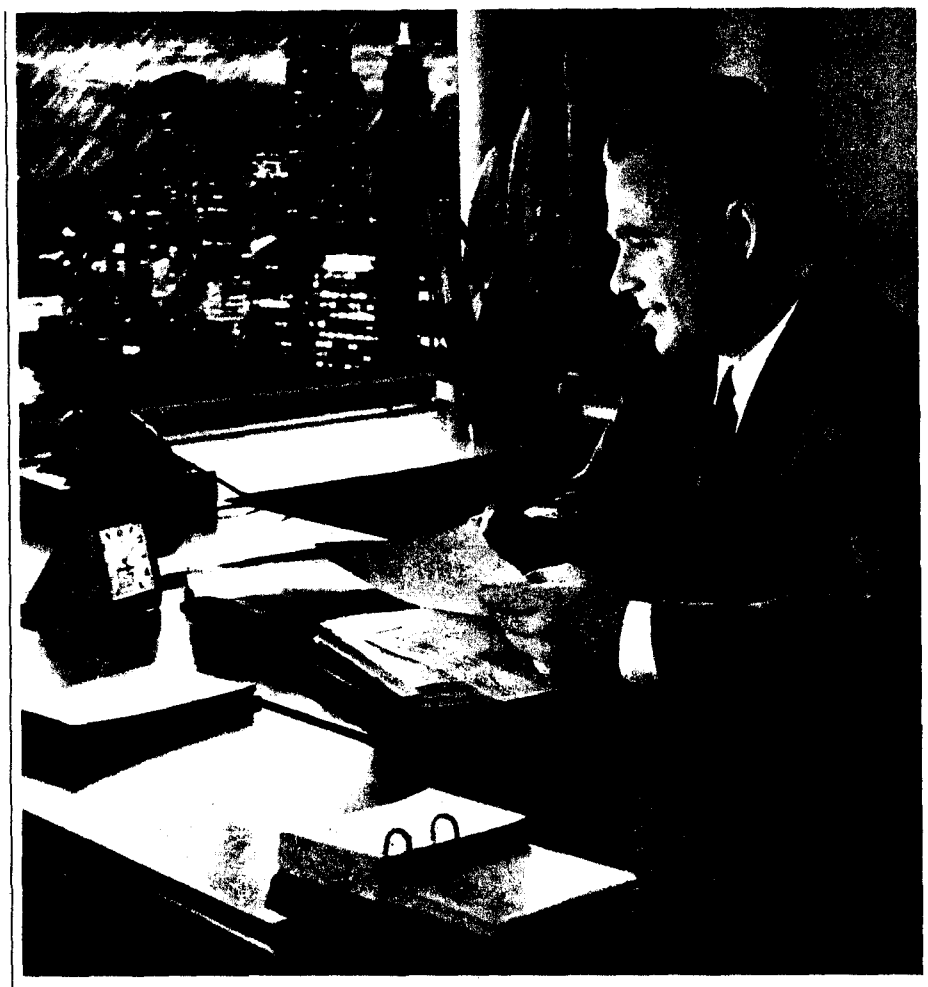
"Hold on!" roared Bullard.

"Silence!" shouted the stranger, triumphantly. " 'Look, Mr. Edison,' said Sparky, 'why not keep quiet about this? It's been working out to everybody's satisfaction for hundreds of thousands of years. Let sleeping dogs lie. You forget all about it, destroy the intelligence analyzer, and I'll tell you what to use for a lamp filament.' "

"Hogwash!" said Bullard, his face purple.

The stranger stood. "You have my solemn word as a gentleman. That dog rewarded *me* for my silence with a stock-market tip that made me independently wealthy for the rest of my days. And the last words that Sparky ever spoke were to Thomas Edison. 'Try a piece of carbonized cotton thread,' he said. Later, he was torn to bits by a pack of dogs that had gathered outside the door, listening."

The stranger removed his garters and handed them to Bullard's dog. "A small token of esteem, sir, for an ancestor of yours who talked himself to death. Good day." He tucked his book under his arm and walked away. His step was brisk and spry as though the Florida sunshine were already working its magic. ▲▲▲



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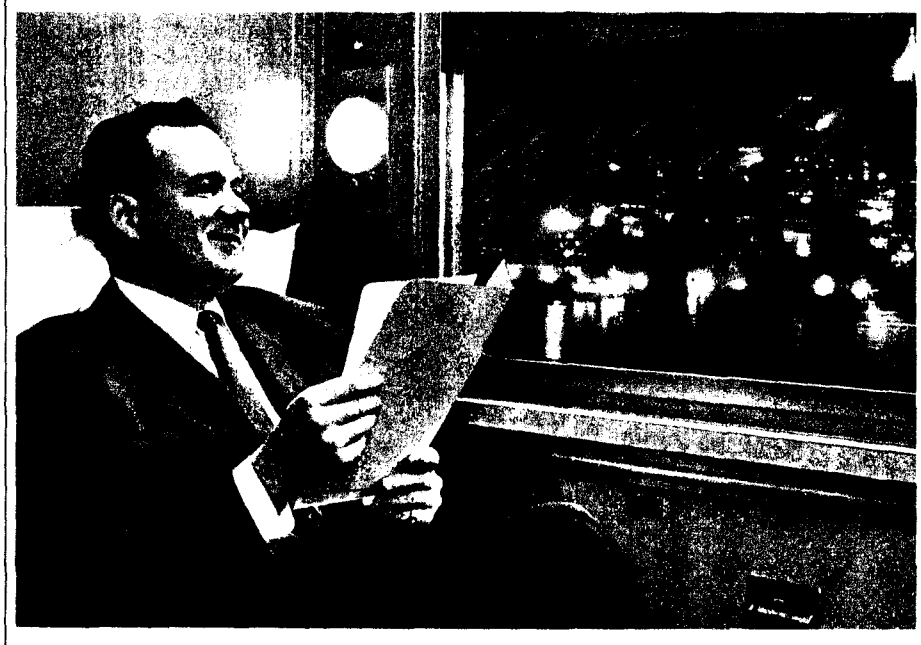

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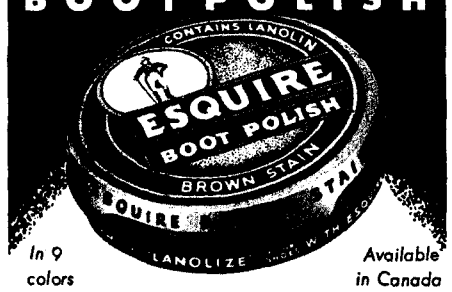

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Deep Test

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

noon hour would be soon enough. Cliff said that noon would be fine, and to tell Chester not to faint if the check was a heavy one.

Back in the car, he got going at a steady seventy-five miles an hour and settled back to wait for San Antonio. He had a feeling about this idea, a different feeling. The car whined down the highway, and the tires sang and he felt as if he were riding on a cushion of clouds.

CLIFF had got into the oil business because, one day twenty-five years ago, he happened to be in Ace's Café in Borger when an angry man named Ed Henderson came in and sat down on the stool beside him. Henderson was pushing tools for Empire Oil. He had just fired a roughneck for showing up drunk, and he was running a short-handed rig. Cliff was a sturdy young man with sandy-red hair and an alert expression. When Henderson looked him over, scowling, and asked if he had ever worked on a rig, Cliff had answered that he had practically been raised on one. Henderson knew he was lying but hired him anyway, and Cliff had himself a job roughnecking at five dollars a day.

Roughnecking was tough work that separated the men from the boys in a hurry. Compared to carrying chain in a surveyor's gang, or any of the other pastimes Cliff had engaged in since he had quit college, it was a great job. Swinging on the monkey board high in the derrick and manhandling the ponderous joints of drill pipe as they were hoisted in and out of the hole, with an icy wind whipping his trousers, gave him a feeling of being a man. And the pay he drew gave him the feeling of being a man of some importance. So when he met a tiny, shapely schoolteacher named Frances Wakefield, he began to think about marriage.

The fact that Ed Henderson had been going steady with her for over a year did not bother Cliff at all. His driller took him aside and gave him some fatherly advice: if he wanted to stay healthy, stay away from that schoolteacher. But Cliff was young. He courted the little schoolteacher every minute off the job. When he saw Henderson, the tool pusher, an old man of thirty-two, he gave him a smug look that dared him to do something about it. Cliff and Fran were married one Saturday morning when Cliff came off tower. They drove to Amarillo for a one-day honeymoon, and Cliff went back on tower at midnight.

Marrying the pusher's girl was looked upon by his colleagues in the same light as cop-killing or armed robbery. Cliff had taken the step with the full expectation that he would be fired, at the very least, but he was only transferred to another district. His wildcat rig moved from one isolated location to another, grinding down its holes in wild, desolate country, following the geologist's insatiable search for oil. Fran was happy and followed him without protest. They lived in adobe huts, tar-paper shacks, farmhouses, and sometimes in good hotels, all the way from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border.

Every time they hit a town for as long as a month or two, Fran would get out her teacher's certificate and go around to see the school superintendent. Sometimes she would get a temporary job as substitute teacher, or sometimes, when they were living in a trailer or a shack in the middle of nowhere, she would hunt up the nearest one-room schoolhouse and ask the local teacher if she could sit in and watch.

Cliff was amused by his little schoolteacher wife. He thought it was cute the way she would get all wound up over a bunch of burr-headed kids. He made fun of her and called her professor, but he was always kind about it, because they had no children of their own.

In thirty-three, Cliff caught the eye of one of Empire Oil's executives, and he was pulled off the rigs and transferred to the Land and Scouting Department at Wichita Falls. So he entered the intelligence branch of the oil business and became adept at the gentlemanly art of spying upon and reporting the drilling and leasing activities of his employer's competitors.

He and Fran rented a house in Wichita Falls, and, for the first time, his wife began to acquire the impedimenta of marriage. She got a regular job teaching fourth grade in the public schools, and it was about this time that she began bringing children home with her.

The custom started with a little boy whose father was in jail on a drunkenness charge and whose mother, a haggard woman with four other children, was incapable of caring for her family. During the recurring crises in the family's affairs, Fran would take the child home with her for two or three days or a week, until some semblance of normal routine returned to his home. Then there were others, children whose parents were ill or in jail, or who were in other kinds of trouble, with no one they could count on.

Soon Fran became known throughout the town. Whenever any school had a child that needed help, someone would call her, and she would always do what she could. Cliff didn't understand all this concern with other people's troubles, but he didn't object, because anything Fran wanted to do was all right with him.

Finally, one of the bedrooms came to be a sort of emergency nursery. When Cliff entered the house after a trip, he would kiss his wife and solemnly ask if she had kidnaped any orphans lately.

Usually she had, and sometimes Cliff would be awakened in the night as Fran slipped out of bed. She would go down the dark hall in her slippers, and he could hear her fussing around the sleeping child.

Now and then, Cliff would pick up a small lease or a piece of royalty for himself. Usually he would turn them for a quick profit, but on two occasions he got into the middle of a hot royalty play. Both times, he made money that was important enough to open his eyes to the possibility of quitting Empire Oil and going out on his own.

When Dad Joiner brought in his No. 3 Daisy Bradford and opened the East Texas field, big money began to gush out of the ground at a rate never before dreamed of. A fever rolled across the oil country, and Cliff fell victim to it like the rest. He had seventy-eight hundred dollars in the bank. If he was ever going to take the lone plunge, this was the time to do it. So he quit Empire Oil, left security behind, and joined the rush to the piney woods.

EAST TEXAS turned out to be the biggest oil field that man, in his probing of the earth's outer crust, had ever uncovered. On the map, the field spread out like a big green blot across five counties, stretching forty-two miles from north to south, and eight miles from east to west. That one Joiner well was the beginning of some fantastic fortunes.

Cliff pitched into the feverish melee that boiled around Longview, Gladewater and Kilgore, not knowing exactly what he was doing. He followed every upswing of fortune and grabbed anything that he could lay hands on. He bought and sold leases on town lots, churchyards, washed-out patches of cotton land farmed by old Negroes, even cemeteries. Every time somebody punched a new hole down and brought

COLLIER'S

"Daddy was showing me how to dance on skates, but *I* couldn't find a partner"

RAY HELLE

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in a flowing well, a new wave of half-crazed buying and selling would start, and Cliff would be in the middle of it.

He was making money, but he was playing it smart. He always sold for a good profit. No drilling for him, because this field was going to play out, and a lot of people were going to be left with expensive pieces of paper in their pockets. The field was already bigger than it had a right to be, and it wasn't likely to extend much farther.

Ed Henderson caught the fever like everybody else, and he quit Empire Oil just a few weeks after Cliff. Cliff had been in East Texas about nine months when Ed looked him up and made him a proposition. With a broker from Dallas, Cliff had purchased a lease on a two-hundred-acre peanut farm, way up north of the field, five miles from the nearest production. It was a cheap lease he had picked up to turn for a profit. Ed wanted to buy a third interest from Cliff and the Dallas broker, and drill a joint-interest well, with all three partners paying and sharing alike.

CLIFF had nothing at all against Ed, except that he was a plodder, strictly a drilling foreman. Privately, Cliff was contemptuous of Henderson's ability to cope with the fast game of leasing and selling as played in East Texas.

When Ed bought both Cliff's interest and the interest of the Dallas broker for a nice profit, Cliff congratulated himself. When Ed sold his house back in Borger and borrowed all he could get his hands on to start a well, Cliff told Fran that the smartest move he had ever made was not getting mixed up with her old beau, Ed Henderson. He also implied that the smartest thing she had ever done was to marry Cliff Waters.

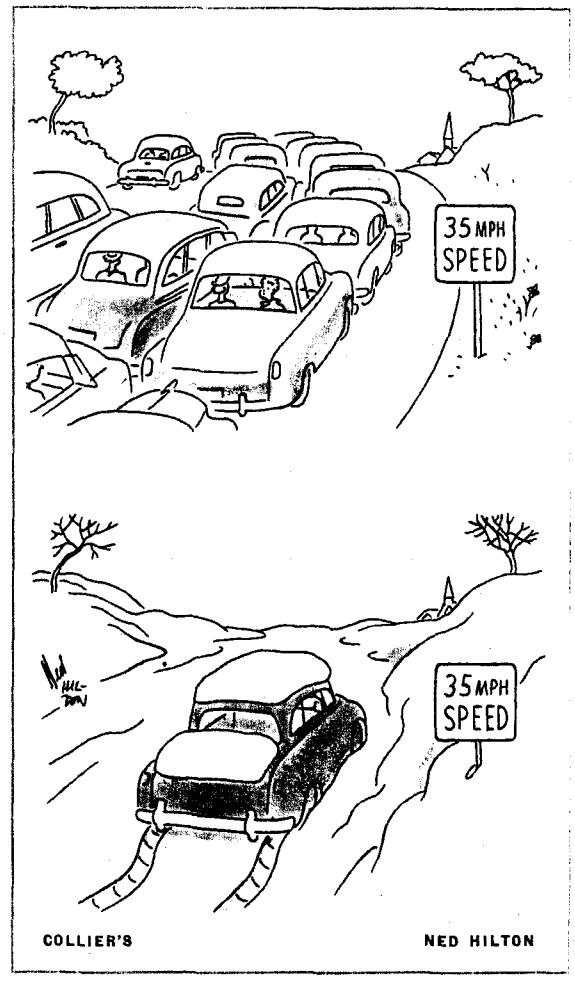
Later on, Cliff heard that Ed had run into all kinds of trouble on the well: three money-eating fishing jobs in a row, and lost circulation a couple of times. The fishing jobs were the most dreaded mishaps, next to fire, on all drilling rigs. Sometimes the pipe, or a drill collar, twisted off at the bottom of the hole and had to be removed with special tools. It was an expensive and time-consuming operation.

One day Cliff ran into Henderson in Kilgore. Ed was on foot. He had sold his car to get money to keep work going on his well, and he was hitchhiking back and forth to the lease on oil-field trucks. His clothes were torn and shabby. Cliff bought him a dinner at the hotel coffeeshop, and when Ed asked if he wouldn't like to buy back an interest in the lease, Cliff almost laughed in his face. After delivering a patronizing, but not unfriendly, lecture on how to play the oil game, Cliff stuck fifty dollars in Ed's shirt pocket, because the big man looked like he didn't have grocery money.

"Pay me back when you strike oil," Cliff said jokingly, and they parted.

It is a matter of history that the Ed Henderson No. 1 Susie B. Cox came roaring in for a twelve-thousand-barrels-a-day producer. Within a year's time, Ed had drilled nineteen more wells on the lease, all as good as or better than the first. When the East Texas field was finally defined, the lease that Cliff and the Dallas broker had sold Ed was almost squarely in the center of the north end of the field, right in the fairway. Engineers estimated that the lease would produce upwards of ten million barrels of oil. That was the beginning of the Henderson oil empire.

After Ed's big strike, Cliff could not rest until he started a well of his own. He bought an eighty-acre lease in what everybody said was a hot area west of Longview. By selling half of it, getting additional financial help from adjoining lease owners, and sinking every cent he and Fran had in the world, he drilled a wildcat test. The well came in as a flowing producer—of salt water. When the East Texas play was over and the lucky ones were sitting back banking their oil-run checks, Cliff was flat broke.



When he told the story of how he "fought the battle of East Texas," Cliff would always finish by saying, "A few that went were born to be gentlemen. The rest of us were born to be bums. We all had the same chance. The gentlemen bought in the fairway, and the rest of us bought out in the water."

CLIFF and Fran moved to Tyler, Fran doing most of the breadwinning for a couple of years—teaching school, of course. Cliff picked up what lease work he could get. It was thin and spotty in the mid-thirties, but he gradually became established with a number of the major companies as a good man to make a leasing play for them. He could move into an area, button leases up fast and keep his mouth shut about whom he was working for. Piecing out on commission jobs, he bought and sold on his own for the next few years, moving back and forth across the states of Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas and Kansas, following the plays. He missed very few.

Fran moved around with him for sev-

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eral years, but gradually she began to stay more and more in Fort Worth, which they finally settled on as headquarters. It was centrally located, and three of the major companies that Cliff did a lot of work for had division offices there. Fran went back to her first love, teaching fourth grade.

Ed Henderson's rise to wealth and power in the thirties is a matter of record, having been well-chronicled in numerous magazine articles and Sunday-supplement profiles. Salty Lake, Caraval, Texhoma—all prolific oil pools—were the big names that figured on his way up. He missed a few and drilled many dusters, but he could afford them, because when he hit, he hit big. Cliff crossed his path a number of times in those years, but now it was like a rowboat crossing the wake of the Queen Mary.

IT WAS always at Christmas that Cliff was most sharply reminded of how far he had missed. The few gifts he and Fran exchanged would be under the small tree, and around them would be the usual scatter of cards and boxes of cigars and baskets of fruit from Cliff's friends and clients. And always, dwarfing everything, would be the gifts from Ed Henderson.

To Fran, Henderson sent expensive perfumes or fitted cases. To Cliff, the oilman usually sent a case of twenty-year-old Scotch. These things were in addition to his standard present, which was either a huge smoked turkey or a festively wrapped crate of pink grapefruit. It didn't help Cliff to know that hundreds of people got the standard gift from Henderson and that the millionaire's Christmas mailing list covered the world.

Cliff never sat with friends, during the holidays, and tasted the mellow, smoky flavor of the expensive Scotch without that vague sense of failure. He was careful to conceal this feeling from Fran. Often, in conversation, he would shake his glass until the ice cubes in it tinkled, and remark jovially, "Ed can afford it. I understand they won't accept any more of his cash at the banks. He has to pay storage on it, in warehouses."

The visitors would always laugh at this, and Fran would tell them how, long ago, Cliff had stolen her from Ed Henderson. It was one of their proved conversation pieces.

While she was telling the tale, Cliff's mouth would be smiling faintly, but his eyes would be fixed on the glass of gift whisky.

Cliff came close to hitting the jack pot in forty-one. Through sheer coincidence his business took him to Fargo City the day Cibola Oil Company broke their big leasing play in northwest Fargo County. On that morning, they turned seven lease men loose to block up the acreage on a big structure they had shot out with seismograph. Cliff had come to Fargo City on the trail of some missing heirs.

When he saw the platoon of leasers—Cibola land men and outside brokers, all well known to him—debouching from the little hotel, armed with brief cases and heading northwest in a caravan of cars, he figured something big was up. Forgetting his missing heirs, he fell in behind the procession just as if he belonged there. The cars began to fan out over the northwest quarter of the county, and after two hours of scouting the side roads, Cliff figured out the focal point of the play. Then he drove to the farmhouse nearest this point, walked out to the farmer plowing in the field, and bought himself a lease.

That was only the beginning. By sundown the next day, he had bought eleven hundred acres of leases for a dollar and a half an acre. When the Cibola men turned their leases in and the company chiefs posted their map, the drilling block they had patiently and secretly worked out over many months, at staggering expense, looked like a large elliptical doughnut. The ragged hole in the center represented the leases owned by a broker named Clifford B. Waters.

Cibola had to have his leases, and Cliff parted with them for fifty dollars an acre. His profit for the two days' work came to a little under thirty-six thousand, after taxes.

That is the oil business. It doesn't happen often, but it still happens. And the cash wasn't all he got. The big plum that he pulled in was a one-sixteenth overriding royalty in the leases and Cibola's agreement to drill in the center of them. The override would cost him nothing; he would pay no part of the drilling expense or of any later operating costs. If the well was a producer, every sixteenth barrel of oil that came out of it would belong to Cliff, as a free royalty. And if Cibola got a good well, his overriding interest would be worth plenty. As they say in the oil fields, he would have it made. He'd be an oilman.

On the rare reflective occasions when Cliff thought over his past, he would always wince when the Fargo County period came to mind. He didn't like to remember the things that had happened after he had acquired that small bonanza.

Fran had been excited about the windfall. She wanted to put the Fargo County money in a farm on Pecan Creek, southwest of Fort Worth. There were four hundred acres of good grass meadow on the farm with a creek winding through hills dotted with ancient live oaks. Dominating the whole place, on top of one of the hills, was an old stone house dating back to the Civil War. The property was run down, but fixable, and it was within easy commuting distance of town. Fran spent two weeks prowling through the Pecan Creek house, planning its renovation.

Cliff had other ideas. With some Chicago people, he embarked on a grandiose scheme for leasing up half the state of Nevada, with four test wells to be drilled. He moved into a suite at the La Salle Hotel in Chicago and began flinging big tips around as casually as if the Fargo County acreage were already producing.

The La Salle suite was the setting for a nonstop party that lasted several weeks. Cliff and his associates kept the bar in the suite well stocked as they importuned prospective investors, and the revelry sometimes lasted all night. His letters to his wife got to be more and more sketchy and increasingly infrequent.

FINALLY, when Fran had waited for ten days in Fort Worth without hearing from her entrepreneur husband, she weakened. After not sleeping all night, she called him just before dawn. When an unknown but hilarious lady answered, Fran hung up with an angry bang.

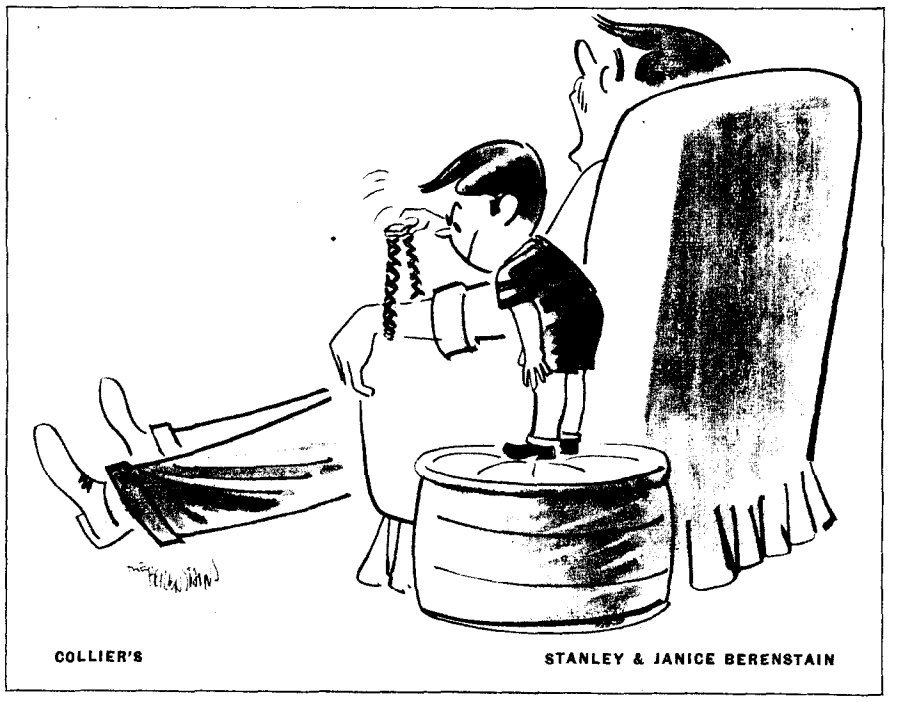
She caught the next plane to Chicago and cleared out the La Salle suite with a vigorous impartiality. Cliff's prospects, associates, handmaidens and assorted free-loaders were all swept out with firmness. Cliff was drunk and protesting loudly, and it was not until they were alone in the suite that Fran's composure gave way. Crying bitterly, she snatched up her bag and followed the roisterers out of the hotel.

That was the origin of the Fargo County ring. Bawling like a wounded bull, Cliff rushed out and bought a twelve-thousand-dollar diamond ring, chartered an airplane and went winging southward in pursuit. He was still drunk when he got to Texas; before he sobered up, he had pneumonia. Fran said later that it was an intentional play for sympathy, but it worked. By the time he was well, he was forgiven.

The Nevada drilling deal suddenly collapsed, and the anguished squalling of the investors brought the SEC boys running. The Chicago people turned out to be something less than wholesome business associates. Cliff escaped indictment only because Ed Henderson and some other influential people spoke for him, but it was a close call.

To top off the affair, Cibola's well turned out to be as dry as popcorn, and Cliff's million-dollar override was worth the scrap-paper value of the legal instrument that created it—roughly, one cent. When the stormy affair was over, Cliff was a very contrite husband. All that was left of the Fargo County strike was the expensive ring and some scars. Fran would never wear the ring, and the scars were kept well hidden.

The ring remained locked in a filing cabinet in the back bedroom, and it was removed only when there was a need



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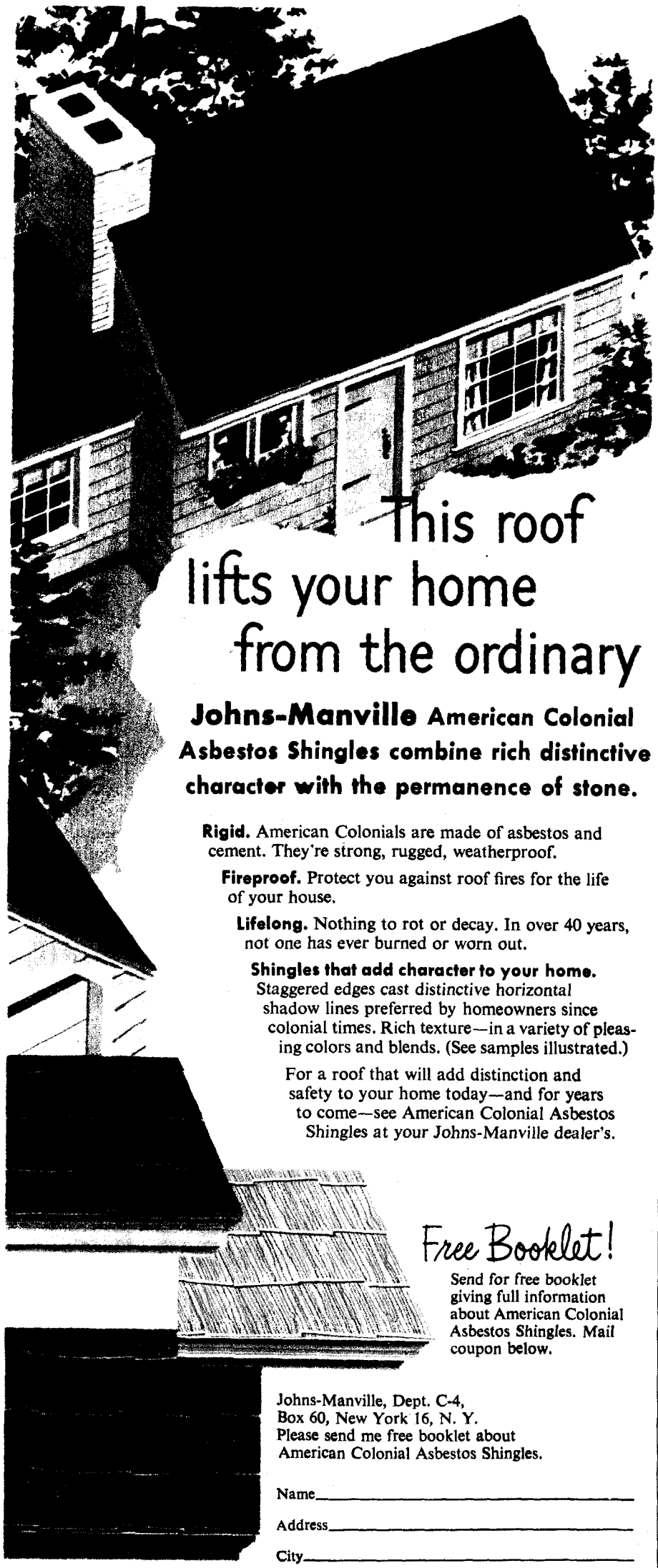

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for quick money. Then Fran would take it out, usually in response to a hurried long-distance call from Cliff, carry it to the bank and leave it with a vice-president named Chester Gruenwald. He and Cliff had a standing arrangement: when Chester had the ring, the bank would honor Cliff's checks up to a reasonable amount. When Cliff finished up the deal and his client paid off, he would cover his overdraft, recover the ring, and it would go back into the filing cabinet.

Now, as Cliff drove south toward San Antonio, he reflected that by afternoon Chester would have the ring—and the biggest gamble of his life would be under way.

PAUL FOGG, old John Fogg's artist son, lived alone in a cluttered studio, in a fashionable suburb of San Antonio. Cliff spent two hours with him and left with a lease on a section of land, six hundred and forty acres, a square mile out of the heart of the Fogg Ranch. But the thin, spinsterish man proved a surprisingly astute trader. The price he exacted was, as Cliff told him repeatedly, brutal. A twenty-dollars-an-acre bonus wasn't out of line for a lease in that part of the world; the staggering blow was the artist's requirement that a test well be started on the lease within thirty days and drilled all the way to the Ellenburger formation, the big, deep pay zone. It meant that if John Fogg lived as long as thirty days, Cliff couldn't start the well and his lease would be worthless. It was the kind of cold-blooded bargain that a man who doesn't need money will drive.

Cliff had paced up and down the long studio arguing, cajoling and threatening to leave. Fogg sat with his hands folded and his eyes half closed, looking like an undernourished sphinx.

"Now, Mr. Fogg, I wanna be reasonable," Cliff had said. "But I think you ought to be reasonable too. I'm going to drill you a well, but this thirty-day commitment is too tough. The Ellenburger formation is going to be eleven, maybe twelve thousand feet deep out there. It'll cost right at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to drill that kind of a well, maybe more, and it takes time to finance a deal like—"

"Perhaps you would prefer to come back later, after you have worked out your financial arrangements," the tall man had answered.

"No. I came all the way down here to make a deal. To be frank, you don't even own this property. Maybe you never will own it. The lease you give me may not be worth the paper it's written on, and yet I'm willing to pay you twelve thousand—"

"My dear Mr. . . . "

"Waters."

"My dear Mr. Waters, you make me sound like a swindler. You're quite right. I may never own the D-Bar Ranch, and I really think it would be best to wait and see. If my father dies and the ranch comes to me, then I'm sure there will be others who would like to prospect for oil out there."

"That's all very well and good *if* the D-Bar comes to you, but what I'm talking about is suppose it *don't*. I'm willing to pay you over twelve thousand dollars for the lease, and I'll take the gamble: If your old daddy leaves the ranch to your aunts, or to the home for blind billy goats, you're over twelve thousand dollars ahead. Look at it this way—"

The artist stood up. He picked up Cliff's hat and handed it to him. "We're going over and over the same ground, Mr. . ."

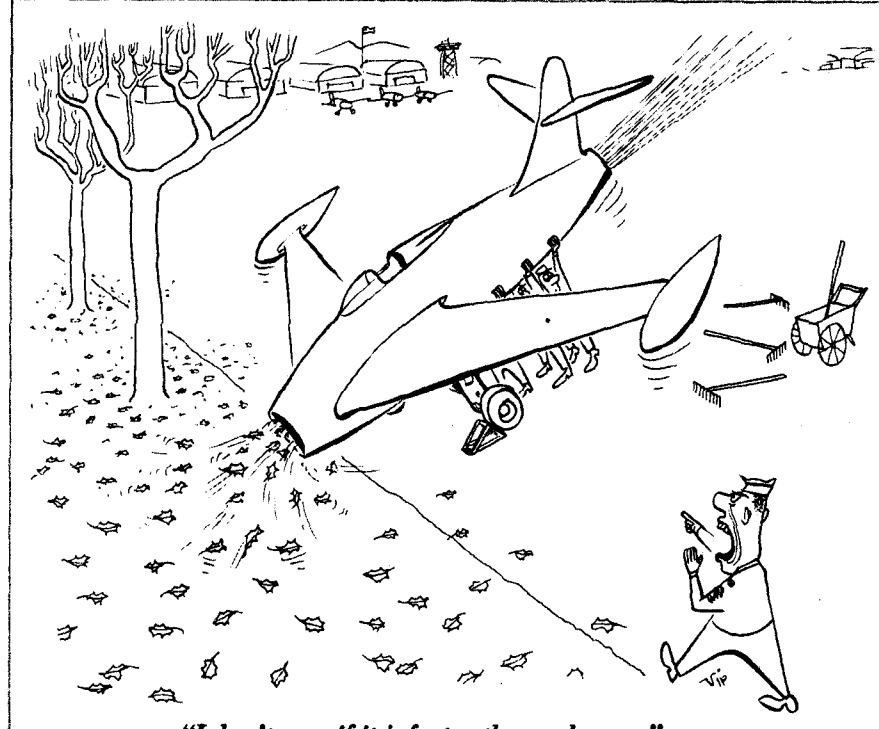
"Waters."

". . . Mr. Waters. You come back and see me when you're ready to drill the well."

WITH a sigh of resignation Cliff sat at a table and wrote out a lease that called for an Ellenburger test to begin within thirty days. The artist put his sweeping signature at the bottom, then Cliff drew a check for twelve thousand eight hundred dollars against the Fargo County ring and stalked out.

As he drove back to Fort Worth through a driving rain, misgivings rushed at him out of the darkness like the droplets that splashed against the windshield. Old man Fogg was made of baling wire and leather. He might hang on for months. He might even get up and live a long time. Or it was entirely possible that he had changed his mind in recent months and had willed the

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S **"I don't care if it *is* faster than rakes . . ."** VIRGIL PARTCH

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ranch to somebody else. In any case, Cliff didn't like the idea of betting on somebody's death and that was exactly what he had done. If the old man lived thirty days—so that the test well couldn't be begun—then Cliff's twelve thousand eight hundred dollars would simply evaporate.

Even if everything went as he planned, if old man Fogg kicked off on schedule and devised his worldly possessions to son Paul, how did he, Cliff Waters, think he was going to start an Ellenburger test in thirty days? Exhaustion began to squeeze out the enthusiasm that had been pumping through his veins for the past fifteen hours, and he began to feel old and foolish.

SIX hours' sleep put some of the brightness back in the world. When Fran brought him orange juice, coffee and the Saturday-morning paper, the old enthusiasm surged back into him, and the world was a fine place. The paper

"I just took the deductions everybody else is getting away with" CHON DAY

COLLIER'S

told of how old John Fogg, almost as if hurrying to keep an appointment so that no one would be inconvenienced, had died the evening before. His lawyer, according to the paper, stated that the decedent had left his land and the bulk of his considerable wealth to his son, Paul Fogg, a well-known artist of San Antonio. That night Cliff took Fran to the Keystone Room and bought champagne.

Nothing had been said about the divorce since Cliff's return from San Antonio. He and Fran had been a little more polite to each other, but that was all. Now, as they sat in the crowded night club, at a small table surrounded by humming conversation and laughter, Cliff turned the slender stem of his wineglass.

"I thought over what you said to me yesterday, Fran," he said slowly. "And you were right. I haven't done much for you."

"For us, Cliff." Fran looked very pretty in the strapless black gown. She stared down at her hands, crossed in her lap. "It was not that I wanted *things*. But we ought to have something, after this long."

"You're beautiful," said Cliff, and she glanced up at him, smiling, suddenly.

"That's all I really wanted," she answered, and they got up and danced—inexpertly, at first, because they had not gone dancing for a long time. Then they began to move together to the smooth music, and they whirled around the floor lightly. When the music stopped, Cliff led her back to the table and held her chair.

"Hey, hey!" he said lightly. "That was all right."

"Yes." She nodded, and searched his face as he sat down again. "But one dance isn't enough, Cliff. I want the divorce."

He plucked the dripping bottle from the silver bucket and filled their glasses. His hand was shaking. "Is it Ed Henderson?" he inquired harshly.

"Of course not." She shook her head. "It's not anybody. I'm just tired of being lonely, tired of planting gardens in the yards of rented houses."

"We're not out of chances," Cliff said brusquely. "We're not old."

"We're not young, either," she answered, and his defiance broke down. Almost pleadingly, leaning across the table with the glass of champagne unnoticed at his elbow, he began to tell her about the new lease. His voice was strident, cajoling, entreating. He had spent his life buying and selling, and now he used all his vocal persuasion on Fran. She sat motionless across the table.

He said that the Fogg acreage wasn't just another wildcat deal. There were oil fields north, south and west of it. His section sat squarely on top of a superb geophysical structure confirmed by two seismograph surveys; and there were three pay horizons in the area—Spraberry sand, Siluro-Devonian limestone and Ellenburger dolomite. Any one of them might produce a good ten thousand barrels to the acre.

His voice quickened as he said there might be three separate oil fields down there under his lease—one on top of the other, like a fabulously rich layer cake.

"Fran," he whispered, "this lease *could* produce forty million dollars' worth of oil."

"What do you want that much money for?" she asked quietly.

Cliff's harangue was interrupted; he hesitated, trying to find an answer. "So we could buy the things we've wanted, never have to worry about money again," he said haltingly.

Fran's tone was sharp. "I don't need that much money to buy what I want. And we had enough once, but you had to try to turn it into millions." Her eyes searched his face again. "What could you sell the lease out for, right now?" she asked.

"Oh . . ."—Cliff lifted his glass—"close to two hundred an acre, I guess, drilling obligation and all."

FRAN used a tine on her fork to multiply the figures on the tablecloth. "That's a lot of money, Cliff," she said. "That's over a hundred thousand, free and clear—no gambling."

He nodded impatiently. "Sure. But this is my chance, Fran. This is the big one for me, and there may not be any more."

He was pleading now; his tone was desperate and trembling.

Fran looked at him without smiling, glanced down at the figures traced on the white damask cloth and nodded. "All right, Cliff," she said slowly. "But if it bursts, like all your other shiny bubbles, I won't wait any longer. Where will you get the money to drill a well this deep?"

Cliff's face relaxed, and he smiled for the first time. "Don't worry about that, baby," he answered. "I've prowled in

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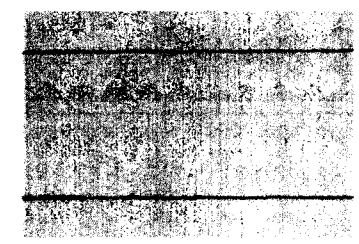
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this jungle for a long time. I'll get her drilled. Now let's have some fun."

He lifted his glass and she touched the rim of hers to it. As the faint, musical *ping* floated up between them, they stared at each other, both hopeful, both fearful. When the music started again, with a lazy trumpet swinging through it, Cliff stood up and held out his arms to her.

THE problem of laying hands on a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to drill an Ellenburger test on the Fogg lease didn't seem so easy in the cold light of morning. There were millions of dollars lying around everywhere you looked, but every penny of it belonged to somebody in particular and was nailed down tight. A lot of collateral or a lot of talent was required to pry any of it loose.

Cliff had two principal assets to draw upon: the Fogg lease and a good name. Cliff Waters had never welshed on a deal; he had never let a debt get old and spoil. Between the two, he had to promote enough money to dig a hole nearly two and a half miles deep, or the Fogg lease would go up like mist before the rising sun.

Monday morning, Cliff went by the City National Bank. He told his sad-faced banker friend, Chet Gruenwald, that the trade would not be closed for a few more days. The banker was distressed; he pointed out that Cliff had drawn a lot heavier than the ring would justify. To pacify him, and to keep the record straight, Waters insisted on signing a thirty-day note.

Since the idea had first come to him, Cliff had been confident that he would find somebody who would drill the well for a half interest in the lease. In fact, he expected that when the word got around, half the operators in the business would be seeking him out, trying to get a piece of the prize he had found. During the next two weeks of traveling from one major oil company office to another in Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston, Tulsa and Midland, it slowly and painfully became clear to him that he was going to have to settle for less—a whole lot less—if he kept this a clean deal and didn't go in debt deeper than he could hope to pay off in the rest of his life.

Everybody he talked to was interested in the Fogg lease, and nearly every company made him some kind of an offer. But all the offers added up to the same thing: the company got the lease; he got a cash bonus and a small override on production. He could take a nice profit; it would be a very good year's work. He thanked them all kindly and went after somebody else.

Nobody seemed to realize that this wasn't just another deal he was peddling. This was the best wildcat lease that had been on the market in ten years, and they were trying to buy it with peanuts. It was true that the rest of the Fogg Ranch, more than twenty thousand acres, was also on the market now. It was also true that in two weeks' time, his lease would become distress merchandise in his hands. But if these smug company men thought he was going to turn it over to them for small change and let them sack up the millions, they were mistaken.

He had made good money on deals before, and that didn't interest him. This was the time to get really rich if he was ever going to do it, the time he had been waiting for. This was the main chance for Cliff Waters; all these smart dealers who had turned him down would look like a bunch of ill-advised clowns when the Waters No. 1 Fogg came whistling in for a multi-pay producer.

When two and a half weeks had passed, Cliff's movements patterned to an ever-widening circle and began to take on an urgency bordering on the frantic. On three successive days he was in Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles. He was on the point of making what he knew would probably be a fruitless trip to New York to see a prospect when he finally forced himself to face an unpleasant fact he had been avoiding.

His best bet to get this deal across was Ed Henderson. The thought of asking Ed for anything was repugnant, but that was the place to get it done. A deal like this would mean no more to Ed than a roll of the dice. If he crapped out, he could take it off his income tax. It was just the right kind of deal for Henderson.

When Cliff walked into the bronze-and-marble lobby of Henderson Tower, a feeling of revulsion knotted up his stomach, and he came near to turning around and walking out. Ed was just a red-necked tool pusher who had hit it lucky. Now he was sitting in the top of the thirty-two-storied skyscraper he had named for himself, like he was some kind of god. And Cliff Waters, who had once loaned him fifty dollars when he didn't have grocery money, was approaching his throne like a subject seeking royal indulgence.

In other times, Cliff would have walked out and thumbed his nose at the mighty Henderson Tower, but the defiance was gone now. He wasn't a slab-bellied kid any more. He was a paunchy forty-three, and the tightness in his chest warned him that this had to be the deal.

He stepped out of the mahogany-paneled elevator onto the thirty-second floor and pushed open the glass doors marked *Henderson Enterprises.*

The young woman at the reception desk looked up at him. "Yes?" she inquired loftily.

"I want to see Ed Henderson."

"Mr. Henderson is in conference this morning," the girl said briskly. "May I ask your business?"

"Just tell him Cliff Waters wants to see him." Then irritated by the young woman's air of superiority, he added, "I knew Mr. Henderson when he wasn't eating so high on the hog, young lady. He'll see me."

Arching her eyebrows, the girl left the room. In a moment she reappeared and said icily, "Come this way, please, Mr. Waters."

Cliff followed her past a long row of offices into an anteroom that might have been imported intact from the Tuileries. She stopped before a paneled door and said in hushed tones, "Mr. Henderson will see you now." Cliff gave a grunt of disgust and walked into a large office lined on two sides with green-tinted windows.

Ed Henderson sat behind a huge desk. With his rugged face and massive body, he seemed to grow out of the carved desk and be a part of it. He didn't get up when Cliff came in, only studied him silently from beneath bushy, graying brows.

"Things must be getting tough on the outside to get you up here, my friend," he said at last, and stuck out a huge, weathered hand.

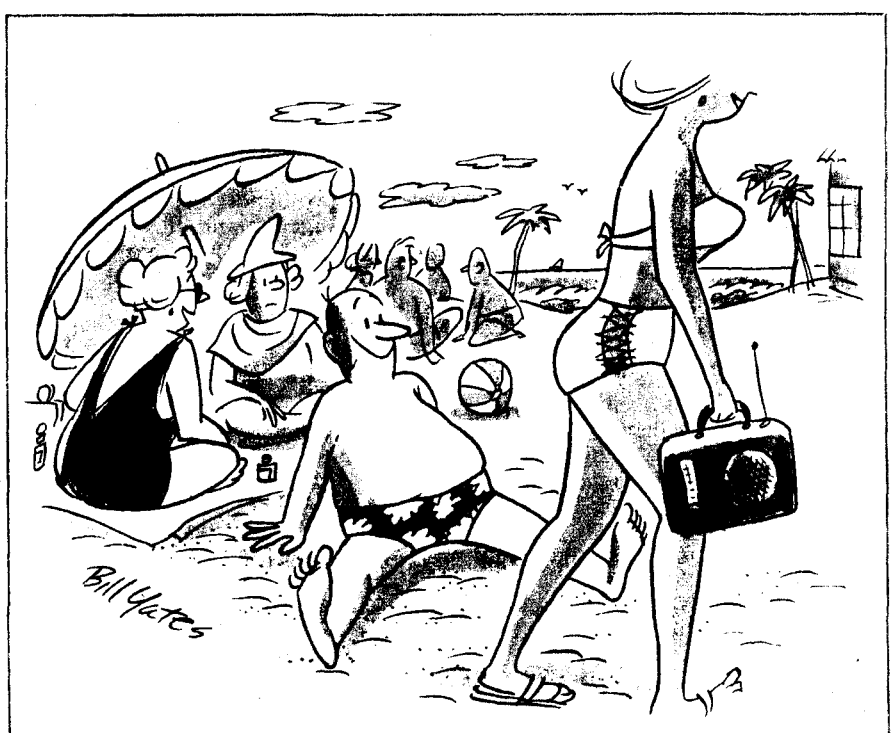
"Not so tough," Cliff said, reaching across the big desk to shake hands. He sat down. "I just lucked into a deal that's going to pay off. Knowing that you need a little money to pay the rent, I thought I'd give you a crack at it."

HENDERSON swiveled around to a Byzantine cabinet in the corner behind him, opened it and took out a bottle. "Drink?" he asked. Cliff shook his head. The big man poured a neat drink, tossed it off and lighted a long cigar.

"You've got a lease on a section of the Fogg land in Barstow County," Henderson said, squinting through the blue smoke. "You've got an Ellenburger drilling obligation that's going to run out on you in two weeks. You've been to every major company in the business trying to peddle a deal on it. And up to now you got no takers on your terms." Henderson rolled the cigar in his fingers like a wand and exhaled gently. "What do you want me to do about it?"

Cliff felt resentment rising up in him, but he kept his voice pleasant. "I don't play any favorites, Ed. I'll make you the same proposition I made the others. I think you'll buy it because I think you're smarter than they are."

"All right, what's the pitch?"



COLLIER'S "I wanted to spend our vacation in Europe, but John said we ought to see America first" BILL YATES

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Next Week in Collier's

THE UPSTAIRS MAID

By HUGH FOSBURGH

—the story of one air crew's ordeal during a B-24 raid on Truk, and of their long and desperate fight to bring their crippled aircraft back to base. This story, by an exciting new writer, is a chapter from his forthcoming novel, View from the Air

"Very simple. I'll give you half of the seven-eighths working interest to drill an Ellenburger test. You put up the cash, and I'll pay you back for half the cost of the well out of oil."

Henderson raised his bushy eyebrows and grunted. "Out of oil? By that you mean you'll pay me back out of oil if it makes any oil."

"That's right."

"And if it don't?"

"It'll make a well. You know that shooting picture better than I do. I'm right on top of it."

Henderson seemed to find no flavor in his expensive cigar. "That picture means there's a structure down there, Cliff. Maybe there's oil in it and maybe there isn't. What if it's dry?"

The anger that had surged up in him was gone, and Cliff felt weary. "Well, Ed, if it's dry, it's dry, and you've bought yourself a deep hole in the ground. That's part of the deal. You've drilled dry holes before."

"I sure have. But every one was drilled for Ed Henderson, not for somebody else."

Cliff said quietly, "Ed, I'm as sure of this one as I've ever been of anything in my life. It's not going to miss."

Without a change of expression, Henderson answered, "You didn't by any chance come up here looking for a handout, did you?"

The statement lashed Cliff like a quirt. He felt sickened and stung, as if he had been suckered into a trap.

Henderson puffed on the imported cigar. "I run an oil business, not a charity," he said. "That lease is worth a hundred and a quarter an acre, and that's what I'll give you for it."

Cliff picked up his hat and pulled it down on his forehead. He got up and started out.

"You can hang a lousy thirty-second override on it," Henderson growled, "for old times' sake."

"Thanks. But I'll get it drilled," Cliff answered, moving toward the door.

"Maybe you can. And if you get a duster, maybe you can saw up the hole in six-foot lengths and sell 'em to farmers for postholes."

Cliff started to say something, but decided it wasn't worth it. He was opening the door when Henderson called after him, "How's Fran?"

"Okay, Ed. She's okay." Then he went out.

AFTER his meeting with Henderson, the drilling of the Fogg lease became a holy crusade to Cliff. Any lingering hesitation in his mind about the wisdom of pushing the deal through himself, as against selling the lease and taking an easy profit, was erased. Now there was no question of not drilling the well. If he did not drill it, his manhood, his very reason for existence would become meaningless.

For the next three days he was on the road at daylight. He turned toward home, after dark, only when there was no possibility of talking to anybody else that day. He spread his maps out before every company and every independent operator that he could get in to see, anywhere he thought there was a possibility they could finance a two-mile hole on the Fogg Ranch in Barstow County. Somewhere there was a man who wanted his proposition; he was sure of that. Somebody that would take his kind of deal, and not expect to rip the guts out of his lease for a few lousy dollars and leave him with the bitter taste of the millions that got away. But when the lease had only seven days to run, he still had not been able to find any backing.

IT WAS two thirty in the morning; he had been sitting at the dining table since he had come in at eleven. He had eaten the supper Fran had saved for him; then he had sat for hours, smoking and staring out the window into the darkened yard, figuring this way and that, searching for some way to dress the deal up so that somebody would want it—and still leave some of the substance for Cliff Waters.

His brain was tired. He fell into a half-doze, and his thoughts drifted off on the delightful problem of what to do with all the wealth that would be his if the lease really hit the jack pot. If it made a well in the Spraberry and Siluro-Devonian formations and found a thick pay section in the Ellenburger, the potentialities were fantastic.

The world was a wide-open place for an experienced man with some operating capital. Cliff savored the thought that there were vast fortunes to be made in the undeveloped tropics: Honduras, Peru, Australia. The field was wide and fertile. A man who knew what he was doing, and had the money, could clean up. There was no limit.

He was far away, groggy with fatigue, in a dreamworld where life was rich and meaningful. The sun was bright on a curving, palm-fringed shore, and then he was brought back to reality by Fran's voice.

"How about shutting down for the night, driller?" She bent over and kissed him on the neck.

Having planned in detail what he was going to do with the immense wealth that would be his when the No. 1 Fogg came roaring in, Cliff shook himself and got up stiffly from the table. The fair dreams dissolved. He was bitterly aware that he was no closer to getting the well drilled than he had been when the idea first hit him. Without a word he went into the bedroom and fell heavily on his bed. He tried to sleep, but he could not. Pounding in his head was the frightening knowledge that in another week his lease would be a worthless scrap of paper.

(To be concluded next week)

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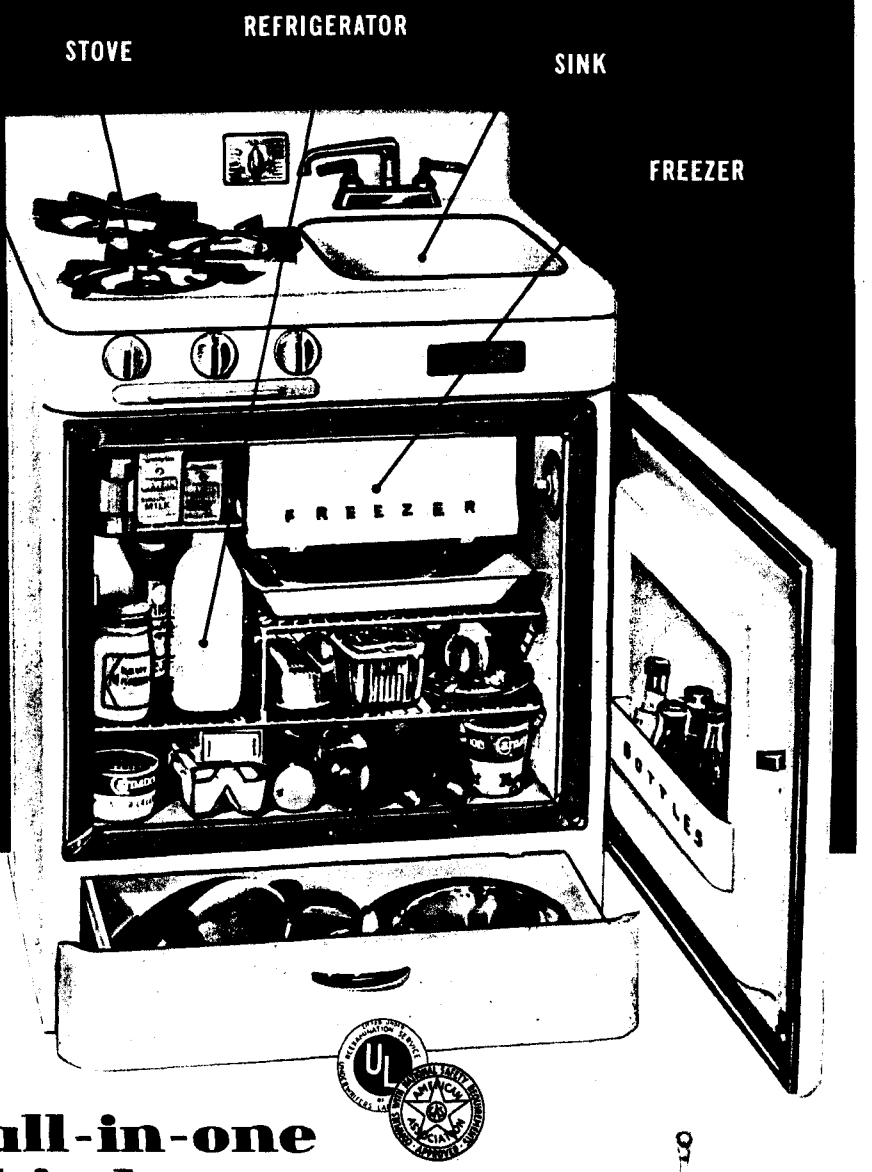

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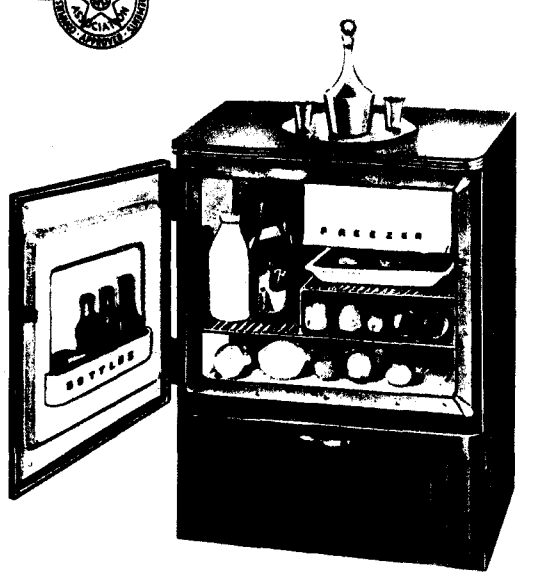

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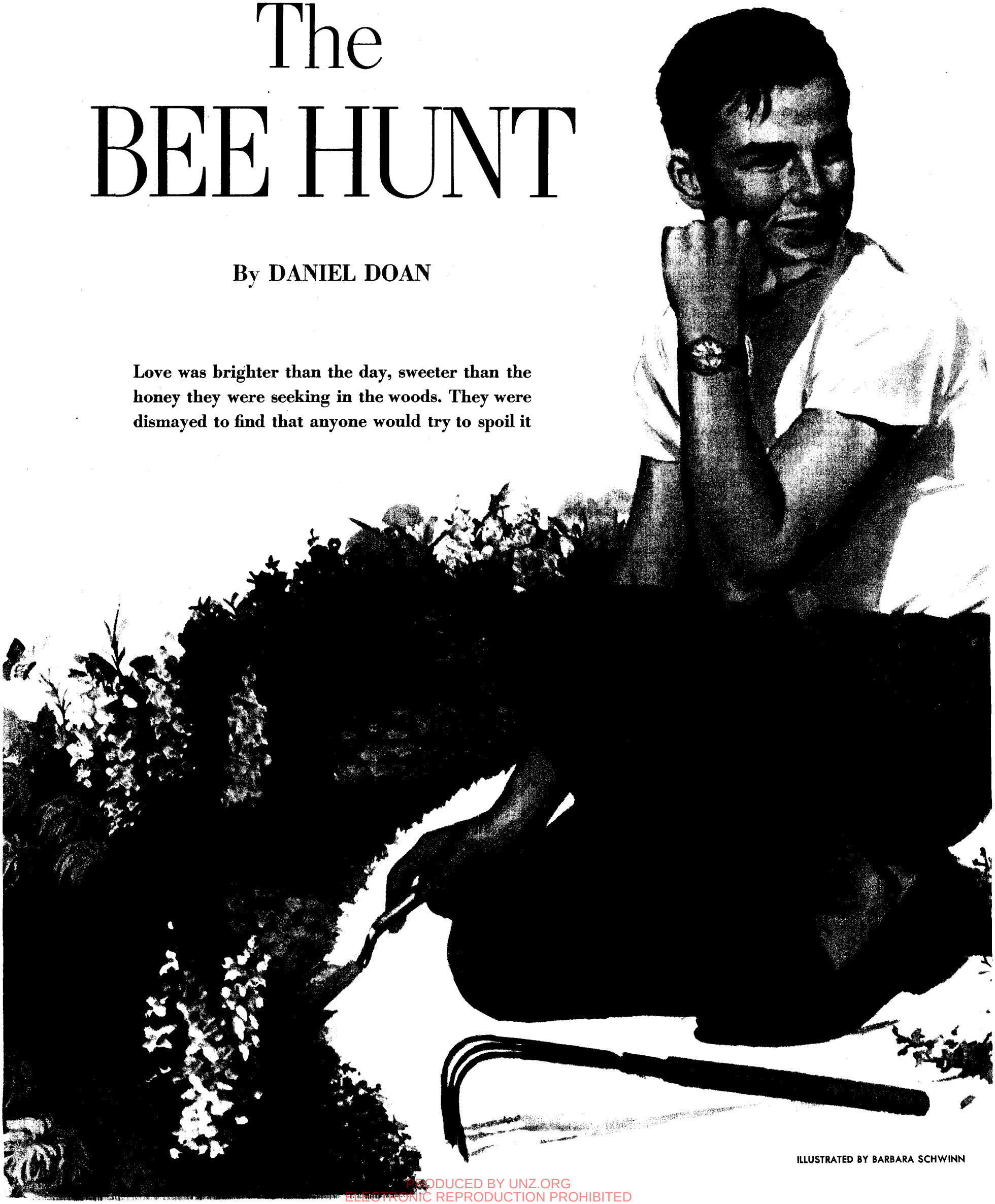
The BEE HUNT

By DANIEL DOAN

Love was brighter than the day, sweeter than the honey they were seeking in the woods. They were dismayed to find that anyone would try to spoil it



ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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"I'll bring you some honey later in the summer," he said. He wondered if she'd offer to pay for it, but she seemed to understand he meant it for a present. "Where'd you get the bees?" she said

IN THE hot August sun of the clearing, bees hovered about the little box of honeycomb and sugar sirup which Jake had set on a stump. Nancy stood near the box, looking off in the direction in which the bees were flying. From the shade of a beach tree, Jake watched the clear lines of her profile. The sun touched her cheek and her yellow hair with radiance, and made her arms golden.

Feeling a little strange to be alone with her, he shifted his lanky frame and looked at the sky. A cloud floated in the distance beyond the mountain, and a cicada band-sawed the hot air. He hugged his knees and stared over the treetops. Nancy moved toward him. He turned to look at her as she lay down beside him on the grass, her chin in her hands.

"How far away is the tree?" she asked.

"Can't really tell yet. Probably it's up on the mountain."

She nodded, and was silent while the grasshoppers and crickets hummed in the grass and the brook rolled swiftly over its bed of pebbles and boulders.

"I like this," she said at last.

"Sure, this is good."

"Everything seems so far away—the gang at the lake and my folks and the village and everything."

"Well," he said, "if you listen close, you can hear the cars in the valley."

"That makes it nicer, as if we were more alone."

"I guess that's so."

He was aware of an intimacy that had never existed between them before. It gave him a warm feeling of happiness, but he was afraid he might do something to spoil it. If he didn't stay quiet it would all change, and he'd be hunting bees alone in a pasture clearing, and this would be only a dream.

He lay back on the warm grass and watched a cloud through the sun-dappled leaves. He thought of Nancy as he had first seen her in June.

HER father had just given him the job of taking care of their lawn and garden. He was feeling very proud, for he was eighteen, he owned an old truck, a lawn mower and tools, and he had just landed the best job on the lake. Walking across the drive to his truck, he had passed Nancy coming from the boathouse, and at once he forgot his feeling of success, forgot his plans for a helper and a larger summer business.

She was carrying a book in one hand. She was dressed in shorts and a jersey, and walked with a light step across the grass. She looked up and smiled and went past him toward the broad porch steps. It was a friendly smile, yet distant, and it haunted him all that week end.

The following Monday, Mr. Webster showed him the work he wanted done on the grounds of the big house. Mrs. Webster gave him a few casual directions about her garden. Jake was anxious to please them and promptly went to work, but he kept watching for Nancy. About the middle of the morning, she came out of the house and drove off in the beach wagon, giving him a nod as she went by.

So it had gone for a few weeks, until, one day when he was cultivating a flower border, Nancy came to cut flowers. She smiled at him from the far end of the border, looking remote and cool in her white tennis

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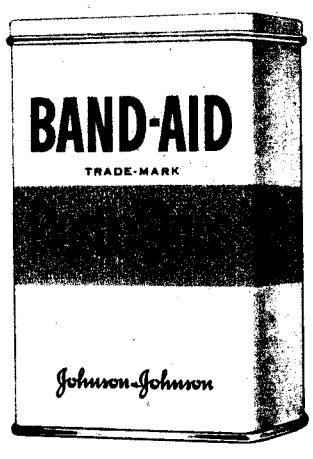

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shorts, and as she came closer, she said, "I like the flowers, but I'm never quite sure of the bees."

"They won't bother you," he said. "They're honeybees."

"Are they?" She laid a stalk of larkspur in her basket. "Do you know about the bees?"

"I've got three hives."

"Don't you get stung?"

"Sometimes. They're pretty good-natured."

She laughed. "That's a new one."

"Honest they are. I'll bring you some honey later in the summer." He wondered if she'd offer to pay for it, but she seemed to understand he meant it for a present.

"That would be wonderful. Where'd you get the bees?"

"Found them in the woods. That's how I got started. I liked bee hunting."

"I didn't know there was such a thing. It must be fun."

"Well, the woods are sort of nice then—in August, I mean."

"I should think so," she said, and paused, twirling her scissors.

He struggled to think of something more to say and could feel his face getting red. He went to work with the scuffle hoe, while she snipped flowers nearby.

"Don't work too hard," she said, and moved off across the garden.

He felt better then.

ONE afternoon, a few days later, he found her trying to start the motorboat. She had raised the hatch and was all grease and sweat and bad temper, but to him she seemed more beautiful than ever. They worked over the engine for an hour before he had it running smoothly. Then she suggested a ride and a swim.

"Sure," he said, "I've got my suit in the truck."

"All right, I'll go ask Dad."

"I'll go too."

Mr. Webster was swinging a driver at clover blossoms on the lawn near the house. He eyed them both for a mc ment before he said, "Go ahead. Hav a good time."

They ran the boat off the point an anchored, and swam in the clear wate where they could look down to th rocks. Afterward, lying on the hot ma hogany of the deck, they watched a bas gently waving its fins down in th depths, above a sand pocket.

"Let's catch him," Nancy said, an produced a hook and line.

They netted a minnow for bait an fished for the bass, but they didn catch him.

WHEN they got back to the whar Mr. and Mrs. Webster were hav ing cocktails on the porch of the boat house. Mrs. Webster called out t Nancy, "Perhaps Jake would stay fo supper. We're having it out here."

Nancy questioned him hopefully wit her eyes. He turned to Mrs. Webste "Thanks, but I guess I can't," he saic "I've got to do another job I promise for today." And he went along to hi truck.

The summer wore on, with a strang new atmosphere about the hot days Actually they were not so different fron those of the past two summers, excep that he had more to do and had to hav a helper. He was planning to go t the university to study landscaping an nursery work, if he could save enoug money. Yet the days were different be cause of Nancy.

It seemed as though memories of he became more and more a part of th way he felt about everything. He had new understanding of trees and flower and scenes that he'd known all his life as though the world were strangely glo rified, in much the way a different ligh at sunset could change a landscape he' seen for years.

He knew that it was a strange friend ship. Nancy and he didn't go to dance or movies or band concerts or beac parties. He couldn't afford it; he didn belong to her crowd; he hardly though

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "I don't see how a burglar can possibly estimate his income tax a full year ahead" LARRY REYNOLDS

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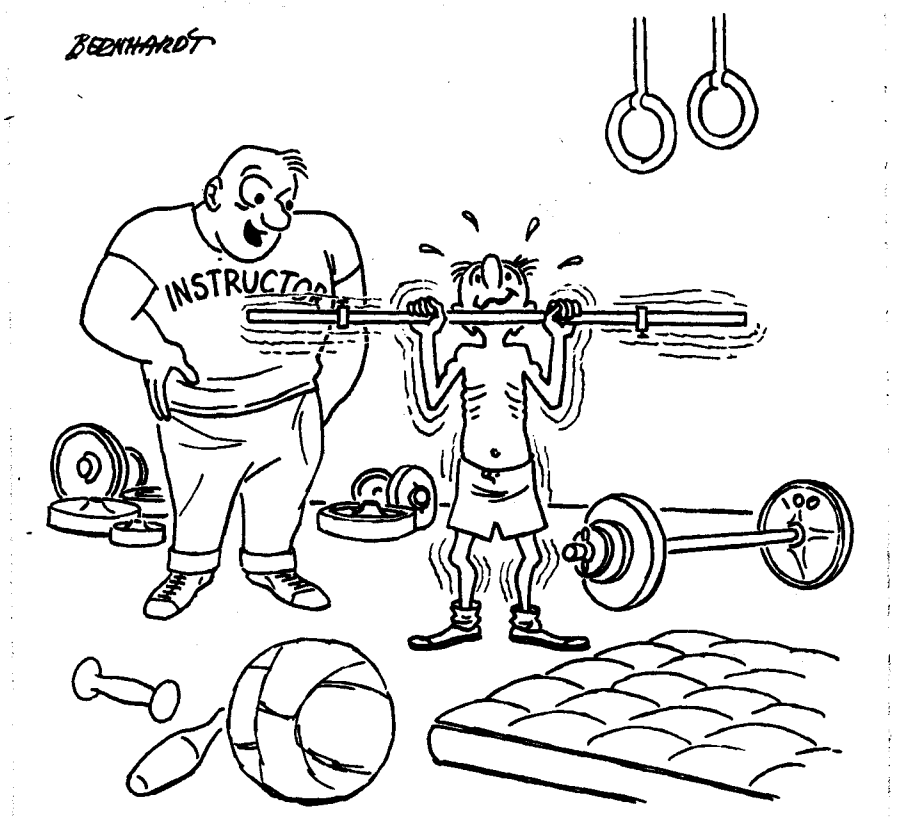

COLLIER'S

"Attaboy, Simpson. First thing you know we'll be putting weights on the ends"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

to ask her. But they talked on the lawn and in the garden. They paused on the village street. They waved to each other as she passed, when he was working at another place. And it didn't seem strange to ask her to go bee hunting, nor strange that she should accept and offer to bring the lunch.

He planned it carefully. He didn't want to disappoint her with a futile hunt in the wilder forests around the town. Nighthawk Valley seemed to him the most likely place, for the pastures there led up to cutover land on which only a few big trees remained.

On the morning of the day they were to go, he worked from six to eight, and drove back to the village. He passed the store and the church and the big colonial houses and the farm opposite the green. As he turned into the dooryard of the cottage on the knoll at the end of the street, he saw his father in a chair in front of the paint shop, gazing down at the village and smoking a pipe. His father didn't work more than was necessary; he often told Jake that loafing was the reward of simple living and simple tastes. Jake admired his skill as a house painter, but he felt a little disappointed in him. Of course, their place was nice, and his mother was happy. Maybe this kind of life was all right, but Jake intended to do more with his own.

Leaving the truck in the yard, he waved to his father and walked past the beehives near the woodshed, and into the kitchen, where he washed up at the sink. Then he went upstairs, and changed into a clean shirt and dungarees.

His mother was in the kitchen when he came down.

"I'm going bee hunting, Ma."

She stopped peeling potatoes and looked up. "You and Nancy?"

He had to smile. "Yes, how'd you know?"

"You don't clean up to go alone."

"That's right, I guess. Anyhow, we're going over to Nighthawk Valley."

"Well," she said, and pursed her lips in a way she had, "I'd certainly like some honey. I hope you find a tree."

"Gee, I hope I can too. Nancy never saw one."

He had taken his bee-hunting box from the woodshed and driven away. He had picked up Nancy at the lake, and together they had come here to his clearing, where the sky was blue over the trees and clouds floated by—where he could feel the warm earth beneath him and Nancy close beside him.

NOW, with a sigh of contentment, he turned his head and found her looking at him and smiling.

She lifted herself on one elbow. "I almost fell asleep. It's so quiet, except for the brook and the grasshoppers, and they just make me sleepy." She sat up and stretched. "You look very serious."

"I was thinking about the summer," Jake said.

"You were? What were you thinking?"

"Why, about us." He hesitated. "I don't know."

"Don't you?" She got quickly to her feet and walked toward the bee box. Over her shoulder she said, "There's lots and lots of bees. What do we do now?"

He followed her and put his arm clumsily around her shoulders. He was afraid she would break away, but instead she pressed her head against him. He touched her hair gently, with a sense of awe and enchantment that was part of the sunny woods and the lively brook and the clear sky.

While he stood there, his eyes, passing over the trees, caught a movement on the far side of the clearing. A shadow moved and became a man's figure.

"Look. Someone's coming," Jake said, and abruptly stepped toward the bee box.

The man appeared, dressed in overalls and a tattered shirt and felt hat. He stopped near them and wiped his face with a dirty bandanna. "Hello, Jake," he said.

"How are you, Horace?"

"Hot." The man looked around. "Bee

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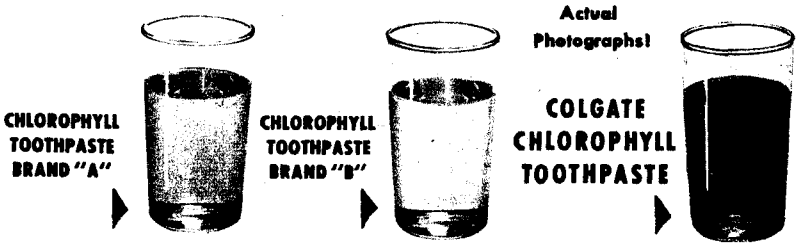

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hunting, eh? They're working good, looks like."

"Fair."

Jake noticed that Horace let his eyes move slowly over Nancy, while he continued to talk.

"Well, I'll just set a minute and watch." He eased down on a log. "Used to hunt bees myself. Never thought to take along a young lady, though." He pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket and held it out.

JAKE shook his head and moved between Nancy and Horace. Through his mind flashed memories of Horace at the garage and at the store, spinning endless yarns about his success with women and the scrapes he'd got into. Horace was supposed to be funny; Jake realized that he himself had listened and laughed. Now he felt contaminated by knowing Horace, by his presence here. He wanted to tell him to go about his business.

Horace went on talking. "This puts me in mind of Mayflowering when I was a young feller. Now, in them days, the young ladies used to like to go Mayflowering." He grinned at Nancy. "Time was, I didn't always get back for the chores."

Jake moved toward him a step or two, smelling the stale sweat and hard-cider stink of him, and wondering if he could lick him.

Horace got to his feet. His grin faded, and his eyes shifted from Nancy to Jake, as though calculating the power in Jake's lean muscles. He spat tobacco juice and stepped back. "Don't suppose you seen a brindle cow?" he said.

"No."

"Meant to keep her in when she was ready to calf." He spoke fast. "Didn't show up with the others last night. You ain't seen the herd?"

"No."

"Likely you wouldn't notice, would you?" He asked it over his shoulder as he turned away.

Jake didn't answer, but watched him until he disappeared into the woods. Then, without looking at Nancy, he began packing the little wooden chest that contained his bee-hunting equipment.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"Horace Timber. He rents the pasture here summers. Let's move on up the mountain."

He was angry and nervous. The day seemed spoiled. With a catching box, he quickly imprisoned the bees on the honeycomb. He glanced at the sun, to make sure from which direction the bees had been flying.

He picked up the knapsack and the strap to the bee box. "All set?" he asked.

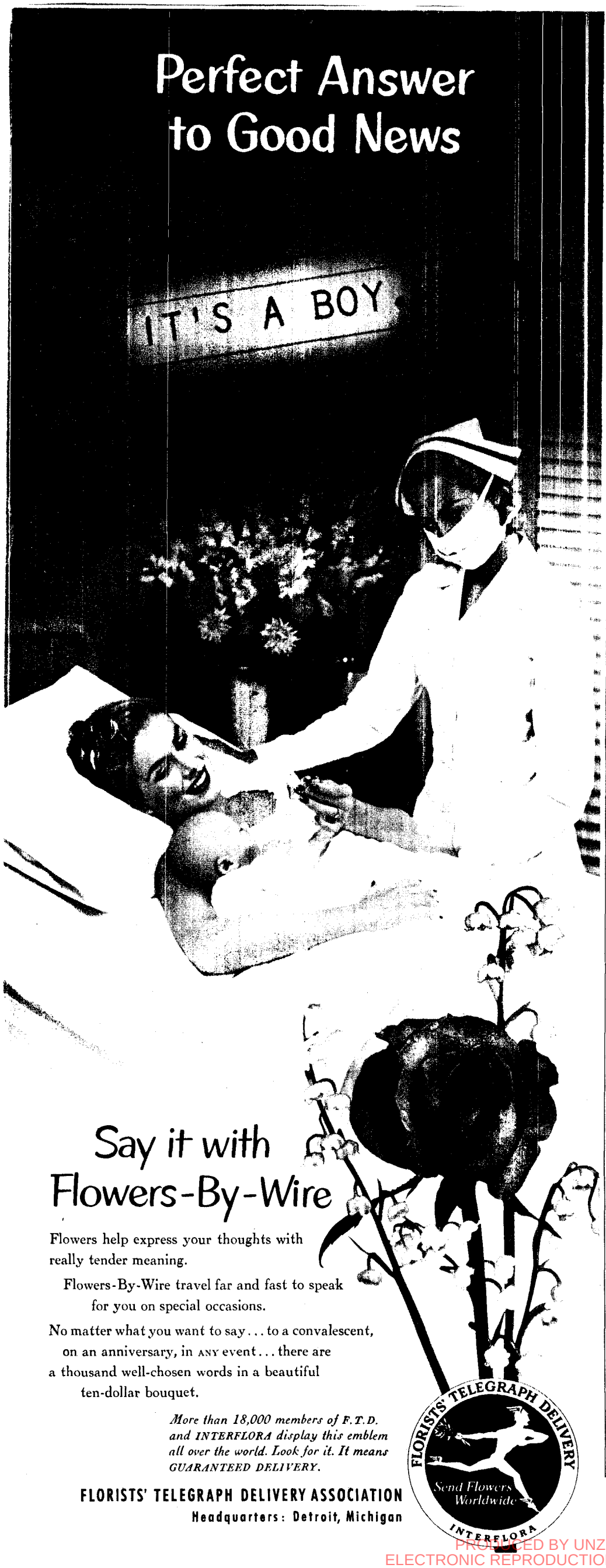
She nodded, looking at him as though she didn't quite understand what was the matter with him.

He wanted activity, and he climbed quickly up the slope through the woods, unaware that Nancy had to hurry to keep up. Beyond a fallen stone wall, he picked his way through raspberry bushes in the open pasture.

Behind him, Nancy said, "Isn't it a wonderful day?"

He looked back, and understood that she was speaking of more than the sun on the green valley below them, of more than the cloud shadows passing over the distant hills. But for him the beautiful world in which he had existed was gone. When they stopped for breath and she stood near him, he knew that he couldn't be near her without thinking different thoughts. He was angry with himself almost as much as with Horace. He started on again, climbing steadily to three big pines at the far end of the pasture.

"We'll set the box up here again," he said. "I sighted on these pines from down below. They're right on the line the bees took."



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COLLIER'S

"Here, I take it, is where your qualifications are stacked—I mean listed"

JACK MARKOW

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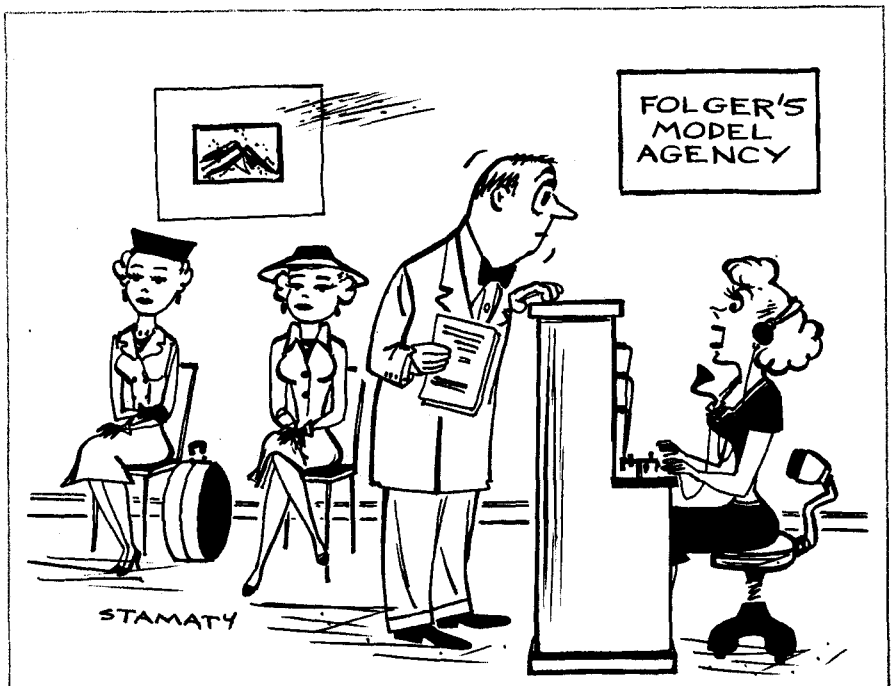

COLLIER'S

"The college of surgery wants one who still has her appendix"

STANLEY STAMATY

He placed the box on a ledge. While the captured bees fed on the honeycomb, he leaned against a pine trunk and tried not to look at Nancy.

Finally, she asked, "What's that spicy smell?"

He pointed at the low bushes near her. "Sweet fern."

After he had released the bees, he pulled a handful of the leaves and crushed them as he walked toward her. "I used to dry it and smoke it when I was a kid," he said.

She took his hand and pressed her face into the pungent leaves. "It's just like sun and pastures—nice," she said.

He drew his hand away and turned to watch the bees. "We're closer."

"How can you tell?"

"They're coming in low." He looked up toward the cutover land beyond the fence. "We can move again now."

He had lost interest in finding the tree, in the hunt, and in the day—it was all spoiled—but he tried not to let her know how he felt. He whistled a little tune while he caught the bees and shouldered the knapsack. He found a place in the fence for them to crawl through.

THEY began climbing the steep side of the mountain, where no cattle could be pastured and where Horace wouldn't be looking for his lost cow. The brook tumbled down through a ravine below them. They pushed on between the piles of slash and came to a logging road. Jake noticed that the bees were following them, flying close to the honeycomb box he carried.

"We're getting near the tree," he said.

They entered a little arm of woods which reached down toward the brook. Alone above the underbrush towered a yellow birch. Jake stopped to look up at it.

"That would be pure luck," he said.

"What would?"

"If they're in that tree, it won't take much work to get at them."

While he studied the tree, Nancy went on ahead of him and he could see the lovely curve of her throat and the firm lift of her breasts as she looked up. He took a few steps to one side and saw the bees flying to the hollow in the tree.

"That's it, all right," he said.

"Jake, is it? Is it *really?*"

"Sure, see the hole just below the second branch?"

"Yes, I see the bees, too! Why, they shoot right in!" Nancy's face was flushed. "Aren't you excited?"

"Yeah, of course."

She stopped looking up and turned to face him. "Oh, Jake, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said, and after a moment he added, "The hunt's over, though."

She looked bewildered. "But what about the honey?"

"I'll mark the tree to show we found it, and in a day or two we'll come back with an ax and a saw and some pails—and probably a hive."

"Then we're all through for today?" Nancy asked.

He nodded, watching her try to smile. "We can eat now," he said.

"Yes, let's—I'm awfully hungry."

HE LED the way down the steep slope to the bank of the brook. They drank the cold water and ate the sandwiches, without talking.

At last Nancy said, "It's not like it was, is it?"

He stared at the clear-running water. "No, not since that old cuss came along."

She laughed a little. "I didn't like him either, you know." Then she looked at him squarely. "He made me feel as if I were—were one of his Mayflowering girls."

Jake's muscles tightened in remembrance. "I should have knocked him flat," he said.

"It wouldn't have done any good, really."

"No, probably not." He realized that he could look at her more easily now. "He made me feel like him, some. Before that it seemed all right to want to kiss you."

She said, "I still want you to kiss me. I love you."

"Yes," he said thoughtfully. "Yes, I love you too, Nancy. I guess it's different with us."

"Of course it's different."

For a moment he didn't understand that everything had changed, and he was slow to put his arm around her. The woods seemed brighter to him now, and the sun and sky as warm and blue as at the first clearing. While he marveled at this, he knew the two of them were all right again, and he leaned forward to kiss her. ▲▲▲

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BOOM IN BUDGIES

By STANLEY J. MEYER

Talking birds called budgerigars are being sold by the thousands. Gaily colored and talented, they're even prescribed by some doctors for patients who need cheering up

Little Katherine Nolan, of New York, gives a speech lesson to Gabby, her budgerigar. Once it gets started, a budgie may learn up to 100 words

YLLA

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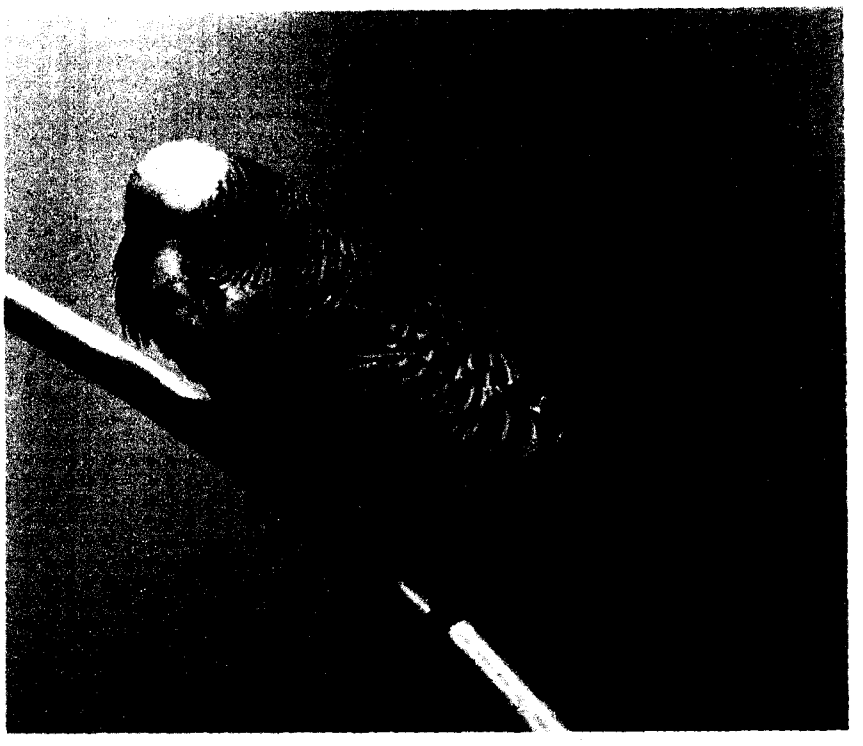

ANDREY ANDERSEN

Budgies are clever, friendly and come in 66 different color shades. Some owners don't even use cages—giving them complete run of house

NOT long ago, a Cincinnati fireman on his way to work stopped to admire a bright-hued, robin-sized bird perched in a tree and singing as brightly as a canary. His admiration turned to amazement when the bird flew down onto his shoulder, pecked at his neck affectionately and said clearly: "I live on Compton Road, Mac." Then it even supplied a street number.

The startled fireman took the bird to his station house and phoned the Compton Road address.

"That's Elmer," the lady of the house sighed in happy relief. "You've found our budgie. We were so worried about him."

Technically speaking, the gaily colored bird that flabbergasted the fire fighter and inspired such concern in its owner was a shell parakeet. In Australia, where the species originated, the birds are called budgerigars. The word means "pretty birds" in an Australian aboriginal dialect, and has been shortened to the nickname budgie.

In recent years, thousands of Americans—like Elmer's owner—have discovered that a budgie is a wonderful little pet to have around the house. In fact, the boom in budgies has reached unprecedented heights. "I've been in the business for 46 years," a St. Louis pet-shop owner said recently, "and I've never seen anything like it." Backing him up are estimates that budgie sales in the United States currently are running as high as 10,000 a week, and reports that the sale of parakeet food has tripled in the last three years.

The bird's personality and versatility have been its major assets as its popularity has skyrocketed. Not only are budgies pretty, intelligent and clean, but, as the fireman found out, they even can be taught to talk.

The old-fashioned way was for the teacher to perch a five- or six-week-old bird on his finger, hold it close to his lips and then, speaking a little more loudly and slowly than usual, pronounce a word or phrase repeatedly. But now it is possible to train them electronically: parakeet records, designed to increase a bird's vocabulary easily and quickly, are having a brisk sale.

Even the manufacturers admit the records have little chance to set America humming. There is no melody. On one side a voice merely repeats over and over again such potential parakeet mouthfuls as "Good morning, everybody"; "When do we eat?"; or "Jiminy crickets." And on the other side, owners get training tips and historical tidbits about the birds.

Whichever teaching method is used, it usually takes several months to get a budgie to begin talking. But once a bird starts, it may go on to learn as many as 100 words.

Although budgies, which come in 66 different shades of color, at one time cost as much as $1,000 a pair, prices today for a well-behaved six-week-old budgie run about $10. Increased breeding in the United States, coupled with relaxed restrictions on the sale of the birds, is chiefly responsible for bringing budgies within reach of the general public.

Back in the 1920s, an outbreak of psittacosis—a disease that can be transmitted to humans by ailing birds—caused some states to ban the sale of parakeets. Gradually many of the local laws, as well as federal restrictions on the interstate shipment of budgerigars, have been repealed or amended, thus lifting legal obstacles to the bird's popularity.

The birds have done the rest themselves. They are affectionate, and they make good pets for children and for older, lonely folks as well. And some doctors even prescribe the birds as therapeutic medicine for their patients.

In one case, a young woman went to pieces after her soldier husband was killed in action. Nothing seemed to interest her, not even the budgie she had been given as a present. Then one evening the bird, which was being trained secretly by a friend, leaped onto her shoulder and said, "Give me a kiss. I love you."

From that moment she began to recover.

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FORM 1040
U.S. Treasury Department
Internal Revenue Service

U. S. INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN

FOR CALENDAR YEAR 1952

1952

or taxable year beginning ----------, 1952, and ending ----------, 195---

Name ----------
(PLEASE PRINT. If this is a joint return of husband and wife, use first names of both)

HOME ADDRESS ----------
(PLEASE PRINT. Street and number or rural route)

---------- (Postal zone number) (State)

Occupation ----------

Do not write in these spaces

Serial No.

(Cashier's Stamp)

Your exemptions

1. List yo
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A.....
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On lines A and B below—
if neither 65 nor blind write the figure 1
or blind write the figure 2
write the figure 3

2.

Your income

- Please Attach All Original W-2 Forms Here -

How figu
the

Where Your Income

High taxes hurt plenty, but our tax law hurts more. Her

AN INCOME-TAX revolution is long overdue in this country. Today's tax law is snarled in red tape, inconsistent and unfair—to smaller taxpayers particularly. It is discriminating unreasonably against the person getting his pay from a job and in favor of the individual getting his income from a business or investments. A top-to-bottom overhaul of the entire tax system is imperative—and you and I, the taxpayers, can force the overhaul this year if we try hard enough.

I am not talking about the high level of taxes. True, we're paying more in taxes now than we're spending on food. Nearly $1 out of every $3 of our nation's income is going to federal, state and local tax collectors. From coast to coast, countless families during the past few weeks have seen the tax bite eliminate their last little budget leeway.

But everyone recognizes that our high taxes are the price we pay for the world crisis, the cold war, and the awe-inspiring responsibilities our country has assumed. As much as the Eisenhower administration wants to cut taxes—and some cuts are scheduled—over-all tax rates must remain high until there is the miracle of peace.

What I'm crying out against here are the unnecessary hardships the law imposes on a high percentage of the 50,000,000 of us who pay federal income taxes. It is flagrantly unjust.

You want proof? You'll find a long list of examples below and I'll wager at the start that out of your own experience you can add dozens of illustrations to mine.

For example, I'm one of the 10,000,000 working wives in America today, one of the millions who have just finished filling out income-tax blanks and sending money to the United States Treasury. And I'm coldly furious—because the working wife of our country is caught in an especially unnecessary and vicious injustice.

Most of America's working wives pay income taxes; some of us pay a substantial sum. Virtually all of us maintain homes for our husbands; millions of us are mothers, with young dependent children. To get and hold our jobs away from home, we have to employ help to take care of our homes and children while we are at work.

This help is not a luxury. If we didn't have it, we couldn't go out to earn the money on which we pay the income taxes. If you're one of America's husband-and-wife working teams—and, for the first time in our history, the working wives far outnumber the bachelor career girls—you know this is truth. If you are a non-working wife, you undoubtedly know some working wives, working widows, working mothers. And you appreciate what a mockery it is to call their daytime household help a luxury.

But today's income-tax law forbids us any tax deduction for this essential expense for domestic aid.

The law says that a business can take a deduction for every ordinary and necessary expense arising in the production of its income. The principle is fundamental and proper. But it should apply to the individual wage earner as well as the corporation. And under this principle, the working wife, widow or mother should be allowed to deduct the expense of domestic help that is "ordinary and necessary" in the production of her income.

A joint Senate-House committee studying the injustices buried deep in our tax laws began to collect suggestions for improvements last year. Presumably, it intends to use the proposals it has received—from businessmen, lawyers and accountants—as the basis for a thorough report of the law. When the committee finishes studying and starts acting, it should eliminate the injustice to working wives. If the 10,000,000 working wives of our land ever get together and form a lobby, we'll be powerful enough to push Congress into action—and fast.

Or consider this: The law says that if you're under

Do you
making a separate
If you have filed a return for a pre
To which director's (formerly collector's) office

I declare under the penalties of perjury that this return
been examined by me and to the best of my knowledge and belief is a

(Signature of person, other than taxpayer, preparing this return) (Date) (Signature of taxpayer)

(Name of firm or employer, if any) (Signature of taxpayer's wife or husband if this is a joint re

To assure split-income benefits, husband and wife must include all their income and, even though only one has income, BOTH MUST

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ITEMIZED DEDUCTIONS—FOR PERSONS NOT USING TAX TABLE ON PAGE 4 OR STANDARD DEDUCTION ON LINE 2 BELOW—

If Husband and Wife (Not Legally Separated) File Separate Returns and One Itemizes Deductions, the Other Must Also Itemize

Contributions — Describe Deductions and state to whom paid. If more space is needed, attach additional sheets.

	$	
Allowable Contributions (not in excess of 20 percent of item 4, page 1)		$

Interest

	$	

Taxes Are Unfair

w it discriminates against you

By SYLVIA F. PORTER

sixty-five, you can deduct medical costs only when they top 5 per cent of your adjusted gross income in a single year. (If you're over sixty-five, and married, you can deduct all your medical expenses up to maximums of $2,500 on an individual return and $5,000 on a joint return including two dependents.) This section of the law is cruelly harsh on the small wage earner between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five—the years when medical bills usually swell to big figures. The law is painfully tough on taxpayers under sixty-five who have chronic illnesses in their families and therefore constant medical costs.

Several months ago, when I first heard that the Congressional committee was asking the people who pay taxes—you and me—to propose changes in the law, I invited readers of my newspaper column to send me their gripes. I was overwhelmed with intelligent and revealing letters.

And the part of the law that was condemned most bluntly was the clause governing medical deductions. One woman wrote, "I am fifty years old, in poor health, but I must work to supplement my husband's pay. My doctor's bills eat up my earnings, yet I can take no deduction. Why can't I?" Another taxpayer said: "My wife has arthritis and I have to pay a woman to come in and help her every day. My medical costs don't exceed 5 per cent of my income, so I cannot get any exemption. I will have to retire before long, but I can't accumulate savings. Who's going to take care of us?"

The law says that a business can deduct all expenses necessary to keep healthy—the cost of a mechanic to keep machines in order, the salary of a secretary, and so on. This key principle of the law should apply to wage earners, too. They should be permitted to deduct all the expenses necessary to keep their bodies healthy. Only healthy bodies can produce healthy incomes for the Treasury to tax.

J. K. Lasser, nationally known tax authority, says: "Medical expenses are job costs, ordinary and necessary if the individual is to produce the income that is taxed. Congress should rewrite the medical clause, wiping out the 5 per cent limit altogether and permitting individuals all deductions for medical, dental and funeral expenses."

Here's something else you can get boiling mad about: Back when the dollar was worth 100 cents, Congress decided that you, as a taxpayer, were entitled to a $1,000 exemption on your return and if you had a child, he also was worth a $400 exemption to you on your income tax. The dollar that bought 100 cents of groceries in 1939 now will buy 53 cents of groceries. Now Congress has lowered the income-tax exemption for you to $600 and raised the exemption for a dependent by only $200.

The provision in today's income-tax law fixing the exemption for each taxpayer and each dependent at $600 is miserly and unrealistic. It should be drastically revised. The revision, if it is made, will be of great importance to wage earners and smaller taxpayers, for it is exemptions for dependents that offer their major hope for tax savings.

What should Congress do? The tax experts who care about the little taxpayer's problems offer a number of suggestions to Congress. For example, the exemption limit could be tied to the cost of living—the way some wage contracts are now tied. One authority believes the exemption should now be at least $750, and adds, "The lift would give so much help to so many little fellows." Or the exemption limit could be raised as a dependent child grows older, because "a child of fourteen is much more of an expense than an infant of two." Or extra exemptions could be granted to taxpayers with chronically ill dependents.

I got a lump in my throat when one timid little tax-

		$
...tax from separate Schedule D		$

...es 10, 11, and 12, and copy on line 13 the same figure you entered on line 6, 7, 8 (*c*), or 9, unless you used itemized deductions

...er here any income tax payments to a foreign country or U. S. possession attach Form 1116)	$	
...ter here any income tax paid at source on tax-free covenant bond interest		
12. Add the figures on lines 10 and 11 and enter the total here		$
13. Subtract line 12 from line 6, 7, 8 (*c*), or 9. Enter difference here and as item 5 (A), page 1		$

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You get a $600 exemption for an adopted child, but noth

payer told me, "Our daughter is suffering from spastic paralysis, and needs the same care we'd give a baby. If we had an extra exemption, we could afford a baby sitter now and then. As it is, my wife and I have been out together at night only three times in 15 years."

Next on my list is an injustice that is so obvious, a discrimination so intolerable, that I can't believe Congress meant it to be in our law. Here it is:

If you're a taxpayer over sixty-five, you get two $600 exemptions on your income tax, raising your total exemption to $1,200. If your wife or husband is also over sixty-five, both of you get the double exemptions, raising your total to $2,400. And a blind taxpayer gets an extra exemption of $600, too. With one in 12 Americans in this country over sixty-five, and with the number of senior citizens growing by the month, these exemptions are fair enough. Older taxpayers *should* get special consideration and exemptions.

But if you are a son or a daughter supporting a helpless parent over sixty-five, you cannot claim an extra exemption. If you are a brother or sister supporting an invalided close relative over sixty-five, you cannot get the double exemption for that dependent. You get just one $600 exemption for each dependent. The age doesn't matter. And if your dependent is blind, you get just one $600 exemption. Your dependent's misfortune doesn't count so far as you are concerned.

A Provision That Is Unfair

This part of the law simply doesn't make sense. I defy the tax-writing congressmen to defend it. In fairness to every American who is supporting aged and afflicted relatives, Congress should rewrite the provision to give the benefits of extra exemptions for the over-sixty-five and the blind.

And while Congress is re-examining the exemption clauses, there are at least three other painful inconsistencies in this sphere that it should wipe out.

The rules governing exemptions for taxpayers who share in the support of aged or ill relatives are not only unrealistic, they are stupid.

Ponder this inconsistency: a son who fully supports his widowed mother can claim a $600 exemption for her on his income-tax return—and small as that $600 limit is, it's at least some help to him. But if two sons share fifty-fifty in the support of their widowed mother, neither can claim any exemption. The law is specific. To get the exemption, you must contribute more than half of your dependent's support, and your dependent must not have a gross income of over $600.

Yet, one financial fact of life in America is that families from coast to coast share in the support of relatives—and in hundreds of thousands of families no one person contributes precisely 51 per cent to the dependent's support. Two brothers may split the support of their parents fifty-fifty because the parents feel better about it that way and the brothers like the idea of sharing fifty-fifty, too. But if they do so, they lose the exemptions. A successful businessman may contribute substantially to the support of several relatives—a sister, an aunt, a nephew or two—but unless he is responsible for more than half the support, he is entitled to no exemption.

The solution to the inconsistency is simple: the income-tax law should state that the exemption may be divided in accordance with the percentage each taxpayer contributes to the support of a dependent. If you contribute 40 per cent, you get 40 per cent of the exemption. If you share fifty-fifty, you may divide the exemption in half.

It's even harder to grasp the logic of Congress' definition of an "eligible" dependent. To summarize the law: you get an exemption for dependents who are related to you, assuming you furnish 51 per cent of their support and they earn no more than $600 in a year. But you get *no* exemption for dependents who are not relatives, even though these dependents may be just as dear to you.

A registered nurse told me that for 20 years she has contributed more than half the support of a childless couple with whom she lives. But she has never been able to claim one dollar's exemption for them because they are not relatives. A foster mother wrote me, "We would adopt our foster children if we could. It costs much more than $600 a year to raise each of them and we love them as though they were our own. But the law says they must be legally adopted. . . . We get no exemption."

Many in-laws and step-relations—such as sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law—are omitted from the list of those who are eligible dependents for a taxpayer. Why? If a taxpayer is the chief support of a dependent (although distant) relative, why shouldn't the law recognize the support? A legally adopted child can be a tax exemption but a foster child cannot. Why? If the support is 100 per cent, why such unkind discrimination against taxpayers who cannot go through the adoption process?

The solution to the inconsistency is simple: a taxpayer who supports a de pendent—any dependent—should be al lowed an exemption for that dependen

In the same illogical classification g the curbs on earnings of minors. Las summer, a half-dozen youngsters in m neighborhood quit their temporary job weeks before the opening of school— because their earnings for 1952 had hi $599. Their parents needed the finan cial help the youngsters could give, bu all of them stopped working at the $59 mark. The reason? Because if they ha earned more than $600, their parent would have lost them as income-ta exemptions and the additional tax o their fathers would have canceled ou the extra income.

Thrifty Youngsters Penalized

Why should the income-tax law re strict youngsters who want to work, an penalize families who need every dolla every member can bring in? The Con gressional tax writers may have no chil dren of high-school or college age, bu the millions of you who do have adoles cent children know a college boy wh earns $601 is still very much a de pendent.

The solution to the inconsistenc again is simple: a minor should be a automatic exemption on his parents' in come-tax return, regardless of his earn ings during vacations. And Congres could impose a graduated tax on th minors who earn more than a specifi income.

The youngster, the family and th Treasury would gain through the extr taxes collected on the earnings. But a it is, the inconsistencies just outline are creating utterly unnecessary antag onisms. And when peak tax rates ar piled on top, the temptation to chea

"He's fearfully rich! Why, at this very minute he owes more than eight hundred thousand dollars"

COLLIER'S — KIRK STILES

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a foster child. Such tax snarls need drastic revision

ı taxes becomes stronger. In my apartment building in ew York City live dozens families. Across the hall in two-bedroom apartment are a iddle-aged brother and sister. e has a job; she stays home ıd takes care of the apartent, meals and entertaining. ıst year, he earned a net inıme of $10,000 on which he ıid an income tax of $2,304. round the corner on the same ıor live a husband and wife. e has a job, she stays home, kes care of the apartment, eals and entertaining. Last ar, he too earned a net inıme of $10,000 on which he ıid an income tax of about 2,104—*$200 less.*

And on the floor below live top fashion designer and her idowed mother. The daughter rned a net income of $15,000 1952, is the sole support of r mother and, financially eaking, is unquestionably the ıead of the household." Yet ı March 15th, she paid $506 more in xes on her 1952 earnings than her faer would have paid had he been alive ıd earned exactly what she did and en in her position.

Tax experts wince when they try to plain this discrimination between ads of households. They admit that brother supporting a sister at home a daughter supporting a mother have e same expenses of rent, light, fuel as e husband supporting a wife. They gree it would be only fair to recognize at a head of a household is a head of a ıusehold, regardless of marital status.

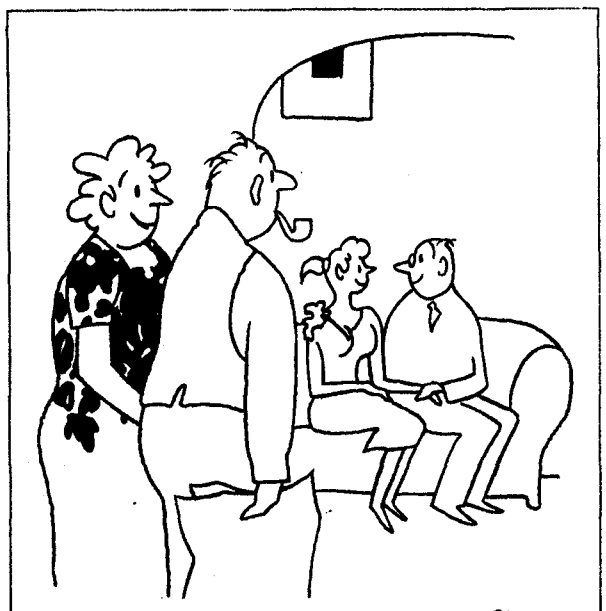
"Unnecessarily Tough" Rules

The discrimination against unmared heads of households is another ipe of little taxpayers all over the ıuntry. In the last tax law, Congress ıve the unmarried head of a houseıld a slight nod by working out a speal tax table for this group. "But even is concession was reluctant," says asser. "Congress makes this head of a ıusehold meet an unnecessarily tough t of rules. The special table gives this xpayer much less than the advantage lowed a married couple filing a joint turn. And there is little advantage un- the income tops $10,000, which irely favors the wealthy."

The system isn't just. Hundreds of ıousands, perhaps millions of Ameriıns are appealing to Congress to stop ımbling and fiddling with special tax bles and to end the distinction between arried and single heads of households. ll who qualify as heads of households ıould be on the same income-tax basis.

The list goes on and on because the equities go on and on. A big-time vestor can deduct from his income tax hatever fees he pays a professional lviser to help him make more profits ı his investments. That's proper. If he akes more profit, he pays more taxes. But the low-income schoolteacher ınnot deduct the fees he pays a college help him become a better teacher and us to get a better job and make more oney. That's not proper. In fact, at's rank discrimination against any tle taxpayer trying to earn more oney.

A nurse can get a deduction on her



"I think he's a T-man or a G-man. Anyway, he's a man"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

income tax for money she spends on uniforms—clothes she must buy for her job. That's right. That's the way it should be.

But a secretary cannot get any deduction for the money she must spend on extra, conservative office clothes—suits, dresses, shoes she never would buy were she not trying to hold her job. That's definitely not right. Just the opposite, for it should be plain even to the most naïve congressman that an office worker, male or female, must buy extra clothes and keep them in better repair solely because of the job.

What should Congress do? Just this: write one clause into the tax law stating positively that money spent by the individual on education to help him obtain more taxable pay is a proper income-tax deduction; write another clause into the tax law stating positively that clothing expenses incurred only because of the individual's efforts to earn an income are proper income-tax deductions.

Logical, fair clauses permitting individuals to deduct for the costs of essential education and work clothes have been urged for years. Let us finally demand them.

Some injustices make you resentful; some make you angry; some make you ashamed, even apologetic for the men who write our nation's income-tax laws. In this group I place the disgraceful oversight of the special job and tax problems of the disabled worker. Let two disabled workers tell you their story in their own words:

"I am a disabled worker. I cannot earn a living unless I drive to and from work with my car. I cannot deduct my car expenses. I wear an artificial limb which is in constant need of repair and replacement of parts. Yet, I cannot deduct my limb expenses. Without them, I could not earn a living. It's time the disabled worker got a tax break . . ."

"I am a disabled graduate of the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled. I am interested in improving conditions for the disabled. Large sums of money are spent annually for rehabilitation of the physically handicapped so that they may be employed. But when they are able to get a job, transportation is a tremendous expense. The severely disabled must travel by taxi or private car. Travel takes a disproportionate part of our incomes and at best our incomes are only equal to those who are not so afflicted. This expense should be a deduction on our income tax, for without it we could not be self-supporting."

Double-Standard Taxing

At this point you're possibly mumbling to yourself that you can match every inequity I've mentioned here with two that have hit you. You probably can. If a business has a loss in one year, for instance, it can average out that loss over a six-year period, using the loss to offset gains in other years. But if your income fluctuates sharply—one year you make a lot of money and the next year you earn only enough to keep eating—in most cases you're stuck. You pay the high taxes on your income in the boom year, but you get no tax consideration for your starvation period. That's a vivid example of the double standard set up by our tax laws.

Another illustration is the way the law treats deductions for insurance premiums. If your employer provides group life insurance for you, you do not have to pay a tax on the premiums he pays for your insurance. If you must finance your own life insurance, though, you cannot deduct the premiums that you pay.

But enough—the point surely has been pounded home. Every injustice listed has emphasized that our income-tax law must be overhauled. And fundamental in any revision must be these two premises:

1. All taxpayers should be entitled to equal privileges under the law. Businessmen are permitted to deduct ordinary and necessary expenses incurred in the production of their taxable incomes. If this is a proper principle (which it is), then wage earners also should be permitted to deduct ordinary and necessary expenses incurred in the production of their taxable incomes.

2. The clauses governing tax deductions and tax exemptions for dependents should be brought up to date, made more realistic and just.

The fact that Congress' Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation finally is digging into the inequities that have crept into the income-tax law over the last two decades is, in itself, immensely encouraging. The fact that the committee's chief of staff, Colin F. Stam, actually has invited us—the taxpayers—to voice our gripes is an inspiring challenge.

We have a new administration, a new Congress and a new approach to tax writing. We also have a new and great opportunity to help Congress place a really fair income-tax law on the books.

If you want the overhaul, fight for it—and you will get it. If you feel you are the victim of a tax injustice, speak up and you will set the stage for correction of it. The lawmakers in Washington cannot ignore the tens of millions of us taxpayers. If you want a revolution in our income-tax laws—and the revolution is desperately needed and fully justified—work for it now.

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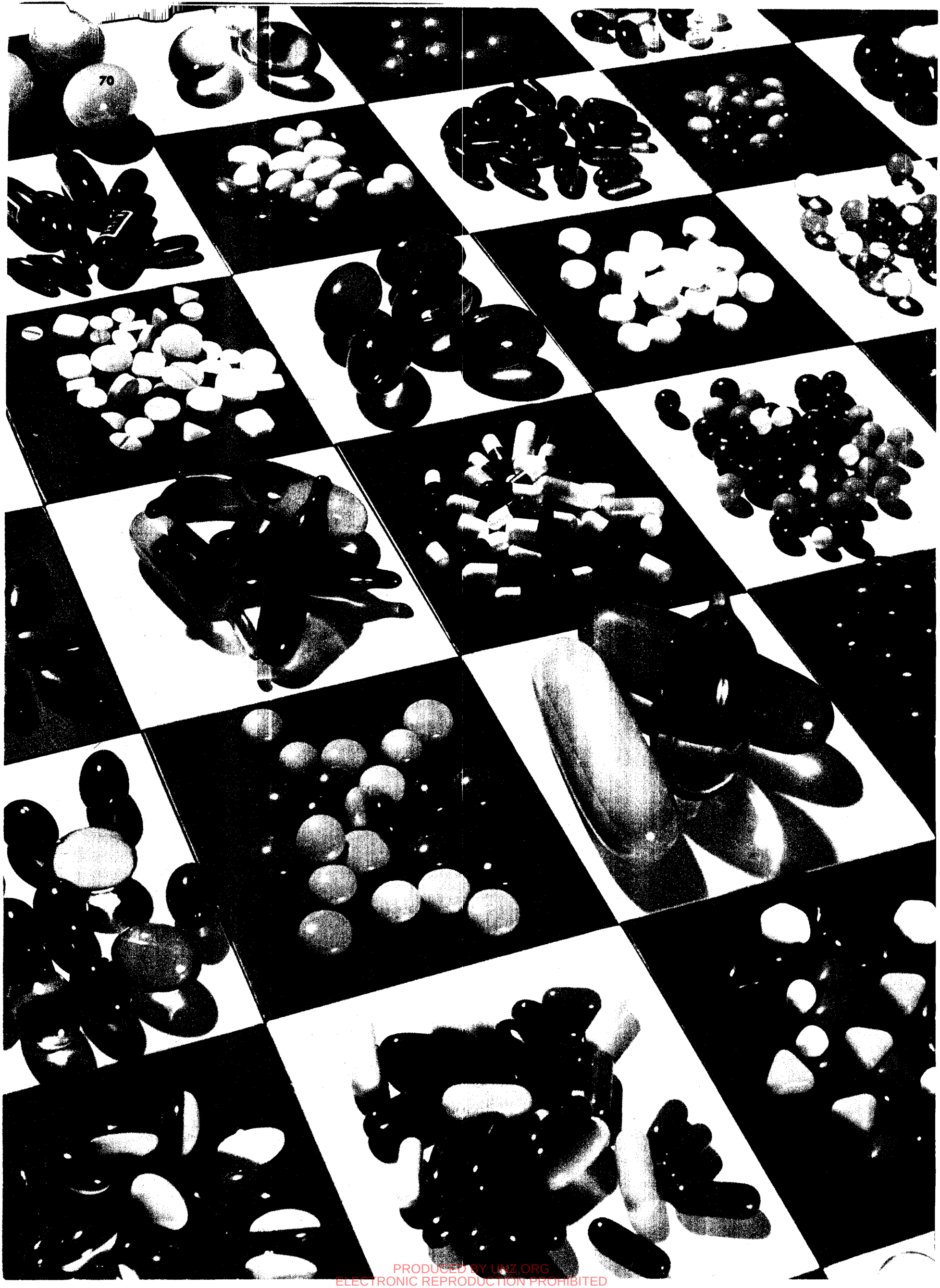

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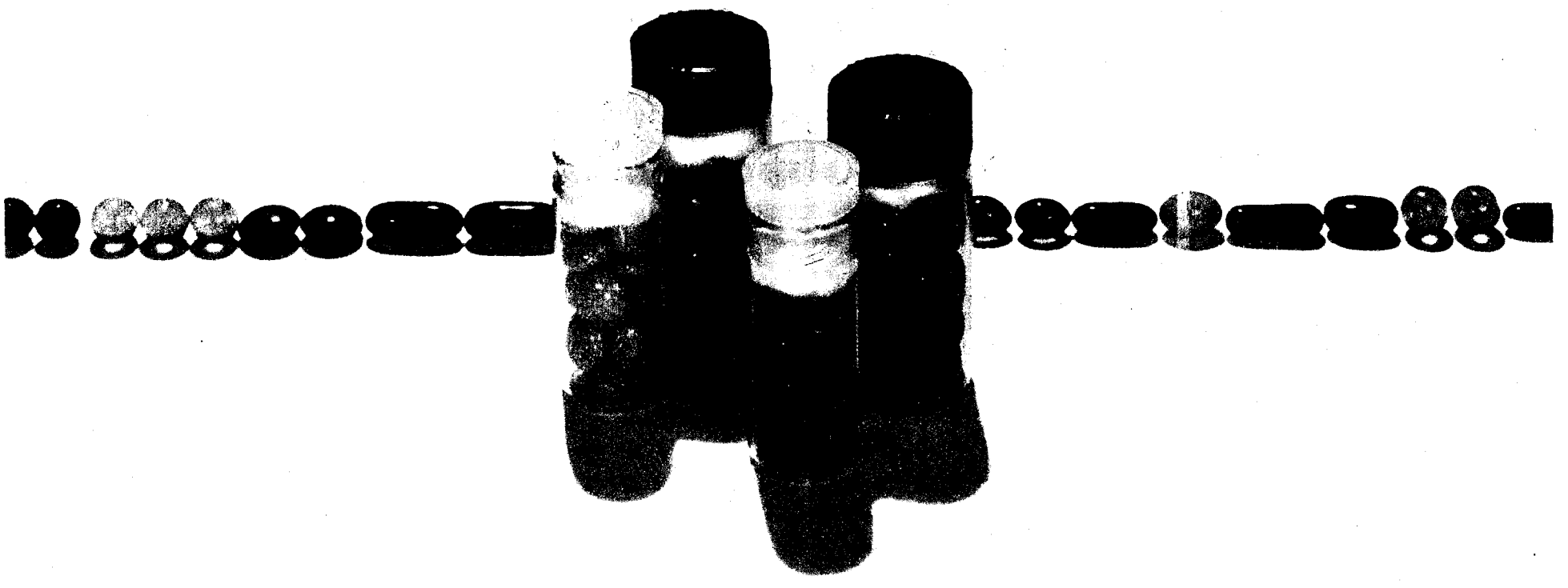

Pills Are Getting Smarter

By J. D. RATCLIFF

Now some even have built-in time fuses. They feed you medicine for hours after you swallow them

IMAGINE a sleeping pill with a built-in alarm clock. Fantastic? Not at all. A California drug maker recently designed one. The pill has an outer layer of barbiturate to put you to sleep, a second layer of barbiturate to keep you asleep for eight hours and, finally, an inner core of Benzedrine—to wake you up and bounce you out of bed.

But even this ingenious pill is not half so remarkable as some that may be in your bathroom cabinet right now. Today's pills are as far ahead of the little blobs of sugar-coated medicine prescribed by doctors a generation ago as a Sabre-jet fighter plane is ahead of a World War I Jenny. And there is almost as much basic research behind them as behind the atom bomb.

These modern pills can do almost anything in the way of delivering medicine to your body. Some fly apart almost the instant they reach your stomach and go to work at once. Others break up gradually and feed you medicine over a period of hours.

Still others contain time fuses to carry nausea-provoking drugs, such as antimalaria Atabrine and the female sex hormone stilbestrol, safely through the stomach into the intestine, where they can do their work without distressing the patient.

Then there are pills that contain more drugs than you'd have found in your grandmother's medicine chest, and constructed as intricately as an expensive watch. For example, one vitamin-mineral combination pill designed for older people with multiple deficiencies contains 50 separate vitamins and minerals. Another, not much larger than a pea, has 64 individual layers.

These and the thousands of other pills that line the shelves of your drugstore account for a considerable part of your budget every year. This year we Americans will swallow some 8,000,000,000 aspirins, upwards of 4,000,000,000 vitamin capsules and uncounted additional billions of laxatives, hormones, barbiturates, antihistamines, diuretics, heart stimulants and antispasmodics in pill form. Many of these pills are available only on prescription, of course; your doctor is the best judge of whether they will benefit you.

We who swallow the pellets may regard them all as pills. But technically most of them—60 per cent—will be tablets. A major share of the rest will be gelatin capsules.

Real pills are made from doughy masses. The first ones were sun-dried balls of mud; the ancients attributed great healing powers to the earth. Old-time druggists mixed pill masses in copper bowls, then dumped the dough on a marble slab. They cut away individual portions and rolled them into pills in their palms. In those days, the saying "to swallow a bitter pill" had a basis in fact. Most pills really were bitter.

It was not until 1856 that William R. Warner, a Philadelphia druggist, saw a way around this drawback: he sugar-coated them.

Techniques of Modern Pillmaking

Some widely used cathartics and many patent medicines are still made in pill form. Modern pills are built up, layer by layer, in a revolving pan. A sticky liquid, maybe corn sirup, is sprayed on starter cores. Powdered medicine is added, and it adheres to the sticky pills. Then more sirup and more medicine. The process is repeated until a pill of the desired size is achieved—up to the boluses, nearly as large as Ping-pong balls, that are used in horse medicine.

Tablets start out in dry, not doughy form. They may be either powdery or crystalline. The tablet material often contains a number of ingredients besides the basic medicine: a lubricant to keep the tablet from sticking to the mold, a binder to hold it together, a disintegrator to promote fast action, a filler to give bulk. This mixture is compressed into tablet form by a rotary tablet machine—which can produce up to 2,000,000 a day. Aspirin is the best known and most widely used of all tablets.

Pressure exerted in molding each tablet must be exact to produce a product firm enough to survive shipping, but soluble within the body. A generation ago, many of the tablets on the market were so hard that they passed through the body without dissolving and thus were of no value to the patient.

There are two kinds of gelatin capsules: hard and soft. Hard-shelled, two-piece capsules are used by your druggist to fill some types of prescriptions. Pillmakers also use them to package dry powders in dosage sizes.

So far as soft gelatin capsules are concerned, necessity was certainly the mother of invention. The problem was to find a way of inserting and sealing a measured amount of liquid medicine in a tiny pouch rugged enough to withstand rough handling but still soluble in the stomach or intestine.

Robert P. Scherer, of Detroit, Michigan, came up with the solution in 1933. He invented a rotary die machine which met all the requirements and turned out medicine-filled capsules on a mass-production basis. The machine feeds two ribbons of soft gelatin between rotating dies. As the dies come together, a measured dose of vitamin liquid or other medicine is injected under pressure. The sudden surge of liquid inflates the gelatin against the dies. Result: a tightly sealed, perfectly formed capsule. Up to a million capsules a day tumble from each machine like so many brilliantly colored jewels. Still another capsuling machine, invented and put in operation only a few months ago, fills gelatin skins with medicines in paste or powder form.

The making of tablets and capsules obviously is a highly specialized business, and a great many drug companies turn over to experts the job of converting their special compounds into pills. The Gelatin Products Division of the Robert P. Scherer Corporation of Detroit is the world's largest producer of soft gelatin capsules—4,000,000,000 a

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year. The major tablet makers are The Arner Company, of Buffalo, New York (2,000,000,000 a year), and Strong Cobb & Company, of Cleveland, Ohio (2,500,000,000 a year).

You couldn't buy a box of pills from any of these companies, but if you were a drug maker interested in having them put together 5,000,000 or 10,000,000 pills for you, they would give you a polite hearing. The drug makers ship their compounds in bulk to the big specialist companies and they do the rest —design the tablet, select an inviting color (Arner offers 2,000 different shades and colors), and even wax the finished tablets to give them a shine and prevent their sticking together. If desired, the companies will package the tablets and ship them to distributors.

Effects of Gums and Starches

Every pill presents its own problems to the big producer-companies. Suppose a drug maker wants a tablet which will disintegrate instantly in the stomach—a headache remedy, perhaps. Then starch or some other moisture-absorbing agent is added to the drug; when the tablet hits the stomach juices, the starch swells and shatters the pellet. Or perhaps the company wants the drug fed into the body gradually over a long period of time. Granules of the drug are given a protective coating, usually of some gum substance, that dissolves gradually in the body. Purified shellac is one such substance.

Some of the toughest problems are presented by vitamin-mineral combinations. The reason: not all vitamins and minerals get along together. Some vitamins like an acid environment, some an alkaline. The same is true of minerals. How can they be combined in a single capsule? One method is to place vitamins and minerals that do get along together in one tiny capsule, and then insert this capsule in a larger one containing the other desired drugs—a pill within a pill.

Another method, more frequently used, is to give sensitive vitamins and minerals a protective coating of their own. Vitamin D, say, is safe when protected by a thin skin of vegetable oil. Still a third method is to build up a tablet, layer by layer, with protective barriers of gums between substances which do not get along together.

The greatest problems of all are posed by tablets or capsules which need enteric coatings—coatings which resist stomach acids. They are designed to pass through the stomach intact and release their medicine in the intestine. Such coatings are used for Atabrine, stilbestrol and other medicines that might cause nausea if released in the stomach. Enteric coatings also are useful for medicines that would be destroyed or diluted by stomach acids —for example, bile salts, often prescribed for people with gall-bladder difficulties. The coating gets the salts safely into the intestine, where they are wanted.

The most striking new use of enteric coatings is in repeat-action medicines. Take the antihistamines. They often give dramatic relief to hay fever and other allergy victims—but their effect lasts only a few hours. If a hay fever sufferer's head gets stuffed up during the night, he wakes up and has to take another pill. A repeat-action antihistamine solves this. The tablet has an outer layer of drug which goes to work at once in the stomach. Then there is an enteric layer that dissolves later in the intestine, releasing a second batch of the drug. Together, the two layers protect the allergy victim for eight hours instead of four. A similar multiple-layer tablet containing one of the new stomach-ulcer drugs brings long-lasting relief to ulcer sufferers.

It took research men years to develop satisfactory enteric coatings. They first tried to find substances which resist stomach acids but dissolve in intestinal alkalis. They experimented with hydrogenated castor oil, mutton tallow, resin, paraffin and shellac. But often as not, these substances weren't touched by intestinal juices, either—with the result that the pill passed intact through the body.

Now pillmakers are using coatings sensitive to enzymes secreted by the pancreas and emptied into the intestine. Cellulose acetate phthalate is one of these substances.

The researchers can use a number of ingenious methods to find out whether enteric coatings dissolve in the right place. The simplest—and least satisfactory—way is to drop the pill alternately into test tubes filled with synthetic gastric juices and synthetic intestinal juices. Then the researchers can see whether the coating dissolves as it should. The catch is that no two humans have exactly the same digestive juices. One person may have a highly alkaline intestinal tract and another a tract that is acid. Stomach acidity also varies. Thus, what happens in test tubes is often a poor measure of what will happen in a human being.

There are several more direct methods of testing—using students of medicine or pharmacy as guinea pigs. One method is to put ipecac, which causes violent nausea, in an enteric coating. If the coating dissolves in the stomach, which it isn't supposed to do, the subject vomits. Another method is to give the subject peppermint oil in a capsule with an enteric coating, then have him drink carbonated water. If his resultant belches smell of peppermint, the coating is a failure; it was destroyed in the stomach. A third method is to use a dye which will discolor urine. If the urine becomes discolored after two hours, it is presumed that the coating has dissolved in the stomach; if there is a six-hour lag, the coating probably survived until it reached the intestine.

Newer Methods More Accurate

None of these methods is altogether satisfactory. Newer approaches are far more accurate. One is to put a harmless dose of radioactive table salt in an enteric capsule. The breakdown point may be checked with a Geiger counter. Another method is to put some radiopaque substance—say barium sulfate —in an enteric capsule. Repeated X-ray pictures show the course of the capsule through the human body.

Thus, most medicines get endless study—with one notable exception. The exception is a class of pills not supposed to do anything—the placebos. *Placebo* is Latin for "I shall please." Every drugstore has placebos and every doctor uses them. If a doctor is convinced nothing is wrong with Widow Jones, he may prescribe a red placebo to be taken

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...r breakfast, a white one after lunch, ...lue one after dinner. Usually, they ...tain only milk sugar. They do no ...m and it is quite possible they might ... Widow Jones some good. The ...ught that something is being done ... her may improve her mental state. ...he bright colors of some place- ... point up another side light of the ... industry; pillmakers lavish a lot ... attention on what is referred to ... "pharmaceutical elegance"—pleas- ... appearance. In times past, pills for ...criminating customers have even ...n covered with gold and silver leaf. ...day bright colors are the rule. For ...ne reason people object less to taking ...hiny red pill than to taking a dull ...ite one. Many tablets on the market ...ay are highly waxed and polished. ...Once a product is put on the market, ...g makers must guard against sub- ...ndard imitations. Suppose a manu- ...turer produces a new hormone ...duct. He has spent a fortune in re- ...rch on it, and his initial production ...ts are high. So he must fix the price ...h if he wants to stay in business.

Deceptive Cut-Rate Products

...But only a few months after the new ...mone goes on sale, someone brings ... a cut-rate imitation that outwardly ...an exact duplicate, but actually may ...ntain inferior ingredients or incorrect ...ounts of the drugs.

...The only way the reputable drug ...ker can protect his product and his ...utation is to incorporate some means ... identification in his own pills. He ...y mark the pills with his own sym- ..., or he might use some hidden identi- ...ition—the addition of the tiniest ...ce of some inert material to the tablet ... its coating. The imitator usually ...ows nothing of this hidden identifica- ...n and, in any event, seldom has the ...uipment to detect and duplicate it. ...ch identification protects a reputable drug maker in any damage suits brought by people who had bought the fraudulent copy.

The drug maker's interest in his product persists for months, even years. You may not know it, but he is keeping his eye on products on your bathroom shelf right now. He does it this way: he saves samples from every batch of medicine he makes. Wanting to check its "shelf life," he tests each batch of drug every few months. If its quality or potency decreases, he calls it in.

Nonmedicinal Uses for Pills

The vast billion-dollar-a-year pill business is by no means confined to human medicine. Almost everything packaged in tablet or capsule form can be made by the drug industry's machinery. Petroleum refineries alone consume enormous numbers of pills. The reaction chamber in the cracking unit of a big oil refinery will use as many as 500,000,000 catalyst pellets!

All kinds of products also are packaged in gelatin capsules: coloring matter for margarine, smoke for toy trains, shoe polish, chicken fat for packaged noodle soup, shampoos, bath oils, bubble-bath mixtures, insecticides—and even poison to destroy Florida land crabs.

One of the most striking of all pills for nonhumans is a pellet containing a female sex hormone used to caponize young cockerels chemically. Implanted in young birds, it produces the big-breasted characteristics desirable on the dining table.

Pillmakers have made more advances in the past few years than in all previous history. They have accomplished just about everything short of building air-conditioning systems in their pills; after all, some pills still must be kept in the refrigerator. But give the pillmakers time and they will probably solve that problem too. ▲▲▲

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- STATEMENTS
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- GRAPHS
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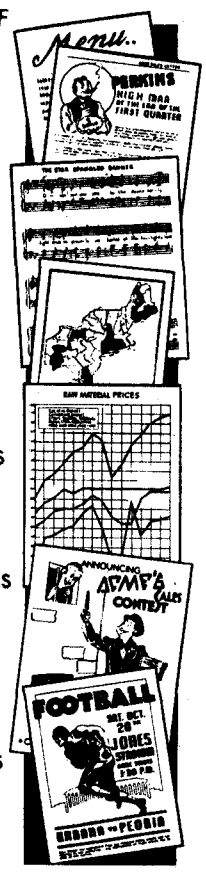

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EVERETT SHINN

Who Done It—As Dickens Did It

WE HAVE BEEN HEARING some harsh words about modern detective stories, or whodunits. According to certain learned professors, the growing interest in crime is corrupting the nation's literary appetite. One of these gentlemen, in a letter from his campus sanctum, assails Collier's fiction department for printing "too much blood and thunder." He would like us to get back to "the moderation of Dickens, Stevenson and Chesterton." (As examples of moderation, he certainly picked three honeys: two of them being detective-story writers of the melodramatic school, and the middle one the envy of every dime-novel writer since Street & Smith began publishing paperbacks.)

Our correspondent mollifies his position somewhat by explaining: "Don't take my criticism as aimed solely at you. You are only following a trend of the times. Magazine editors are no worse than book publishers, or the radio and TV program directors. No matter where I turn, I get cops and robbers, murder and mayhem. These wild tales are not good literature nor healthy mental pabulum. They have no educational value and are negative in social significance and moral teaching. May I enlist your co-operation in a determined crusade to put them in their place?"

Sorry, Prof, we can't join your crusade. Right now, we're on the other side. Our fiction editor is gleefully continuing those excellent Inspector Chafik mysteries, which have transferred the cops-and-robbers pattern to a new setting in the routine police work of the Near East. And we have just concluded an arrangement with the Conan Doyle Estate which will enable us to publish during the next year or so a series of new Sherlock Holmes stories, this time done by worthy successors to the original author, his son Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr.

With all this in hand, we are also looking for more good whodunits. Whether they have "social significance and moral teaching" is a matter of exalted indifference to us. We hope the mystery story will never develop into an organ of propaganda or sugar-coated education.

The whodunit is an escape mechanism, a form of recreation, refreshment and entertainment. It was invented about a hundred years ago at a time when the pressures of the new industrial age began to cause frayed nerves and sleepless nights. As those pressures increased, so did the vogue of the detective story. Look at the list of ardent whodunit fans who have used this treatment for their worries—Woodrow Wilson, Charles Evans Hughes, Calvin Coolidge, Winston Churchill, to name a few.

The whodunit is a comparatively new form of literary art. Its origin is American, with Edgar Allan Poe as its eminent discoverer. His short-story techniques were adapted to book-length mysteries by the English novelist Wilkie Collins, whose Woman in White and Moonstone are still deservedly popular. About the same time, France came into the picture with Emile Gaboriau perfecting the pattern of the modern detective story in his M. Lecoq books.

Wilkie Collins did his mystery books at a time when he was working with Charles Dickens, then editor of a popular magazine with the intriguing title Household Words. Dickens had already made himself the world's greatest and most popular English novelist. Both authors worked feverishly on serials, some of which were printed in the Dickens magazine, others issued monthly in pamphlet form.

Dickens had been twice on long visits to America, and had been stimulated by Edgar Allan Poe's literary innovations. It may have been Dickens who suggested to Wilkie Collins that he try doing a Poe mystery story. At any rate, the restless genius of Dickens was terrifically excited by the success of his friend's book, and he decided to tackle the same pattern for himself. His whodunit was entitled The Mystery of Edwin Drood. Unfortunately, it was not quite finished when he dropped dead at the dinner table.

In the Edwin Drood book, Dickens used the method which is still current. He set up a question which he didn't propose to solve until the last page of the last chapter. The question will never be answered, for he left behind no notes or synopsis of his plan. Other writers have repeatedly tried to complete the book—at least four different attempts were published soon after his death, and since then a whole library shelf of suggestion and comment has grown up around the real mystery of Drood.

The art of the illustrator, as a contributor to the growth of the whodunit clan, also originated with Dickens. From his earliest days as a storyteller, he had been an enthusiast for pictures. In the beginning of his Pickwick Papers, the illustrator had been more important than the writer. When the unfinished Mystery of Edwin Drood was finally published, Dickens' wishes for adequate illustration were observed. The adaptation of one of the drawings reproduced on this page in four colors is by Everett Shinn. It still stands up as a fine piece of whodunit art, one which any modern publisher would be glad to use on jacket or frontispiece.

And who was the original artist? Not the famous Cruikshank who illustrated Dickens' first published work, nor the nimble Seymour, whose widow upset the London literary world by charging that Dickens had won his glory by stealing her husband's ideas. This Drood drawing was the work of a young star from the Royal Academy, Sir Luke Fildes—whose painting The Doctor (in the Tate Gallery, London) is one of the best-known pictures in the world.

We think that the crusade against whodunits by intellectual professors and literary double-domes will fall flat. In fact, a countercrusade is in the making, under the leadership of the New York Daily News, which stoutly maintains that some of the best writing today is being done by mystery writers, in books that "have real meat in them—action, suspense, humor frequently, brilliant character portrayal, weird and wonderful settings and scenery. They stir your imagination and satisfy the age-old human appetite for a good story."

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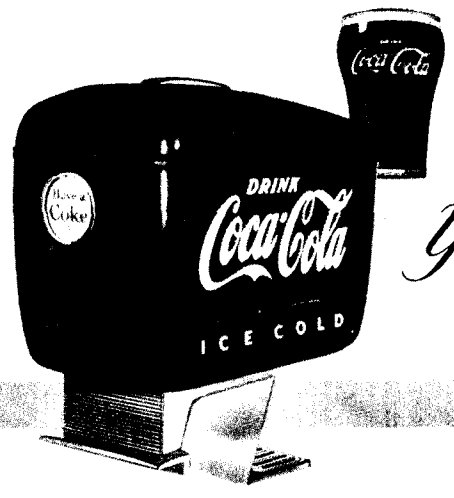

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